











# The Real South America

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE GREAT STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA  
THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL  
THROUGH GUATEMALA AND CENTRAL AMERICA  
SUBMARINES AND SEA POWER  
SUBMARINE WARFARE OF TO-DAY  
SUBMARINE ENGINEERING  
SUBMARINES OF THE WORLD'S NAVIES  
THE SUBMARINE, MINE AND TORPEDO  
MENTAL SCIENCE





DWARF INDIANS OF THE UPPER AMAZON



# The Real South America

BY

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WITH 55 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 4 MAPS

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## PREFACE

As I am under an obligation to so many people for kind assistance, hospitality and advice, always readily given, both at home and in South and Central America, it seems a little unappreciative and, perhaps, ungenerous, to name here only a few of these and leave the many unmentioned—yet, that is all that is possible in the preface of any book of travel; which fact is my excuse if I offend by omission.

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CHARLES DOMVILLE-FIFE.





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# INTRODUCTION

## THE TWO SOUTH AMERICAS

THERE are two South Americas ; and that is the queerest of all the queer things which have to be told. One is the vast and interesting region as it really is, just a fringe of cosmopolitan civilisation around the littoral of an almost unknown continent, and the other, a land of dreams, wherein foreign financiers and business men build fortunes, while adventurers dabble in volcanic politics.

The literature on the subject in all languages is one-sided. It dwells almost lovingly, to the exclusion of everything else, on the hard and sometimes unattractive money-making possibilities of the now highly commercialised coast ; and it must be confessed that the writer also succumbed, in several previous volumes, to the lure of the unbounded possibilities which needed only publicity.

Like Gautama Buddha it was, however, necessary to travel into the wilderness in order to obtain perfect enlightenment. The mystery, romance, and glamour of a land play a far more important part in its economic development than is generally supposed, because they are the essential qualities which alone can attract the young, energetic, bold, and adventurous spirits of all races—those who make good in the new lands where the aged and the cautious fail. Even an occasional revolution has its value, and all that is queer, mysterious, or that sets red blood tingling, has its place in the psychology of development.

What has made modern South America, by which is meant the developed coast ? If this question was asked of an audience gifted with speech nine words would be flung back derisively : “ English and American capital and brains with cosmopolitan labour ! ” It was, however, neither of these which formed the basis of the present prosperity. It was the lure of adventure, the glamour of strange people and places ; that which inspired the *Conquistadores*, the buccaneers, the makers of nations, the explorers, and those who came after in the army

of pioneers. It is still the magnetic force which affects all who dwell in these lands in major or minor degree. Although they may live by the sea and the cities their eyes are for ever turned towards the wild interior—the land of the unknown.

The complacent, untravelled financier should be told that his dividends do not come from the South America of his imagination—that region of fine cities, railways, telegraphs and telephones, by the waters of the two great oceans—but from a land unknown to him—a mysterious region of curious phenomena, strange native tribes, and queer mode of life, four hundred times as large as the realm of his ken. This might sound absurd if his money was invested in a Buenos Aires store, but, nevertheless, it would be correct, for these palatial establishments in the Babylon of the South depend far more upon the rich *estanciero* from the “Inner” or “Outer” Camp than upon the *Porteños*, or Buenos Aires; and even these latter gentlemen obtain their plentiful supply of paper dollars from the wealth of the interior, where there are more curious things than Durhams, Herefords, Polled Angus, jerked beef factories, and fields of alfalfa.

It is the same in every State in South America. Chile obtains her wealth from the arid, scorching hot deserts, wherein nitrate of soda is dug for profit; Brazil has her millions of Sao Paulo coffee trees, picked by bare-legged girls and boys from sunny Italy, and rubber from the wild Amazonian forests where civilisation is but a dream; Peru finds her wealth where the Incas found theirs, in the mines above the clouds, supplemented by the produce of the plantations on the barren coast between the seas of moving sands, and nature's gifts from the mysterious Montaña; and so each depends for development upon the broad hinterland which lies between the sea and cities and the unknown interior.

Each year sees the frontier of civilisation extended into the millions of square miles of forest, pampas, and sierra, which, except to the explorer, still remain a *terra incognita*, where the most ordinary event, when it becomes known to the sober, sensitive people within the pale, appears curious, interesting, horrible, unmoral, disgusting, exciting, or atrocious. Does anyone possessing knowledge of tropical South America really believe that the Putamayo region was the only one in which slavery in its most hideous form was (as it still is) practised in the great Equatorial unknown of the New World? That the exposure of these atrocities in this one little patch of

jungle, amid the enormous forest areas, effectively stamped out, far and wide over the whole Continent, that which has decimated the native tribes since the dawn of history and given every river its half-caste population? It would be as easy to believe that one or two severe sentences in the London Police Courts for trafficking in white slaves between England and Buenos Aires would prevent the purchase of English, French, Italian, and German girls in South American cities, and that immorality on the Pampas was unknown.

In Central America, too, pecuniary arrangements can be made to secure a plethora of young but olive-skinned brides. It was not so long ago that the French traveller, M. de Waleffe, when visiting an old Hidalgo on his coffee estate congratulated him on the vigour with which he carried his years. "Yes," replied the Spaniard, taking his wife by the arm, "I have had thirty-four children by this spouse, and more than forty elsewhere." From which it will be perceived that illegitimacy is, there, not of much account, and that the palaces of politicians and planters are often mere harems.

This, however, is not a book of horrors, nor an attempt to enliven a dull story with lurid detail, and these things, upon which so many excellent volumes of travel and description are becomingly silent, can be left to their proper place in the sequence of events. What it is desired to show is, however, that the South America of the foreign shareholder is not the real article, and that it has been adventure more than capital which has carried civilisation steadily inland from the sea and ships. Every night a corps of interpreters call loudly from crows' nests, high up in the leafy roof of the Equatorial forests, messages of peace and friendship over the dark and silent glades to the savage Indian tribes of the Brazilian interior. These men are the heralds of civilisation on the frontiers of barbarism. Where they call to-night plantations will spring up in a few years time. The gold-washers amid the twilight snows of Tierra del Fuego will one day strike an *el dorado* as rich as the Klondike or Nome, then capital will build cities like Dawson, Nome, and Fairbanks. The Madeira-Marmoré Railway cost hundreds of lives to build, one adventurous expedition being almost wiped out in the dense jungles trying to accomplish it, but it is in operation to-day; the Panama Canal defeated De Lesseps but succumbed to Goethals. The Trans-Andean railways climb to the eternal snows, they cost life, but it was freely given. Every square

mile of forest, swamp, pampas, and sierra that has been explored could tell a story of death, disease, or horror. Were all these things accomplished mainly by the loan of money in a London or New York office, or was adventure the main-spring and gold the means to an end? Pizzaro crushed the power of the Incas with only a few hundred adventurers from over the sea. Walker ruled Nicaragua with his "Falange" of fifty-five men, from 1855 to 1857. Every railway sleeper along the 55,000 miles of track has been a gamble with life. The deeper the search the more convinced will the student become that it is the spirit of adventure which has been responsible in the past, and is now the incentive for the development of this land of romance.

Spain conquered the southern half of the New world with her adventurous spirits. The buccaneers tried to wrest some of the wealth from the Dons and their galleys, and, by so doing, as Spanish literature of the period shows, made the "Indies" a synonym of "Adventure," and caused riots in Cadiz and other cities among those anxious to volunteer for overseas. When England emerged from the seclusion and small-minded policy of the "Little Island" she obtained a vast Colonial Empire by the intelligent use of her adventurous sons, and when conquest ceased the spirit remained to give zest to commercial venture, and every country in the world has been searched to provide an outlet for this latter inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race. The loss of it by over civilisation would mean the rapid decline of British and American prestige and power. The Panama Canal cost something like 100 millions sterling and the dues will take centuries to pay off the capital charge. "It's a great ditch, and it cost a heap o' dollars, but glare at it! Wasn't it worth it?" said an engineer, responsible for a portion of the plans, one terribly hot day at Ancon, not far from the ruins of old Panama, which was sacked by Morgan and a small force of buccaneers who had crossed the pestilential Isthmus after the Governor of that city had written them to, "Come and try!"

From the beginning of its history South America has been the land of romance, but so great has been the international rivalry for commercial supremacy during recent times that such "unimportant things" have been left out of the accounts published in foreign lands. To such an extent has this exclusion of the vivid lights and shades of life in the true wild-west of to-day been practised in journal and volume,



that the real South America has been lost in a hazy sea of statistics from which only a gleam of truth now and then appears.

Why do tourists flock to Niagara under the erroneous impression that it is the world's greatest waterfall, when the Guayra Jump thunders unobserved in the silent depths of the Paraguayan forest? What phenomena of the Alps can be compared with the Anthelion of the Andes? Where is there a lake like Titicaca—larger than the Straits of Dover and elevated above the clouds? What ancient ruins surpass in mystery and romance the Temples of the Sun, and the gold and jewelled altars of Cuzco? Norway has nothing immeasurably superior in sublime grandeur to the Patagonian Fiords, when the surrounding chaos of mountain, snowfield, glacier, lake and sombre forest can be seen through the mist, snow, or rain. Afternoon tea gives place to the siesta and the curiously invigorating Maté. In Southern Columbia dwell Indian tribes who imbibe the mysterious Yagé, rendering themselves clairvoyant in a truly remarkable degree.

It is the land of change, the region of queer happenings, of beauties and beastialities, into which we are going, and to leave room for these things, that make up the real South America of to-day, much that is of bricks and mortar must be passed almost unobserved. The wild interior of this vast land must be explored in order to obtain representative pictures, for some areas are civilised and others barbaric, and there will be intrigue and revolution. To understand it all the maps must be studied.

As the real South America cannot now be entered without crossing the civilised littoral we must first see what the cities have to show before plunging into the crude life of the interior. The developed coastal belt varies in breadth from a few miles in the tropical north, between the 10th parallels of latitude north and south of the Equator, to 500 miles in prosperous Argentina, and dwindles to nothing south of 40°, where the winter snows make their first appearance.

Here are the great cities. In the heart of the continent there are very few, for the Spanish-American prefers ease, comfort, and balmy sea-breezes, to the torrid heat or Antarctic cold of the wilderness at his back. They will tell of the dangers and hardships awaiting the traveller in the dim jungles, on the broad Chaco, and in the wild Sierra, then realising its uselessness if the recipient of the well-meant information

happens to be a headstrong Englishman or American, will help him in his preparations, but regard with horror the invitation to join the expedition. They love their cities, but regard the country around with undisguised contempt, which is rather more fortunate than otherwise. There are, however, queer things in the cities, too, but they are naturally of a more prosaic order than, let us say, the drying and curious shrinking of human heads on the Upper Amazon. Nevertheless many of them lend charm to the stone, stucco, adobe, and palms.

BOOK I

The Bright Lights of a  
Dark Continent







## CHAPTER I

### CITIES OF THE PAMPAS KINGS

IN Buenos Aires lotteries took the place of bull fights until quite recent years. It was no unusual thing, when wandering into a boot-blackening shop in response to the suggestive grin and downward glance of the door keeper of one of these luxurious establishments, to be offered a selection of tickets at a steep price in raffles for perfectly worthless articles displayed in cases. Nor were they confined to private raffles, for weekly, monthly, and annual State and Municipal lotteries were continually in progress, for participation in which tickets could be bought from shopkeepers, who were agents, on the instalment plan! Large signs in the windows of otherwise sensible establishments proclaimed the fact that it was at this shop that the tickets which had carried the winning number in a given list of lotteries, covering a period of many years, had been purchased! Such places evidently imagined they possessed the secret of success, even in matters of pure chance!

These lotteries have, during the past year or two, been suppressed by the authorities, and Buenos

Aires has become, like other civilised cities, inordinately dull and uninteresting. It is, however, a luxurious and somewhat immoral metropolis, although the same might be said of almost every capital, especially if money was earned as easily in the country around as it is in Argentina. The factors which make Buenos Aires different from other large towns are the cosmopolitan population and vices, the high cost of living, the plentiful supply of money flowing in from the "Camp," the palatial buildings, squares, and avenues, and the remarkably fine climate. It has little to thank nature for, except the latter, and possibly the provision of the Plata river, which is a sheet of muddy brown water 45 miles broad. There is only one steep incline in the whole city, and that leads down to the docks, the remainder is flat and uninteresting. There are few of the old-time picturesque patios, or flowery courtyards, or azotcas (roof gardens), except in the suburbs, many of the older business thoroughfares are only 11 yards wide, although the Plaza de Mayo is a fine "breather," and the Avenida de Mayo, which leads out of it, is a boulevard some 40 yards in width, and is lined by shady plane trees. The fashionable street of the busy centre is the narrow Calle Florida.

It is unnecessary to describe here the ordinary buildings of cities. There are guide books which catalogue these sights, and modern streets are similar the whole world over. In fact, if one could be dropped suddenly from an aeroplane without



personal injury in Melbourne, Buenos Aires, Toronto, or Valparaiso, it would be some time before the name or geographical situation of the city could be accurately determined without the assistance of a local policeman. To this rule Buenos Aires is no exception. It has 1,700,000 cosmopolitan inhabitants, 800 miles of tramways, 30 theatres, 126 picture palaces, 34 markets, and 2,000 miles of streets. Although it was founded in 1535 there is little that is antique or exceptionally picturesque, the buildings have all been reconstructed and are steadily rising in height. It is approximately 10 miles from the Plaza de Mayo to the suburbs in all directions, except, of course, the river. It may possibly interest the statician to point out that it is the finest modern town in Spanish America, stands tenth on the list of the world's great cities, and, in area, is beaten only by London, New York, and Marseilles. The death rate is only two per thousand more than London, which is saying something considering the cosmopolitan nature of the population. It has a "Hyde Park" at Palermo, about half an hour's drive from the centre of the city, and in this enclosure of 800 acres there are one million trees, affording plenty of shade for the large lounging population, who are thus able to recline and smoke without becoming unduly hot or having their cigarettes extinguished by the rays of the sun.

It is perhaps a little unfair to treat this really wonderful city so lightly, because it possesses every

attribute of luxury and comfort ; although it is decidedly dangerous to leave a pretty wife or daughter alone for many minutes in a public place, unless, like the women of Tehuantepec in Mexico, they can quite effectively protect themselves from ogling and invitation. There is a fine Strangers' Club in the Calle Bartolomé Mitré, and next door to it is the English Club. Of this type of building, however, the Jockey Club, with its marble halls and onyx staircase, reflects more truthfully the elaborate and costly ornamentation of the public buildings in this Babylon of the South.

The Buenos Airen equivalent of London's " East End," and New York's " East Side," is to be found in the " Boca," which has a somewhat heavy record of crime. The nightly murders of the eighties have, however, given place to more subtle forms of crime, among which white slavery, and other concomitant evils of big cities, find a place ; but as some of these lurid lights have adequate space devoted to them in later pages they need not be dwelt upon here. They are not part of the life of the Capital, but merely queer factors of its development. There was a time, however, when trained bloodhounds pulled venturesome riders from their horses in the Boca district, and when signs offering professional services were displayed by accomplished and highly respectable assassins. These things have, however, passed with the re-organisation of the Police Force, and to-day there are only the more elusive forms of crime and vice,

carried on amid a rich city from a quarter thereof in which there is really little squalor or poverty.

Buenos Aires is, of course, a revelation to the traveller who sees it for the first time, probably expecting "a typical South American city." He soon discovers that there is really little that is typically South American in this great capital. It is gigantic, modern, rich, clean, comfortable, ostentatious, expensive, but no more quaint, interesting, or exciting, than London, New York, Paris, or Berlin. Money is made easily and spent quickly, and—a crowning virtue—without hustle or the overbearing atmosphere of a dense population getting rich quickly. Much business is done in café, American-bar, dining room, and theatre, after long conversations on art, politics, or romance. The office is for the spade work, and the place of refreshment or amusement for the consummation of the deal. The conversation is more of frozen meat, wool, hides, maize, corn, and cereals generally than of "Can. Pecks." or "Milky Ways." There is, of course, the eternal feminine, and the concomitant topic of dress, but the newcomer needs to be careful where such a subject leads. Keep sane, however great the temptation from dark, roguish eyes. Many a Paris creation when it reaches Buenos Aires costs its weight in gold.

Here a word of warning. If you desire to cruise outside the city get into the cab before you tell the driver where you wish him to go, otherwise you will probably have to walk, or to get out your Spanish-

English dictionary and make horrible noises in front of a policeman, while two or three little Italian boys look on with grinning faces. These policemen can however be trusted, and like their London confrères will soon put you right—and Mr. Jehu in a temper. If, however, your desire is to visit one of the music halls, do so alone, or with an experienced Porteno, because ladies seldom see much that is either beautiful or inspiring in an indiscreet display of feminine charm—in others. If you like “blood and mud” of the Pampas variety, try the Teatro Apolo; you will probably pass quite unrecognised as few Europeans go there.

When tired of Buenos Aires and its gay life, try the pretty little seaside resort of Mar del Plata, with its fashionable promenade, the wooden Rambla, its sea bathing, and nightly gambling in the casino. It is quite easy to spend all that the hotel, cabs, and little fancy shops, leave you possessed of, in a few minutes at the roulette tables of the “Inner Room,” or on *les petits-chevaux* among the multitude. The cheapest form of excitement is to bathe, which costs only a shilling, and then, when about up to the waist in surf, call lustily for help. The *Baneros*, or Life-savers, with which the sandy beach is well provided, will dash out and give you quite a thrilling ride ashore on the top of the big waves. When you go to the hotel don’t buy fruit of the sellers in the vestibule, because you *may* be able to get some free at the dinner table. Mar del Plata is not like Margate or

Coney Island, consequently you must take your best suits with you, unless, of course, you wish to make money from charity, and then nothing except a license is absolutely necessary.

Back in Buenos Aires again you can complete your sight-seeing by a trip up the River Tigre. A name which is misleading for the Tigre is only one of the numerous streams hereabouts. The banks are prettily lined with poplar, willow, and eucalyptus trees, beautiful houses, and tea gardens. The country beyond the fringe of green vegetation bordering the streams is, however, very flat, but you need not look at it because there are nearly always plenty of interesting people in boats, launches, and canoes, along the banks.

Having "done" Buenos Aires you may run down by train to La Plata, near the mouth of the estuary, some 34 miles from the Federal Capital. But be respectful when speaking of La Plata to the La Platans, for it is the capital of Buenos Aires, that is, of the Province of Buenos Aires. The Federal District being a separate entity, which plays second fiddle in provincial matters. The curious thing is that La Plata is a city of palatial buildings standing in their own grounds, broad boulevards, fine plazas, brilliant electric lighting, clean, spacious, and beautifully kept, but almost devoid of population! You may look down wide thoroughfares in which ten cars could travel abreast and yet leave room for trees and side-walks, and you will probably find not a single vehicle or



pedestrian. Grass grows between the curb stones, and all is silent. Nobody seems able to resist the lure of the near-by Babylon.

Across the brown-coloured Rio de la Plata, some 400 miles east of Buenos Aires, stands Montevideo, the "Little Paris of Uruguay," although why it is so-called no one seems to know, unless it is that the Uruguayan has a liking for Parisian ways and clothes. If this is so he should begin by enlivening the Capital, which now resembles a New England town on a Sunday afternoon. Nevertheless, life in Montevideo is all that it should be, and more, because the suburbs have a natural beauty, the business centre an air of dignity, solidarity, and decorum, which are lamentably lacking in its gay neighbour. It is interesting to note that the English in this Capital possess a church, a hospital and a cemetery. They also have a club in the fine Constitution Square, and take part in annual regattas, cricket matches, and races! If even more amusement is required it can be obtained in the beautiful Solis Theatre, in the numerous cinemas, or in an excursion to the "Inner Camp," or South American prairie.

Montevideo is, however, a bathing resort, and several of its suburbs, notably Ramirez, stand on the edge of beautiful sands, gay with coloured pavilions, tents, and tea rooms, but the water is, unfortunately, still a little muddy. It is in its suburbs, with flat-roofed houses, on which the Montevideans sit and blink in the brilliant sunlight,

surrounded by trees, flowers, and tennis courts, that Montevideo excels. There is a homeliness in this Capital of the old Banda Oriental which contrasts strangely with the excessive gaiety of Buenos Aires. It also possesses a fine modern harbour and an extensive shipping trade. There are tramways, electric light, and an exceptionally pure water supply, but beyond the ordinary attractions and conveniences of a purely European city, with many fine buildings, there is little of more than transitory interest to the traveller in search of the real South America.

## CHAPTER II

### CITIES OF PALMS AND STUCCO

IF you hail from the Great Republic of the North you will probably hustle up the coast in one of the palatial Royal Mail boats to Rio de Janeiro, hoping to see all that is worth seeing of Brazil's Capital in a few days ; but what you will actually obtain for your outlay of dollars is a kaleidoscopic view of much that is beautiful—for no one can enter the wonderful, mountain-encircled bay without doing that—and a chaos of wrong mental impressions which may lead you into investing in a smart store in the " City " of Cuyaba. You would do better with a good book of words. Assuming, however, that you have time to be stirred by scenery, you will commence rising from your deck chair and iced soda, with the " Oh ! Gee ! " on your lips, when far away in the blue haze shadowy mountains appear clothed in cloud, and above them a dark cone cleaving the sky.

Do not sit down again, but with fixed purpose and determined mien go below and insist on having a meal, for hunger spoils the best view, and it will be your last chance for many hours. The distance



lessens, and objects assume colour and form. The lofty Pão do Assucar, or Sugar Loaf Mountain, is passed and all around are the green shores, islands, queer mountains, palm-fringed beaches, white houses, and water-side promenades of the most lovely capital in the world. You may have gazed upon Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople, the blue isle-dotted Bay of Panama, the Alps, the Andes, Fujiyama, and St. Elmo, but they will not have made you blasé to such a panorama as Rio from the Bay.

Although the traveller may have lived for years in other parts of South America, here, in Brazil, he will be a tongue-tied stranger in a strange land. Of no other part of the Sub-Continent can this be said. The reason is that the  $3\frac{1}{4}$  million square miles forming this union of states is not Spanish-American, but Portuguese-Colonial in language, tradition, and custom. About 422 years ago Amerigo Vespucci sailed from Portugal to form the first European colony in this portion of the New World. For 322 years it remained a Crown Colony—at least, so far as the coast was concerned, for even to-day there are over 2 million square miles of little-known interior—and shortly after King John of Portugal had sailed for the Brazils, a fugitive from Lisbon before La Grande Armée of the great Napoleon, it became a separate Empire. Some 33 years later the Constitution was changed to that of a Federal Republic, and to-day it is both Portuguese and prosperous, although in-

dependent, with a population of about 30 millions, of whom nearly 40 per cent. are coloured.

What the reader will, however, be waiting impatiently to learn is, what are the queer things to be seen in Rio. If there are many foreign tourists in the city a beginning can be made with them, for, doubtless, some will appear in the fashionable Rua do Ouvidor, the "Regent Street" of the Federal Capital, with solar topees, green veils, and sun glasses, having heard that the climate is a tropical one, and others will shock the modesty of little Brazilian flappers by appearing in knickerbockers, or "sun costumes," at one or other of the numerous cafés, having heard that such a uniform is necessary for South American travel. Ouvidor Street is, however, a very narrow thoroughfare, and the buildings are of mixed character, the majority being palatial modern structures, typically European in style, although here and there one comes across a dilapidated and doomed habitation of the Colonial days. It is here that the Brazilian ladies do their morning shopping, which is infinitely more disastrous to the contents of the pocket than it is in Europe. Passing from this old-fashioned street into the broad Avenida Central is like emerging from a scorching hot tunnel. Here is the main thoroughfare of the business quarter; over 45 yards wide and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, with roads, side-walks, trees, fine buildings, and shops. There is a certain rivalry between Rio and Buenos Aires, and this new avenue is a

reply to a similar improvement in the Babylon of the South, only it goes one better by leading down to a glorious sea front, called the Avenida Beira Mar, which follows the contour of the Bay for 5 miles. A curious feature of the town is the unfailing barometer which nature has supplied among the hills in the back ground. Tijuca Hill is the name given to this useful instrument. When the summit is enveloped in a hazy white cloud, "it's going to be wet," which more often than not means swampingly wet! A clear outline, however, indicates that, for one day at least, the Federal Capital will be bathed in Equatorial sunshine.

Here, as elsewhere in South America, the bright lights of the city attract the moths from the country side. One twentieth of the population of the whole country, which, be it remembered, is larger than Europe, reside in Rio de Janeiro, and if the figures of São Paulo, the second city in point of size, and a few other important centres, are added to those of Rio, it will be found that over half the population of this vast land reside in the towns.

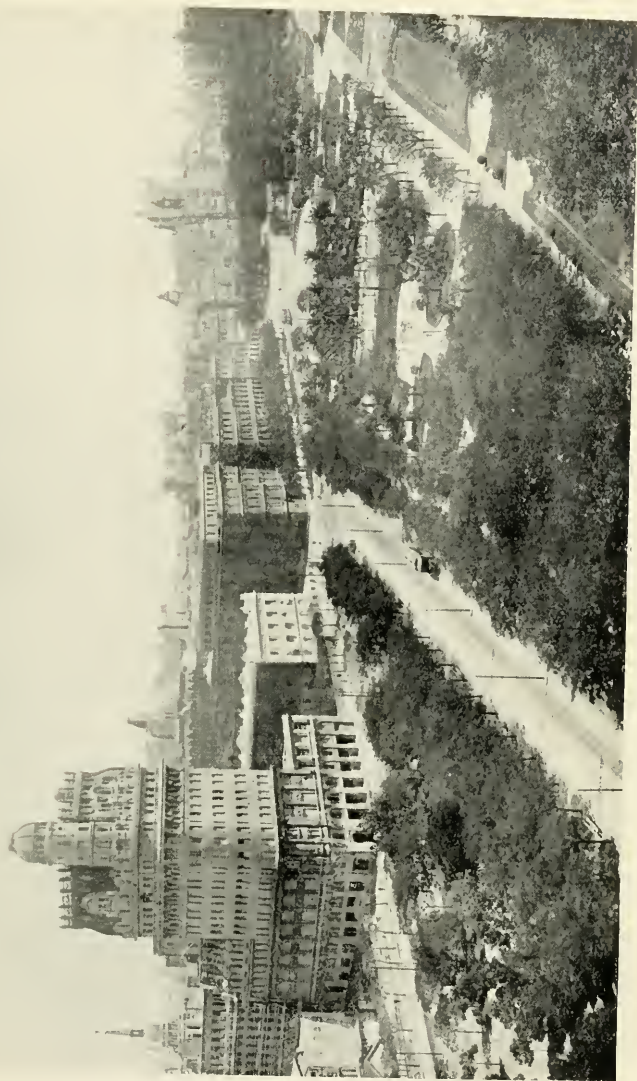
Among the most interesting of the show places is Quinta da Boa Vista, the Winter Palace of the late Emperor, at S. Christovão, now used as a National Museum—the usual destiny of these relics of more stirring times. The palace itself, seen from the outside, is somewhat stern in appearance, but, when the threshold has been crossed, the fine decorations amply compensate for the by no means regal exterior. The grounds, however,

are now the principal attraction. The fine avenues of trees, the lakes, crossed by rustic bridges, and the Royal Palms, invite one to linger in the shade until the heat of the day has passed. For many the evening will be best spent in a visit to the Municipal Theatre, or, for the more frivolous, to the S. Pedro de Alcantara. It will seem curious to the stranger that a place of amusement should be named after a Saint, in Alaska it would probably be called, more appropriately, after the greatest sinner. Occasionally, even now, one may see in Brazil's Capital announcements which are, unintentionally, quite humorous, and indicate the adaptability of religion to national temperament. Here is one of them :—

“The Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of San Goçalo (a small village across the Bay) will hold the feast of the Holy Ghost on the 31st inst., with all possible splendour. Devout persons are invited to attend, to give greater pomp to this act of religion. On the 1st proximo there will be the feast of the most Holy Sacrament, with a procession in the evening, a Te Deum, and a sermon. On the 2nd—the feast of the Patron of San Goçalo—at 3 p.m. there will be brilliant horse racing, after which a Te Deum, and magnificent fireworks.”

The tradesmen, too, show a certain characteristic levity in these matters.

“Notice to the Illustrious Preparers of the Festival of the Holy Spirit : In the Rua dos Ourives, No. 78, may be found a beautiful assortment of



AVENUE ESPORA, PASEO COLON, BUENOS AIRES.  
One of the fine boulevards in the "West-End" of the City of the Pampas Kings.





RIO DE JANEIRO.

A remarkable photograph of Rio and the famous Bay obtained from the summit of the Sugar Loaf Mountain.

Holy Ghosts, at 8 cents. each ; smaller sized, without glories, at 6 cents. ; silver Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver, 75 cents. per 100."

In one of the gaily decorated churches, which taken generally, both architecturally and otherwise, are quite uninteresting, I came across the following :— "One of the Brotherhood is always in attendance for young ladies." Certainly preferable to slumming-it in the Lower Town, around the Mangue Canal, which is, however, no longer one of the most pestiferous swamps of the Atlantic Coast of South America. When this district had been successfully drained the once dreaded yellow fever almost disappeared from the Capital.

A good service of tramcars, starting from the centre of the city, makes the journey an easy one to the Botanical Gardens, which are, perhaps, more worthy of a visit than any of the other attractions of Rio. The gardens are planted with almost every possible combination of tropical and semi-tropical trees and flowers, from the stately Royal Palms to feathery ferns. Only those familiar with the glories of tropical vegetation can realise the beauty of such a scene. Amid all the gorgeous flowering plants, orchids, and parasites of the Amazon Valley, perhaps the most striking to European eyes is the *Victoria Regia*, the queen of Brazilian flora. This superb leaf measures, in some instances, 20 feet in circumference, and will support a man sitting on a chair. The lilies which, when they first open, are of a delicate rose

tint, grow about 6 inches above the water, and measure 4 feet round. Their life, however, is but a short one, and they are more often used as sun-shades than as table decorations.

If you are of that type of Englishman who goes to Paris to see the Eiffel Tower and to New York to ascend the Woolworth building, then you will brush everything aside upon arriving in Rio except the ascent of the Sugar Loaf Mountain by the aerial railway, and if you do not get giddy and stop at the half-way house then you will be rewarded by the most wonderful panorama of mountain and sea-girt Rio Bay. Should you suffer from that, "distressing feeling of continual tiredness" then a drive in a carro to the Tijuca Forest will do more good than all the patent medicines one sees advertised so extensively in the otherwise admirable Press. The view over the Corcovado Mountains, from among the semi-tropical vegetation, with the City laid out like a relief map below, the blue sea, the brilliant sunlight, and the tepid breeze, are well worth the somewhat exorbitant charges of the Janeiran Jehu.

When fed-up with Rio you can cross the Bay on the breezy deck of a steam ferry-boat to the little seaside town of Nictheroy, which, is the Capital of the State in which the Federal Capital is situated. This plethora of capitals in Brazil is a little confusing. Along the shore near Nictheroy is the celebrated beach of Icarahy, one of the prettiest marine views in the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro. A long belt of sea-girt sand is fringed on the land



side with green foliage which extends almost to the water's edge. White bungalows glisten amid the verdure, and the blue water is studded with rocks, upon some of which nature has placed outposts of vegetation. The charges in the local hotels are, however, in keeping with the scenery, although Nictheroy is a popular place, and, in this respect, unlike Petropolis, the little mountain resort to which the Government moves during the hot season. Many of the roads in this latter place are bordered on both sides with a profusion of flowers, among which pink and white magnolias predominate. Some avenues have small streams of clear water running down the centre. Rio and Nictheroy are both cheap compared with Petropolis !

If it is coffee being shipped or grown that you wish to see then go south to the port of Santos, once a most unhealthy spot ; or to the fine modern city of São Paulo ; and for wild rubber you must go north up the great Amazon to Para and the curious, isolated town of Manãos. At Curityba may be seen the leaves of the maté bush being cured for the queer South American tea ; and in Paraná the *sambaquys*, which mark and illuminate the history of a prehistoric race in South America. In this state there are two other curiosities, one is the monoliths of Villa Velha, and the other the Guayra Falls, which eclipse those of Niagara ; but as all these are situated in the *real South America*, as opposed to the artificial product with

which this and the succeeding chapter is exclusively concerned, they have been given pages of their own.

Passing by the Guianas of France, Holland, and Great Britain, which are, of course, more representative of their motherlands than of the Spanish-American states with which they are surrounded, the traveller journeying up the South American coast will skirt or call at the West Indian Island of Trinidad, and a day or so later will steam into La Guayra, Venezuela. There is more truth than at first appears in the word "steam" when applied to La Guayra, for it is one of the hottest places on earth—the Aden of South America. Lying at the foot of the lofty Cordillera, here about 5,000 feet high, on a very narrow strip of more or less level ground, it is sheltered from the prevailing wind, and at times is almost suffocating. Near by, however, and connected by railway, is the little seaside resort of Macuto, which is more open to the cooling Caribbean breezes, and is provided with gardens, esplanade, and sea baths.

In La Guayra there is but one thing to do, and that is to get out of it by means of the marvellous little railway which climbs over the Cordillera to Caraças, the Venezuelan Capital. While waiting for a train, however, it is best to wander, fresh and exuberantly moist with perspiration, into the narrow street behind the quay, and obtain from one of the numerous *botiquins a refresco*

made with the milk of green coconuts mixed with *guarapo* or sugar syrup. It may be a little sickly, but somehow it quenches the thirst wonderfully. Of course, if you are an Englishman, an iced whisky and soda in the ship's saloon will appeal to you more irresistibly, but a really patriotic "dry" American has only one alternative to this refresco, and that is sucking a lemon.

A climb of 23 miles up the bare sun-scorched slopes of the Cordillera, from various points of which wonderful views over the deep sapphire of the Caribbean can be obtained, lands you in the cooler, fresher atmosphere of Caraças, which enjoys a long succession of warm summer days and cool nights. This was the city that for years defied the Buccaneers, but eventually succumbed, through treachery, to Amyas Preston and his adventurers, who crossed the Cordillera by a neglected Indian footpath and captured the city by surprise. On March 26th, 1812, it was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake, which is said to have killed 15,000 people in a few minutes. In this way the old Colonial City was destroyed, and there are now few buildings more than a century old.

Although modern and largely of stucco there is nevertheless something attractive about Caraças which charms in a quiet, inoffensive way. Somehow the desire comes to linger in this city of Miranda and Bolivar. Of course, there is the inevitable central plaza, fine boulevards, shops,

and public buildings, but in addition there is the summit of Calvario Hill, 200 feet above the red-tiled city with its water-courses, palms, and encircling hills. The slopes are laid out as a public garden, approached by wide carriage drives.

A walking stick is a quite necessary article even when driving in Caraças, as the customary method of guiding the local jehu is by its aid. You do not drag him off the box and lay on the strokes for the slightest mistake as was the common practice in the Russia of the eighties, but you gently prod him in the back when you desire to stop, tap him on the right arm for a turn in that direction, and on the left arm for a manœuvre on that flank. Be careful when going round a square not to tap too often or too heavily on the same spot, especially late at night. A knife and a corpse might be found at sun-up.

Talking of these gruesome things, which happily now seldom occur, not far away from the Plaza is the Pantheon, wherein those of Venezuela who have deserved well of their country find a last resting place. It is surrounded by the tombs of famous figures in the stirring history of the country, and in the midst of them all is the casket containing the ashes of what was once Simon Bolivar, who was born in this city in 1783, and lived to liberate from the oppressive yoke of Spain not only his own country, but also Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru. In the Salon Eleptico, of the Executive Palace, there are portraits of these famous Venezue-

lans in life, and among them is the Irishman O'Leary. The roof of this Salon is decorated with a painting of the battle of Carabopo, and near by are pictures of other battles and such famous events as the Congress of Angostura.

After an evening in the Municipal Theatre you can adjourn to "La India," a fashionable restaurant where beer and buns are served in the morning, and more *recherché* fare during the cool of the evening.

When Caraças has been scratched from the list of places to be visited, you can go up into the Sierra, down on to the Llanos, or penetrate into the tropical jungles, but there are few other cities or minor towns with sufficient of general interest to overcome the usual human reluctance to roughing it in getting there. If you go into the forests of the South-West, however, vegetable milk will make quite a good travelling diet. This peculiar liquid is thicker than the ordinary animal product, and is obtained from the sap of the unique *arbol de leche*, and can be used for all purposes like ordinary cow's milk. It comes from a tree peculiar to the Zulia region, which also exhibits the, so far unexplained, "Farol de Maracaibo," or "Maracaibo Lights." Over the South end of the great lake these lights flash vividly and continuously every night throughout the year, and are used by the mariners far out at sea as a guide to navigation.

If you wish to see the Kingdom of the Goajirans,



or to witness a native girl's betrothal, you must penetrate into the depths of the forest, for these things are of the real South America and pass unseen by those content with the counterfeit.

To leave the hot and somewhat damp Atlantic seaboard of the great Sub-Continent without spending at least a few days in old Cartagena, the chief port of the progressive state of Colombia, would be to miss the one great opportunity which this coast affords of seeing all that remains worth studying of the stirring Colonial days. Around this once fabulously rich city of the Spanish Indies are flung the double ring of crumbling walls, yellow in the brilliant sunlight, and vividly reminiscent of the six sieges which they withstood, one lasting for over two years. Facing the walls is the blue, sparkling Caribbean—the Spanish Main of the treasure ships and buccaneers. Dominating the Bay are the eight weather-beaten forts, and in the centre of the defences, still intact but exhibiting their age by blotches of parasitic growth, are the old 16th, 17th, and 18th century churches, convents, palaces, and houses of imposing size, worked in gleaming stucco, enlivened by the green of patio and courtyard, the fluted red-tiled roofs, and the palms and flowers of eccentric plazas. Blending harmoniously with the tropical hues of sea and sky they form many quaint pictures which now serve as models for the artist, architect, and historian, of a picturesque land in a picturesque age.

Loquacious and sometimes rapacious guides illuminate the facts of history with the description of incidents which occurred here and there on wall and building for those unversed in the exciting story of the City's past, when "Cartagena" was a synonym of wealth and a magic word in the mouths of men. Here was the Holy Office—beneath which were the dungeons of the Inquisition (and the guide dramatically shudders and devoutly crosses himself). There are the palaces of Bishop, Governor, and Captain of the Port. A romance in every stone, told with much imagination and many a flash of dark eyes. Then comes stories of those days of terror in 1586, when Sir Francis Drake held the city to ransom, accounts of sanguinary fights between gallant Spanish soldiers and bloodthirsty buccaneers, suitably softened for English ears, tales of wild orgies when Cartagena ranked next in importance to Lima, and after hearing 312 years of crowded history, footsore and weary, the traveller creeps into his hotel, or, in sheer desperation, back on to the steamer, when finally the guide has given the *coup de grace* and earned his fee with an effective tale of how, in 1811, the downtrodden people rose up, "as one man," to follow the banner of liberty—"and rejoicing in freedom spat (like that, Señor !) at the statue of the King of Spain."

Upon those who have lived or travelled in South or Central America this and similar stories will have but little effect, for undoubtedly they will



have come to know quite a lot about the word "liberty." After all, spitting at an object which cannot spit back, sounds not only cowardly but very tame after reading of an Arabian Sheik who in a frenzy tore off his own suspenders and sent them by swift camel to Mecca. One expects to hear that knives were stuck into the adobe figure and blood flowed forth. That is the Mexican version, and many a priest in those days hid bottles of good red wine in hollow images.

There are, however, other things to do in Cartagena besides gaze at glaring ruins and dazzling antique Spanish palaces. Being almost sea-girt, bathing between sand and surf is both cleansing and refreshing. It blends harmoniously with iced drinks and evening serenades. For the student of more serious affairs, however, there is the exploration of the Atrato region, which has sprung into fame during recent years on account of its unique platinum deposits, and a visit to Bogotá—the little inland capital, situated 600 miles from the Atlantic up the Magdalena river, with its famous emerald mines.

Along the coast is busy Barranquilla, which is the only Colombian seaport which does not tax foreign commercial travellers, consequently, these wide-awake individuals do all their business for the whole of the country here, visiting the other towns solely on pleasure. Fruity Santa Marta is the alpha and omega of the banana trade, and its mixed but sensitive Spanish-negro-indian-mes-

titzo-mulatto population abandon themselves with such zest to cock-fighting (with an occasional razor display among the grown-ups) that game-cocks can be seen tied up like dogs outside almost every house.

## CHAPTER III

### BY PACIFIC SHORES AND ANDEAN HEIGHTS

UNLESS you wish to walk for two or three thousand miles through tropical jungle and over swampy pampas, infested with wild Indian tribes and abounding in queer and little known things—in fact to see something of the real South America—the best way to reach the Pacific slope is: (1) by steamship through the Panama Canal, (2) by railway across the Andes to Chile, or (3) down south through the Magellan Strait. Only a seeker after abdominal sensation would wittingly choose the long Antarctic voyage round Cape Horn. Of these three alternatives the former is not only the most direct but also the most pleasant passage from all European ports and New York, as the way lies through summer seas. The second route, however, is the most interesting and picturesque, as not only are the principal Atlantic ports of South America visited, but the Argentine Pampas is crossed on the way up to the lofty passes leading through the sublime Andes. The third line of travel, through the Magellan Strait, affords a glimpse of that region of lonely Antarctic grandeur,



ACONCAGUA FROM THE HORCONES VALLEY



WINTER ON THE CUMBRE OF THE  
PASS.

A rotary snow-plough clearing the line of the Trans-Andean Railway. The snow-cutting at this point was 42 ft. deep.



LA PAZ, BOLIVIA.

In an amphitheatre of bare hills dominated by the eternal snows of Illimani.



PLAZA DE ARMAS, LIMA, PERU.



mountains, glaciers, snow and wind, the great Southland of the Continent, which everyone forgets when they think of South America as one vast expanse of sunshine and palms.

Passing over, for the moment, the many interesting features along these routes to the world's furthest west, the principal seaport of Southern Chile is Valparaiso, and, if you are journeying there by sea and in the season, early one morning under a warm, golden sun, the blue bay will be entered. Mapped out along the narrow stretch of level ground, and climbing up the sides and over the tops of the hills surrounding the anchorage, will be the houses, streets and squares, of the most English of all South American cities—the Liverpool of the South Pacific. Some few years ago it was almost levelled by a severe earthquake, but has since been rebuilt, principally with reinforced concrete in the business centre, and by the erection of bungalows in the residential quarter on the hills. It now has a population of about 150,000. The bay is large and sheltered from all winds except the Nor-westers, which unfortunately prevail during what may be termed the winter months. Coming from the Equator these northerly winds prevent the winter from being winterly, and give Valparaiso a warm but wet season. When the hot weather comes round, the winds also oblige by changing direction to south, and coming from off the Antarctic ice materially cool the temperature. The thermometer seldom descends lower than

54°F., nor rises above 104°F., even on the hottest days of the year.

So English-like is Valparaiso in its methods of business and in its social life that it is sometimes difficult to persuade oneself that this city is situated in Chile. Even the names of some of its important streets are Anglo-Saxon, at least in association. A curiosity of the town are its lifts, facilitating communication between the busy water-front of cosmopolitan seamen and consuls, the commercial centre of lounge suits, panama hats, offices, cafés, theatres, and dainty muslin dresses, and the residential quarters of pretty gardens and bungalows with charming views over the bay, the city, and the neighbouring hills. It is said that a man's social position in Valparaiso depends on the height of the hill on which he lives. It is a city of steep inclines, cactus covered hills, sharp curves, roughly paved roads, and abrupt rock walls, with tufts of green, red, and purple, in lofty crevices. The houses rise up in tiers of irregular form, and face in all directions. In the streets there is no undue haste, and the almighty dollar purchases about twice what it does in either Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro. The people are the most jovial of the whole Continent, and their love of things maritime is only exceeded by a love of wine that is red and a waltz that is flirtatious. The lower classes indulge in a little knife slashing by way of pastime, but not with the frequency or viciousness of the nitrate diggers on the Desert of Atacama.



Connected with Valparaiso by tramway is the pretty suburb of Viña del Mar, with its bands, its dances, its gardens and illuminated fountains. There are several other suburbs, but this is, perhaps, the most popular. The near-by cliffs, gay with geraniums and Californian poppies, lead away southwards to the bathing pavilions on the shores of Fisherman's Bay.

At the back of Valparaiso, lying between the Coast Cordillera and the Andean slopes, is the great Longitudinal Valley, one of the geographical peculiarities of Chile. It extends, without serious interruption, for 500 miles north and south, with a breadth varying from 10 to 50 miles, and an elevation of from 400 to 1,000 feet. It is in this enormous valley, which is well watered by streams flowing down from the Andean snows, that the principal Chilean cities are situated, and the agricultural activity of the country is primarily carried on. Owing to the mountain barriers flanking it on both sides, the temperature varies considerably, and one of the climatic characteristics is torrential rain which sometimes lasts for several consecutive days, and is often accompanied by severe thunder and lightning. In the extreme north this valley becomes arid and sandy, finally giving place to Atacama, the most valuable desert in the world.

It is a curious fact that every important South American capital, with the exception of Buenos Aires and Montevideo, has a lofty hill which is

laid out as a public garden. Rio has the world famous Sugar Loaf Mountain, Caraças has Calvario, Lima the Cerro de San Christobal, and Santiago, the Capital of Chile, possesses Santa Lucia, called by the Indians of earlier times, "Huelen" (Sorrow), which rises from the banks of the Mapocho, high above the surrounding avenues, streets, plazas, and parks. Whether these ornamental hills are due to the foresight of the founders of the 16th Century, or are mere accidents of birth, it is impossible to say, but they certainly provide the best possible "breathers," and enable the traveller to view the different cities in all their varied aspects.

Only 150 miles separate Valparaiso, the chief port, from Santiago, the Capital City, but it is a journey of railway gymnastics, for the line curves, climbs, winds, and plunges into the blackness of many tunnels before it emerges on to the plain, 1,800 feet above the Pacific, on which stands stately Santiago, founded in the middle of the 16th Century by Don Pedro de Valdivia. About the city and its 400,000 inhabitants quite a lot could be written were this a guide book to its sights, and foremost would come an adequate description of the Forestral Park of the Mapocho—which, by the way, is not the name of an Indian chief, but a small ornamental river, which, in the form of an artificial canal, runs through the city dividing the coloured East-end from the business and residential West-end. Standing like a stately sentinel between the

two quarters is Santa Lucia Hill, a public garden with winding paths and broad stone steps leading to the summit. From this eminence beautiful panoramic views can be obtained over the city and plain, with the snowy Cordillera, ethereal white and faintly blue, against the sunlight. From the base of this hill, and leading through the West-end, runs the tree-bordered Alameda, where, in the cool of the evening all the élite of the Capital may be seen promenading, lounging or driving, unless they are listening to the military band in the Plaza de Armas. In addition to the Park of the Mapocho there is another public garden, named after the rich owner of the coal mines of Lota, Madame Causino, wherein the many "tired Pedros" may rest in the cool shade. Among the other places worth seeing are the Palace of the Moneda (President of the Republic), the Cathedral, the Congress Hall, and the University. In the evening there are cafés, cinemas, and a fine Municipal Theatre. All these are, however, of secondary importance compared with the hospitality of the people themselves.

When tired of basking in the smiles of the Santiago señoritas go out to the little hill resort of Apoquindo, and its hot-spring baths, or make for Lai Junction, there change into a train for Los Andes, and do a dash over the lines of the International Railway, which crosses the Andes and descends on to the Argentine Pampas in the Province of Mendoza. After leaving the little

wood and corrugated-iron town of Los Andes, which has 6,000 inhabitants, principally coloured, and is 2,600 feet above sea level, the scenery becomes wild as the train climbs steadily towards the line of glittering peaks. On the Chilean side of the Andes there is far more vegetation than on the Argentine slopes, owing to the rain clouds from the Pacific discharging their cargoes on the western slopes of this immense mountain barrier. The total distance from Los Andes to the *cumbre* or summit of the pass, is 70 kilometres, and there is scarcely a mile of this road which is not encompassed by scenery of almost unequalled grandeur and solitude.

If you wish to enjoy this scenic ride look carefully at the faces of the occupants of the railway carriage before you enter it, smile slightly, and if it is immediately returned by any of those already comfortably seated, get out and into another compartment, otherwise you will be kept busy saying "yes," "no not really," "oh! thank you," "yes, I should like to hear about it," and the scenery for which you have really come the journey will pass by almost unobserved while you learn the gradient, the number of sleepers employed, details of a horrible accident, and how dangerous the line *really* is on account of avalanches of snow and rock.

Upwards winds the train through the wild valley of the river Aconcagua to Juncalillo, with its towering, snow-covered giants, where the ele-

vation of the permanent way is 8,498 feet. Past the perpetually frozen waters of Inca Lake, bathed in bright sunshine but girdled by ice and snow, then on to the *Cumbre*, with the Cerro de la Tolosa, an ice-capped peak rising from a massive buttress of volcanic rock to a height of 19,000 feet, clear cut, cold, and awe-inspiring. Here is the top of the Pass, an open space, blown partially clear of snow by the winter gales. In the centre is an immense statue of Christ, marking the frontier between Chile and Argentina. In winter this figure, appealing for a continuance of peace between the two countries, is buried deep under snow, and the temperature frequently drops during the hours of darkness several degrees below zero. So rarified is the air at this high altitude, over 12,000 feet, that a wonderful feeling of exhilaration, followed by severe headache, is generally produced.

If the many peaks and valleys of interest in the main chain of the Andes are to be visited with mule and guide it is advisable to make a prolonged stay at the Hotel del Inca. From this mountain chalet, situated in the very heart of the most impressive Andean scenery, the famous Horcones Valley can be explored. This rocky defile leads to the base of Aconcagua, which, with the exception of Mount Everest in the Himalayas, is considered to be one of the most lofty peaks in the world, 23,000 feet, and from the summit of which, according to Sir Martin Conway, both the Pampas of Argentina and the Pacific Ocean can be seen.

Looking towards Chile from the *Cumbre* the great snow peaks of the Cerro de los Leones tower majestically above the surrounding riff-raff of rocks, glaciers, and snowfields. Towards Argentina lies the Valley of Las Cuevas, surrounded by peaks of 18,000 feet. It is into this valley, on the Argentine side of the Divide, that the tunnel beneath the *Cumbre* debouches on its way down to the great plains.



## CHAPTER IV

### A TROPICAL POT-POURRI

It is a curious fact that notwithstanding the network of railway lines which now connect the harbours of Chile and Peru much of both passenger and goods traffic along the coast is carried on by sea, and this applies to the whole of South America. Where there is a choice of route the breezy deck of the steamship is generally preferred to the hot, and stuffy railway saloon, although on these coastal voyages, at least so far as the Pacific slope is concerned, the calls at intermediate "ports" of little interest are irritatingly frequent. The landing at these places is often accomplished by three or four passengers standing on a small platform and being whisked up into the air by a crane and dropped in a heap on the rolling deck of a lighter. A good insurance against fatal accident is to tip the steward to throw the refuse from the galley over the stern of the ship while you are being hoisted over the bows. The sharks will then be busy having their lunch.

If you go south from Valparaiso, in a day or so the Patagonian Fiords and islands will shelter

the vessel from the buffetings of Antarctic seas, and all around will be rain-soaked forests, filmy waterfalls, green islands, and German colonies, then wild and desolate Tierra del Fuego, but do not turn your face towards the breath of the Great Ice Barrier unless you feel reckless and impatient to see something of the "unknown." Northward from Chile's great seaport leads to the sun and the cities, but even here also there is still a primitive patch between the ports of Antofagasta and Iquique. Geographers call it the Atacama Desert, but the nitrate diggers who work amid its scorching wastes call it by a totally different name. These regions of torrid heat and arctic cold belong, however, to the real South America.

Thoroughly exasperated by hours spent rolling about in innumerable bays while the steamer tries to plant its passengers and goods into the holds of lighters instead of in the sea, you eventually arrive at Callao, the chief port of Peru. It used to be a wicked city. Funny stories are told about it in the smoke rooms of vessels plying up and down the coast, which, however, reflect more credit on the imaginative faculties than on the historical knowledge of the *raconteurs*. It has sown its wild oats, and is now a fine port, sheltered by the La Punta Peninsular and the islands of San Lorenzo and Frontin. The steamer is boarded by licensed *fleteros*, who take charge of the delivery of baggage in Callao and also in Lima, the Capital,

which is only a few miles distant, and can be reached either by train or electric car.

Callao is a busy seaport and, even now, is not devoid of attractions. There are good shops, plazas, churches, theatres, statues, a market, and an English Club, from the balcony of which a fine panorama of the Bay and its shipping is obtained. Although not referred to by other explorers the local natives assert that a curious phenomena can sometimes be seen, usually in the evening after dinner, when Spanish galleons cleave the waters of the Bay piloted by nymphs. Few English travellers remain long in Callao, which has a decidedly hot, damp, and thirsty climate. They go up to Lima, the Capital, or to the picturesque little residential seaside resorts of Miraflores, Magdalena del Mar, Barranco, Chorillos, or La Punta. The latter is a bathing resort, with an open-air skating rink, a good hotel, and other attractions. Ancon, another favourite holiday resort, reached in about an hour by train from the Capital, has a lovely sandy beach.

Lima is generally considered to be one of the prettiest capitals of Spanish-America. Although there are not the same number of fine buildings and boulevards as in the larger cities of Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, and it lacks the stateliness of Santiago, there is a certain undefinable picturesqueness in the town itself, and also in the topographical situation, which places the tropical sea coast only a few miles distant and regions of

almost perpetual snow within a train journey of under 100 miles. The starting point for a tour of inspection of the city must necessarily be the centrally situated Plaza de Armas, surrounded by the *portales* of fine buildings, including the Government Palace and the Cathedral, and occupied, during the heat of the day, by many lovers of the exquisite "mañana tree," which blooms here as luxuriantly and as immodestly as it does in all other parts of South America.

Every day military bands play soothing airs, and hundreds of eyes close drowsily in the sticky heat. When the skies turn from yellow to palest green, and then to the deep indigo of the Southern night, a cool breeze from the Pacific stirs the feathery fronds of the palms and also the loungers in the Plaza. Electrically illuminated arches suddenly glow with colour, giving the scene a fairyland appearance, and the palms stand out in black outline against the luminous blueness of the Equatorial night. The band awakens and the lullabys of the afternoon turn into waltz and march. When one tires of the dark-eyed señoritas, the gaudy uniforms, the music of a musical country, the art of nature in her softest mood, and the delightful *laissez faire* the distant lilt of a song from the *al fresco* restaurant of the near-by Hotel Maury calls one back to the pulsating night-life of this tropical Capital, which awakens to the full enjoyment of living when the garish sun, often shining through filmy clouds, sinks in

unobscured golden glory behind the waste of blue waters.

To awake in Lima is to feel the glare of the sun reflected from white walls into the bedroom before one's eyes are properly open. In this land of warmth, palms and untaxed cigars, it is but natural that a tour of the city's 67 churches, many old and interesting, does not, at first appeal. It has to be either a bathe in the Pacific surf at La Punta, followed by a lounge on the verandah of the hotel, or a drive to the Botanical Gardens, followed by a climb up the 1,000 feet of the Cerro de San Cristobal to obtain the view far and wide over sunlit Lima and the Peruvian littoral, from the sparkling waters of the Pacific to the cloud-enveloped Andean Cordillera.

Surprises come early. The first is the information, usually given by an "old resident," that the weather is exceptionally fine, bright and clear for Lima, which, contrary to one's expectations, is generally somewhat heavy, oppressively hot, murky and damp. The second comes when you wander out into the Plaza to admire the famous Cathedral, founded, according to the guide book, in 1540, and are promptly told that, owing to earthquakes, very little of the old building is now visible. No city on the Pacific coast, with the possible exception of Concepcion and Valparaiso in the neighbouring Republic of Chile, has suffered more from earthquakes, violent or mild, than gay, light-hearted Lima. The third surprise does not

come until you question the local cabby, and discover that for the modest sum of four shillings an hour you can be driven wherever you like.

First comes the Zoological Gardens, in which there is a fine collection of animals from the vast Equatorial forests of the Amazon, then the Botanical Gardens, for a card of admission to which you have to apply to the Faculty of Medicine, a paradise of flowers and tropical foliage. Next come the Municipal Park and the Paseo Colon, flanked by several of the foreign legations. Although this boulevard, which is the finest in Lima, is popularly called the Paseo Colon it is officially entitled the Avenida 9 de Diciembre. After an interval for lunch at the Maury, which is unquestionably one of the best hotels on the Pacific coast of South America, you can continue the drive, by way of the Exposition Park, the new Avenida de la Colmena, over the little Rio Rimac, and down the tree-bordered promenade of olden times, the Alameda, to the base of the Cerro de San Christobal.

This *chef d'œuvre* of the day's sightseeing should be left for the cooler hours of the early evening, when the sun, like a globe of fire, is poised over the Occident. Distant objects, shrouded in heat, mist and cloud, during the hours of the meridian, lower their veils and stand out clear, and sharply defined, aglow with sunset lights. When the summit of San Christobal has been reached, the "City of Kings" lays mapped-out in relief 1,300 feet below. There, in the centre of old-time Lima, is the second



largest bull-ring in the world—it had yet another tier of seats, removed during recent times. The “Fiestas de Toros” of to-day are sometimes more amusing than bloodthirsty, for the horns of the bulls are protected by wooden balls, which serve only to knock over the brilliantly garbed matadors, who deliver their “death” thrusts with nothing more harmful than sharp sticks, which must be planted in the fleshy neck of the animal without breaking them. Some distance away from the arena is the Bolongesi Circle and Column—the Piccadilly Circus of Lima—the equestrian statue of Bolivar in the Inquisition Park, the Dos de Mayo Monument, with its four indistinct figures representing the countries which united under the banner of the Liberator, the Municipal Theatre, the Pantheon of Heroes in the general cemetery, the old palace of the Marquis de Torre Tagle, now an art gallery, the Cathedral—so much like that of Seville—and the many churches, reminiscent of old Spain. Seven miles away lay the glittering lines of sunlight on the Pacific surge, and inland the Andean foothills of orange and purple, leading up to the invisible snows.

Lima is a city of 150,000 inhabitants ; but many of the houses of the poorer classes on the outskirts of the commercial centre, are built of reeds plastered with mud. This may be the reason why so many of their occupants prefer to take the midday siesta in the plazas, paseos, and parks. It has been suggested that these crude dwellings are due to the

frequency of earthquakes. This, however, is not the case, as otherwise the solid buildings of the commercial and residential quarters would have suffered severely. The rumours set abroad from time to time of severe shocks in Lima and in the country around are exaggerations of the frequent slight vibrations. The only serious earthquakes of modern times occurred in 1746 and in 1868. The former was accompanied by a tidal wave which swept the coast, and the latter did great damage to the town of Arequipa. The occasional tornados, which do some damage along the coast, have also been much exaggerated.

The stately home of the Peruvian Senate was once the seat of the Spanish Inquisition, and the torture chamber is now a retiring room for the Senators. In the old Council Hall is a beautifully carved ceiling presented to the Holy Office by Spanish monks nearly five centuries ago. The entrance to the Senate Building is now adorned by massive Corinthian columns, and soldiers are on guard outside. The San Marcos University is the oldest institution of its kind on the American Continent; and the Pavilion of the Jockey Club is where one meets many of the foreign residents, and certainly all the English and American dwellers, in the Peruvian Capital. Of the 67 churches, the Cathedral is, of course, the finest, although of modern construction. The old edifice was founded in 1535 by Francisco Pizarro, whose mummified remains can be seen, with other relics, in a sealed

glass vault. The wonderfully carved mahogany and cedar pulpits and stalls, the painting, "La Veronica," by Murillo, the beautiful organ, and the interior of the building itself, make it, with the possible exception of the Cathedral of Mexico, the finest in Latin-America. Next to the Cathedral comes the old church of San Pedro, with its gold scroll-work, carved doors, altars, rare paintings, and curious tiles ; then La Merced, and the High Altar of cleverly worked silver ; San Francisco and its panelled ceilings ; Santo Domingo, with its exquisite marble statue of St. Rose—Patroness of Lima and the Indians—on its silver and jewelled pedestal, massive silver altar of Our Lady of the Rosary, and Madonna adorned with large pearls ; and, finally, San Augustin, and the sinister "Statue of Death," carved by a monk who died as soon as he had completed the work.

All these are but samples of the great wealth accumulated by the churches of Peru since the thrilling days in the year 1532 when Pizarro and his 200 Spanish adventurers marched into the heart of the Inca Empire, at Cajamarca, and seized the sacred person of the Emperor—the "Son of the Sun"—in his own stronghold and in the presence of his nobles and warriors. Down through the middle ages of strife to the day of the severance from Spain, in 1821, calm and untouched amid the revolutions of more recent years, came these sacred buildings and their wealth of art and treasure to adorn the cities of to-day.

There are other cities of civilized Peru which should be visited by those who can only travel where the steamship and the railway carry them, and where there are modern hotels to house and feed them. One of these is Arequipa, the second most important town of the Republic, reached by the Southern line from the little port of Mollendo. It stands on the lower Andean slopes, at an elevation of 7,549 feet, and at the base of the now extinct volcano, "El Misti," which is usually veiled in cloud or tinged with the gleaming white of the lofty snow line. Its summit rises 19,200 feet. Near by is the twin peak of "Chachani." For beauty of surroundings Arequipa, with its 40,000 inhabitants, has few rivals in Peru, and in order to obtain the best position for a survey one cannot do better than obtain permission to visit the Harvard College Observatory, on the outskirts of the town.

There is little of historic interest in this essentially commercial centre, except perhaps the Cathedral, La Campaña, and several other fine old Spanish churches. Beyond the immediate surroundings of the town, where irrigation has accomplished wonders, there are vast stretches of arid pampas, much of which is, however, being steadily irrigated and so made fertile. In Arequipa there is electric light and power, pure water, and at least two good hotels, the Gran Centrale and Morosinis. On the outskirts are the famous baths and mineral springs of Jesus, and in the town itself, the Lucione Gardens and Nurseries. It is, however, the wool market

which gives to Arequipa its unique commercial importance. The alpaca, llama, sheep, and vicuña wool bought and sold in this town has an average annual value of over £400,000. The buying season is from March to June, and the clip is brought in from all parts of the Bolivian and Peruvian highlands by railway, and very largely by llama and burro transport. Immediately after the rainy season on the lower ranges the sheep of the highlands, are driven down in thousands on to the green pastures. In and around Arequipa are many large warehouses and sorting sheds. Native women are experts in separating the different grades, of which there are five for alpaca, and three for sheeps' wool. After washing, the wool is tossed and dried by native women with sticks, then sorted and packed in sacks holding 200 pounds, which are pressed by electricity into compact bales for export to the coast. Mollendo being the principal port for shipment, and Great Britain the principal destination.

The lofty mountains on which these curious wool-producing animals have their natural habitat cannot be explored in a saloon carriage, as they form part of the sierra region of the real South America, from which the coast and its cities draw their principal wealth. The same may be said of Cuzco, in the land of the Incas, with its Temples of the Sun, its churches with gold altars, its wonderful religious "Fiestas" and its brightly clothed sierra folk. Bolivia, the nation with the sea above

the clouds, is also far from the beaten track, although it can now be reached by railways which climb up from the coast. They have not yet been reduced to the uniformly unpicturesque level of high civilization, but are in the land of half-and-half, where new palaces, hotels, and cinemas stand amid primitive native huts, old churches of stucco, and houses with iron-barred windows and gay patios. Where evening dress is worn during the day, and contrasts strangely with mantilla and poncho, the silk hat is beside the sombrero, and the tailor-made mingles with the coarse, bright-hued Aymara costume, with its three skirts for women, and laced trousers, slit to the knee, for men. It is the old sierra into the life of which the new, from the coast and overseas, is slowly penetrating, but it stands on the fringe of the great unknown.

Almost before the Peruvian coast has changed into that of Ecuador, tropical forests, barren plains, and Andean wilds, press in so close towards the coast that only sea travel is at present possible, and the one port of this Equatorial state is an oasis of civilisation connected by a ribbon of steel with the distant mountain Capital. To go into rhapsodies over unhealthy Guayaquil, where even the passenger ships take care to anchor out of reach of the yellow fever-bearing mosquito, would sound humorous to anyone who had lived or travelled there. Nevertheless this little tropical port on the wide gulf has two points of interest,



one is its China Town, and the other its panama hat industry.

Guayaquil, which has a population of about 80,000, is very low-lying, and although up-to-date in many of its features, has, in the past, suffered severely from epidemic diseases. The death rate is now about 42 per 1,000, and yellow fever and malaria are usually rampant. Half-hearted efforts at sanitation and prevention have, however, done something, during quite recent years, to improve the health of the inhabitants, but it still remains one of the most pestiferous spots in Latin America. The aspect of this town, as the steamer proceeds up the Guayas River, is decidedly attractive, although every sting sends timid passengers, *en route* for more healthy climes, scurrying below for antiseptic lotion. The white buildings extend northward along the river bank for over two miles, until they reach the abrupt slopes of a few hills. All around is the luxuriant green of tropical foliage. When the City is entered, however, much of the attractiveness is lost, for although the main streets are broad, regular, clean, and provided with side walks, the paving of the roadway is decidedly bad, and in the back portion of the town, which forms the poorer native quarter, there is little effort at either paving or effective sanitation. In the rainy season the roads are a succession of stagnant puddles, ideal breeding grounds for the dreaded fever-carrying mosquito.

The only really healthy part of Ecuador is the

Andean Plateau of the interior, upon which stands the modern little town of Quito, at the healthy Equatorial altitude of 8,000 feet. Its principal characteristics are repose and German beer, which is sold everywhere at three shillings a bottle. Quito is clean, healthy, cool, and fairly well-built, but it is quite modern, with hotels, theatres, shops, parks and artificial lakes, and differs little from any other South American city of similar size. Around it, however, there are small towns entirely devoid of drainage systems, and plentiful supplies of either eau de cologne, or, better still, powerful disinfectant, are necessary in order to approach them in comfort. A curious feature of the railway leading up to the Capital from the coast is the presence of all American conductors on the trains, and all Scotch collectors, while the population of some of the lowland towns defies description because of the inter-marriage of Spaniards, Indians, Negroes, Chinese, and half-castes.

During the overthrow of the monarchy in China the celestial colonies in South America subscribed £800,000 to the revolutionary funds, and it is in Guayaquil that this Asiatic migration to the Sub-Continent can, perhaps, best be observed, for although in Lima there are 16,000 and in Guayaquil only 8,000, it must be remembered that in this latter City there is a Chinaman to every white man, and a number of Chinese-Indian half-castes.

The casting-off of old and hampering customs in China, the most important of which was the

practice of ancestor-worship, requiring the burial of each member of the family in the ancestral home, has resulted in an increasing stream of emigration, especially from the thickly-populated provinces of Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Fukhien. This migration may be said to have commenced in earnest about 1869, shortly after the United States, in a moment of ill-conceived statesmanship, signed the Burlingame Treaty with China (1868) recognizing the "inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance," and the mutual advantage of the free immigration and emigration of their respective subjects from one country to another. Between the signing of this treaty and the awakening of the United States to the dangers of Asiatic immigration (1888-1900) several million Chinese had crossed the Pacific and become residents in the New World, creating a great social problem which centuries will do but little to solve.

With the passing of the Asiatic Exclusion Acts, closing the United States to Chinese immigrants, and the adoption of similar measures restricting their entry into Canada and Australia it was but natural that over-populated Southern China looked around the Pacific for fresh outlets for her superfluous millions. Burma, Batavia, the Straits Settlements, and Siam, received additional thousands, then came the Philippines, which, however, were closed in 1902, and the plantations of Hawaii, also shut in their face a year or so later. Mean-

while a slow but steady stream of yellow humanity trickled across the wastes of the South Pacific to the shores of South America. Then came the establishment of regular steamship communication between the farthest West and the near-by East, which resulted in an increasing annual stream of emigrants from Canton and elsewhere in South China. Congeries became colonies, indigent immigrants prosperous merchants and tradesmen, but there was an element lacking in these Asiatic quarters of Spanish-American cities. So far the social conditions in China had prevented the emigration of wives with husbands, daughters with fathers, or of the *femme sole*, hence the colonies were without women folk, and the prosperous Chinese merchants looked around for wives among the people of the country—Spaniard, half-caste and native. In this way there arose a Chinese-cum-Indian and a Chinese-cum-Spaniard-cum-Indian race, making confusion worse confounded. Negroes also are not unknown along the Pacific coast of South America, and Japanese are numerous, especially on the plantations, but in the latter case women have accompanied husbands, fathers and brothers, making more or less self-contained colonies.

In Guayaquil one has only to enter the stores of San Siong and Co., Kuon On Tay and Co., and a host of others, to realize the opportunities for rapid advancement and prosperity offered to the economical Chinese immigrant in these expensive-

living countries of the New World. There is also in this important seaport a society called "Beneficencia de la Colonia China," and at least a hundred names of Chinese firms in the local directory, many of whom advertise extensively in the Press. In Lima there is a herbalist who displays a certificate from the Chinese Charge d'affairs in Peru stating that he has passed the necessary examinations in China and proved his competence by the cures effected among members of the diplomats' own family. Certainly a curiosity among diplomatic documents.

Apart from the political and social aspect of Chinese immigration into South America there is, however, something to be said in its favour from the purely economic standpoint. There are, in the tropical and semi-tropical regions of this great Continent, enormous tracts of land known to be rich in sylvan and mineral wealth which must remain unexploited for centuries unless Asiatic or African labour is employed on a large scale to subdue the wilderness. Experience in the British Colony of Guiana has proved the value of the Indian coolie, and in the State of São Paulo, Brazil, one of the most highly developed portions of Latin-America, there are no less than 16,000 Japanese. In Colombia, Peru, Venezuela, and Paraguay, there are highly successful Japanese colonies, and in several of these States there are Asiatic Immigration Societies furnishing labourers for many agricultural enterprises. The tropics

of South America are quite unfit for white labour, and the African negro has unlimited acres at his disposal in the torrid zones of his native land which offer him abundant scope among people of his own colour and language. It would, therefore, seem that if the great dead heart of tropical America is to be awakened from its primordial sleep for the benefit of humanity in general during the next century it can only be accomplished by a steady stream of suitable immigrants from the teeming millions of Japan and Southern China.

The Director of Agriculture to the Government of Colombia sums up a difficult problem of development by a recommendation to his Government to " . . . enter into relations with the Government of Japan, or with one or more of the Japanese Emigration Societies, with the view of securing Japanese settlers to develop the resources of the country . . . " The Panama Canal was constructed with the aid of 25,000 negroes, mostly from the British West Indian Island of Barbados.

The coffee plantations of São Paulo were developed with the aid of hundreds of thousands of Italians. There are colonies of almost every European and Asiatic race in one or other part of South and Central America. These are established facts, therefore any thought of a Continent reserved for European exploitation is futile, and although, up to the present, certain restrictions have been placed in the way of would-be immigrants from China and Japan, limiting very con-



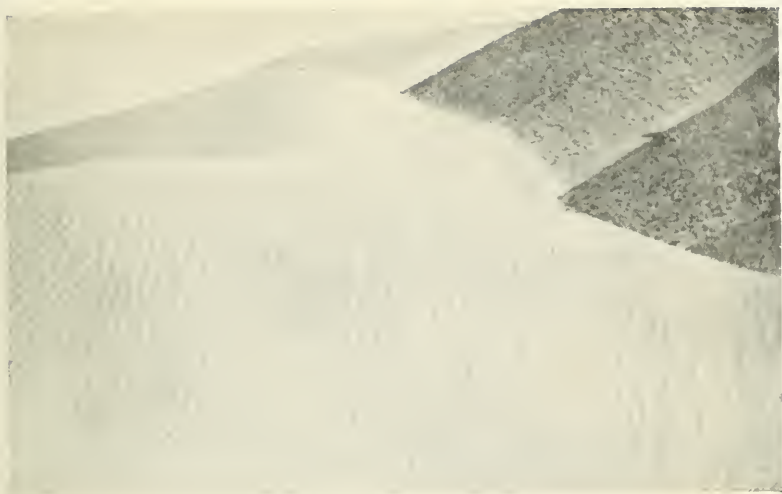
siderably their numbers, there seems to be every probability that sooner or later they will be employed very extensively in the development of the tropical zone.

## CHAPTER V

### ON PLANTATION AND DESERT

SOUTH AMERICA has often been called the land of the lotus eater. A better aphorism would, however, be the land of the maté drinker, for nearly 50 million people daily imbibe this curiously fascinating beverage, which, up to the present, has but few devotees beyond the southern half of the New World.

Whatever phrase may be used pithily to describe the laziness of the average Latin American, whose ideas of life are naturally less strenuous than those of peoples periodically invigorated by northern breezes and frosts, there is something real and necessary in the noon siesta in a warm climate, as any Anglo-Indian will readily admit. That, "lying under the mañana tree" reaches an absurd climax in provincial South America cannot, however, be denied. Railway stations, post, police, and municipal offices, all close, in fact every branch of human activity except talking comes to a standstill between the hours of 12.30 and 3.30, to enable everyone—except the poor native labourer and domestic—to enjoy an undisturbed siesta during



WAVES ON THE BACK OF A SAND CRESCENT.

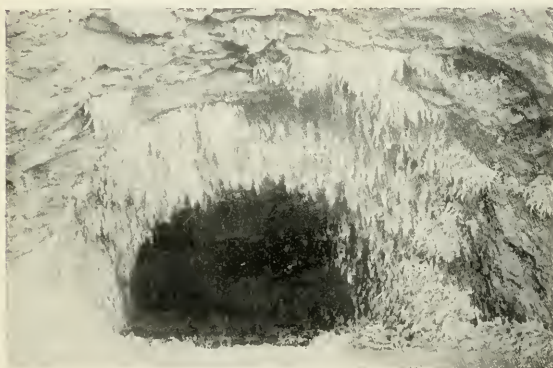


THE DESERT OF MOVING SAND CRESCENTS.

Resembling a frozen sea, this curious desert on the coast of Peru is covered with sand dunes, which are continually moving and changing shape.



COLLECTING MATÉ IN THE FORESTS OF THE PARANA



CRUSOE'S CAVE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

the hottest part of the day. There is, however, something besides a mere relaxation of brain and muscle in the cool shade of the flowering patio which is implied by the word siesta. It is the communal, or family sucking of tea. It cannot be called drinking because the liquid is imbibed through a plaited straw or silver bombilla, and it should not be called tea because the leaves from which the brew is made are neither of the Indian or Chinese variety, but come from the yerba maté bush, a native of the Paraguayan and Brazilian wilds, which is of the *Ilex* or holly family.

One might be forgiven for politely informing a host that he declined the honour, not being insured and having a wife and numerous progeney, if he was invited to drink a brew made from the discarded Christmas decorations of a northern household, but to refuse to imbibe maté would be an insult to almost every pretty señora and señorita of provincial South America, where it takes the place not only of tea but also of coffee, cocoa, mineral waters, and alcohol. It is, however, not made from the ordinary holly, but from a peculiar semi-tropical variety of this large vegetable family, and its flavour is by no means disagreeable. There is, in fact, a curious though acquired charm about this South American tea which has caused some 50 million people to annually require 200 million pounds of it to be collected in the wild yerbales of the Paraná.

A tea-party on an estate in Southern Brazil

bears little resemblance to the four o'clock variety of Mayfair. The host and hostess recline in siesta chairs beneath the shade of the convolvulus covered verandah. The guests lay around on equally comfortable supports beneath the palms of the wide patio, which is gay with flowers and alive with buzzing insects. Dark-skinned and usually bare-legged girls hand round the silver tubes, called bombillas, and the gourds containing the powdered leaves, upon which boiling water is then poured. When tepid the maté loses its aroma and becomes insipid, therefore it is a question of skill to begin sucking the end of the silver tube at the psychological moment when the liquid is sufficiently cool not to scald the mouth and yet before a declining temperature has allowed the maté to become tasteless.

If the household be of the native or gaucho class then the bombilla will be passed round to the guests in rotation, each sucking a small quantity of the beverage from the gourd. In the houses of the landowners, however, a silver bombilla will be presented to each guest, and the rough gourd will be replaced by a maté cup, finely carved and bound in worked silver. In the country districts the maté is taken without sugar, but in the towns a little finely powdered sweetening is usually added. While on the estates of the governing class, orange, lemon, vanilla, and other flavourings are offered, but seldom taken except by the novice who has not yet acquired the maté habit.



A party of South American girls quietly imbibing this scalding beverage through clinking silver tubes reminds one of a similar performance with a cream soda, usually carried on with less decorum, by a party of maids in "little old New York."

Maté is prepared for drinking in the following manner. A small quantity of the powdered leaves is placed in a cup, made of silver or calabash, to which boiling water is added. A tube, or bombilla, having a tiny perforated bowl at the lower end, is then inserted, and the infusion is sucked up the tube. No milk is added, and the Brazilians take the tea unsweetened, but most Europeans consider the addition of a little sugar, or orange flavouring a great improvement.

It would be quite useless to attempt to describe the peculiar aroma of maté, otherwise than to say that it is scented, pungent, and yet a little insipid compared with Indian tea. Very often, in Brazil, before adding boiling water, the leaves are sprinkled with a little sugar and burnt in the cup by means of a red-hot cinder or charcoal, a proceeding which greatly develops the aroma.

Although to enjoy a cup of maté is somewhat difficult at the first sitting this beverage possesses qualities found in no other tea or similar beverage. Its stimulating properties are so great that without any inconvenience it is possible to spend two whole days on one or more cups of the liquid and require no solid food. It exerts an influence almost magical as a fortifier against severe mental

or physical work. As might be expected in the case of a beverage which quickly becomes pleasant to the palate, and the stimulating properties of which far exceed those of tea, the initiated are apt to drink to excess, a habit which once contracted is difficult to abandon. It has been accused of being injurious to the digestive organs, but, on the contrary, when taken in anything like moderation, the exact opposite is the case, and no single authoritative voice has been raised against its use. Many European scientists have given their attention to the subject, with the result that they have formed opinions entirely in accord with those of the Brazilian and American medical men who have investigated its merits. Some authorities have contended that even abuse of the drink could not have other than good effects.

Maté is the chief beverage of many of the South American countries. It is inexpensive and so nutritious that by means of its use the cow-boys of the plains are enabled to ride from sunrise to sunset without any desire for food, their only meal being taken in the evening. For 22 consecutive days during the Paraguayan War the Brazilian Army was exclusively fed on maté, owing to the absence of all other food at a time when even proper rest and sleep could not be obtained.

The maté tree, to be paradoxical, is a large bush, usually about 15 to 18 feet high, covered with branches and leaves almost to the ground. The

leaves are collected from the trees growing wild in the Paraguayan Chaco, and in the "Yerbales" of the Brazilian State of Paraná, around the town of Curityba, which is the principal centre of the industry. The harvesting of the maté is comparatively simple. The small branches are cut from the trees, tied into bundles, and taken to the factories to be cured. The bundles of leaves are placed on enormous grills, under which clear, but not very hot fires are lighted. An overseer watches carefully that none of the wood used as fuel gives off objectionable smoke when burning, as much of the flavour of the maté is derived from the aromatic fumes in which it is roasted. This process lasts for about a day and a night. When the leaves are dried sufficiently the fire underneath is allowed to die out, and the bundles are removed from the grill. The leaves are then passed between grindstones and reduced to a coarse powder, which is tightly packed in hide bags, ready for sale. If the sun in England has reached meridan, and the workers of New York have finished their breakfasts, then the people of the South American plains will be drinking their early morning cups of this curious beverage.

Although maté is the tea of South America, and largely takes the place of other drinks as well, it does not prevent the bulk of the world's supply of coffee being grown in the Brazilian State of São Paulo, which, oddly enough, actually adjoins

the maté forests of the Paraná. Here there are 600 million coffee trees on 16,180 estates, some of which have their own railway lines for carrying the bags of beans to the main lines, and so to the, once pestiferous, port of Santos for shipment. The fertility of the soil of this portion of Brazil is proverbial, and is proved by the enormous production of coffee, which has now reached about 6,000 tons per annum, the principal part of the world's demand for this commodity being supplied by this one state of the Brazilian Confederation.

The establishment of a coffee plantation is a long and costly business. It is first necessary to clear the ground thoroughly, and prepare it for the seeds or baby trees, the latter being the most popular. These are transplanted during the summer, or rainy season, and placed some 7 or 8 feet apart, usually in long rows. The trees are then cut down to within a few inches of the ground, and the plantation undergoes a 4 or 5 years course of pruning, weeding, and constant attention in many ways, before it begins to yield berries.

The hard work of gathering the coffee beans is carried out principally by emigrants from Italy. Families may frequently be seen labouring all together. Scantily clad and bare-footed, father, mother, and daughter often pluck from the same tree. Near to the residence of the owner or manager groups of men spread the beans on the drying-floors or wash them in the tanks, while in the avenues between the trees bags are filled with the

beans and piled upon carts. All these operations are carried out under the supervision of white-clad overseers, wearing the inevitable sombrero and riding boots, who obtain their pound of flesh by watching that the unfortunate immigrants labour unceasingly through the heat of the sub-tropical day. Their food is poor, but many of them soon save sufficient to take up small areas of land on their own account, usually in one of the specially prepared colonies of the far interior. It would appear, however, that for some time after arriving in this land of promise, many of them, men, women and children, are little better than the slaves who worked these plantations up to about 30 years ago.

A coffee plantation makes a pretty sight beneath the blue skies of Brazil. In the foreground is the owner's house, usually a very large, two-storied white building. In close proximity to it are rows of barrack-like sheds for the employees, corrals for the horses employed on the estate, and fenced-in drying grounds and gigantic concrete washing tanks. All around, ranging away, row after row, as far as the eye can see, are thousands of bushes, which, almost in a night, lay aside their garment of green to don a mantle of delicate white that exhales a perfume of Oriental fragrance. The scene is of a beauty truly blest, yet ephemeral, for in 24 hours flowers and fragrance have passed away.

The first glimpse of the Desert of Atacama—



the Sahara of South America—is at once depressing and yet awe-inspiring, if two such dissimilar emotions are possible at the same psychological moment. There is the depression caused by its utter desolation, sameness, and parched aridness, combined with the inspiration of its vastness and its ocean-like levels of grayish sand and rock. It is difficult to believe that this scorched waste upon which the sun beats down with relentless fury from a brazen sky, is one of the richest regions of the world, but nature has played a grim jest and placed fertility amid desolation, for burning Atacama contains almost inexhaustible deposits of the nitrate of soda needed to enrich the arable land of the world.

This valuable desert, which provides a very considerable portion of the revenue and prosperity of Chile, extends for several hundred miles, north and south, between the rivers Loa and Totoral, and has for its principal port the prosperous town of Antofagasta. It lies hidden from the sea on the eastern slopes of the Coast Range, and stretches between these low mountains and the Andean heights. There is the same reflected heat as from the deserts of Africa and Asia, the same scorching, thirst-producing breath, which changes with the coming of darkness to a bitter cold wind, sending the thermometer down from  $110^{\circ}\text{F.}$  at mid-day in the shade to  $37^{\circ}\text{F.}$  during the night— $73^{\circ}$  in a few hours.

Years may pass without a single drop of rain



falling on these wastes. Should there be a shower its cause lies among the isolated mountain peaks which encompass the desert, and the tempests of heat and cold which they provoke. Such phenomena is, however, so rare that only night dews can be reckoned upon, and even these are far too slight to be of service to man, beast, or vegetation. Thus it remains an inferno of heat and desolation. There is no place in the whole world, nor any occupation like that of digging nitrate, which causes such continuous, soul-destroying thirst, as the wastes of Atacama.

Of rivers there are none. The waters flowing down from the distant snows of the Andes evaporate in the great heat, or sink into the ground and reappear in springs or pools in the desert region charged with salt and unfit to drink. The nitrate beds are called *solares*, and the salt springs *salinas*; and it is from these two sources that comes the great natural wealth of this otherwise useless and arid desert. They produce nitrate of soda, salt, borax, and iodine. Of the former over 2 million tons is sometimes exported in one year.

Life on these sun-dried wastes, at one of the numerous "Oficinas," or nitrate refining works, and in the "Camps," as the outlying diggings supplying the central depôts are called, is peculiarly devoid of interest or attraction, as will be gathered from the terse description given by a pallid resident—"Exile in Hell!" And that is exactly what it

is, notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of all the companies operating in this region to alleviate the enervating, thirst-producing, sweat-provoking monotony of these deserts of gold. Monotony! there would be but little of that if the thousands of diggers of all nationalities employed in the camps spread out over these fields were not paid in tokens instead of currency, which they can exchange for money or necessities at the stores of the central oficina. Even so, riots quelled only by cavalry have been frequent, and more than one wooden store, bungalow and administrative office has been burned down. Quite recently a more than usually serious rebellion occurred on the famous field of Tarapacá. The manager and some 20 Chilian soldiers on guard duty were massacred and buildings burned by dissatisfied diggers. When trouble is anticipated, however, the women and children, who live with their husbands and fathers, many of whom are English, in these lawless desert camps, are sent down under escort to the coast towns. A network of railway lines now connect many of the principal oficinas with the coast ports. These lines provide not only a means of transport for the tons of nitrate of soda, collected and freed of earthy impurities at the refineries, but also an outlet for the blood-heat generated in the desert. A breath of cooling sea breeze for the tired, sun-dried, and often much-threatened officials of factory and station.

At a typical oficina on the great Paciencia Plain

the wooden houses of the administrative staff surround the actual works or refining plant. A colourless oasis of life in the centre of a vast, arid waste of rock, with its beds of nitrate sometimes concealed beneath the surface and at others exposed to the rays of the burning sun. Gangs of gaunt brown men shovel the acrid, sickly-looking dust into iron railway trucks, which gather the heat and scorch the hand. The desert around shimmers, and the far away line of mountains stand out gaunt and bare against a dazzling sky. The refineries themselves resemble a cement works in a desert, and the houses of the staff are bare, dismal erections, destitute of flowers, shrubs, trees, or even a single blade of green grass. Spread out over the surrounding wastes the camps on the different deposits are indistinguishable from the sand and rock, except for tiny specks toiling in the heat and dust. Dug in these lonely regions this highly valuable fertiliser is sent down to the coast and shipped from the ports along the 400 miles of desert coast line.

Winding its way across the waste of sand and rock is a narrow railway track, and near by a lonely little station with an immense reservoir. In order to supply the locomotives and stations on this line with sufficient water an aqueduct had to be built from the San Pedro river across the desert to Antofagasta, a distance of nearly 300 miles. The supply is obtained among the Andes, at a height of about 11,000 feet, and carried down

to the Atacama stations by a pipe-line about 1 foot in diameter and 306 miles in length. The cost of this undertaking was over  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million dollars, and in order to compensate the constructors for this additional outlay of capital the Chilian Government conferred on them the privilege of supplying the Port of Antofagasta with fresh water.

All around stretches the Paciencia Plain, black, grey, and sickly white. On this vast desert extraordinary mirage and other weird effects are produced. Many travellers have lost their way and died from thirst through following a vision of water, a city, an oficina, and sometimes a solitary horseman—known as “The White Rider of Paciencia.” Perturbed by the immense distances the human imagination conjures pictures of non-existent objects, one of which is the curious all white horseman. This particular phantom would appear to be due to the gruesome stories told in shack and camp the length and breadth of Atacama. Not only with the eyes but also with the ears are these tricks of nature played, for weird sounds come and die away again, completely deranging the hearing and making anyone affected with this madness of the desert quite oblivious to human voices close at hand. Those who have been found after wandering over the vast and deceptive surfaces have invariably been naked and dead.

At the northern extremity of this great plain lies the green valley of Quillagua, watered by the Loa, with the little town of the same name, dating

from the time of the Incas. Near by are the ruins of an old Temple of the Sun and some ancient cemeteries, from which petrified corpses have been disinterred with skulls which strongly support the theory that the South American Indian came of Mongol origin.

## CHAPTER VI

### A PALM-FRINGED ISLAND OF ROMANCE

THERE is a curious fascination about the lonely little island of Juan Fernandez, reached after a 400 miles' voyage out from Valparaiso between the inimitable blues of Pacific seas and skies. Away from the track of ships, almost unchanged by the centuries, it is the tropical island of boyhood romance—the home of “Robinson Crusoe.” Here is the cave, the hut, the forest paths, the palms, the look-out, and the golden sand in which Defoe's castaway first saw the foot-prints of “his man Friday.”

Juan Fernandez is about 22 miles long, and 8 miles wide at the broadest part. It is so well described in Defoe's immortal story that there can be no doubt that he made the easy error of placing it on the wrong side of the Continent, mistaking Montevideo for Valparaiso. During the 17th and 18th Centuries it was a refitting ground for buccaneers. Their vessels rode safely at anchor in a sheltered cove, while foraging parties collected timber, water, and fruit, in the jungles ashore. Many a wild orgy by these lawless pirates



must have taken place in snug, cliff encircled Cumberland Bay. So like the written descriptions of their haunts is this remote little islet that one can almost smell buried treasure, and see the galleys, with their tall sterns, battle lanterns, rakish masts, and guns, resting in picturesque disorder on the still blue waters.

Several searches have been made for treasure but so far nothing of value has been found, except an old sword of the 17th Century, some large iron keys, belt-buckles, and a few minor relics of the "bad old days." First discovered in 1563 by Juan Fernandez it remained almost uninhabited until Chile, in 1821, made it a penal settlement, at the time when she declared her independence. Some 31 years later it was the scene of another wild affray. The prisoners mutinied, killed their guards, and escaped on rafts. Then it was leased to a company for cattle-raising, and is now a grazing ground for several large herds tended by peons with their families.

Although 218 years have now elapsed since Alexander Selkirk landed on the Island; his cave, hut, and look-out, remain exactly as he left them, for care has been taken to preserve these interesting relics of a life-story which has given so much pleasure to the world. The romance, as written by Defoe, does not exactly correspond with local tradition and established fact. Alexander Selkirk, whom Defoe called "Robinson Crusoe," was not a shipwrecked mariner, but a mutinous seaman of

the English ship "Cinque Ports," who was given the option of being hung at the yard-arm or marooned on the first lonely island which the ship passed. He chose the latter alternative, and the island happened to be Juan Fernandez, on which he was landed with a sailor's few belongings and a small stock of food in 1704. The galley then sailed away into the uncharted seas of the South Pacific. Doubtless many pitying glances were cast at the lonely figure on the rocks astern as the island slowly receded into the tropical haze, but little did those aboard this small adventurous ship of only 96 tons and 16 guns realize the commonplace little drama enacted on the high seas would provide the world with a story which was to prove immortal.

After a short time of complete solitude Crusoe was surprised to discover the existence of a single Indian on this desert island. This was "Friday," who had been brought down from Central America on the buccaneering vessel "Dampier," which had put into Juan Fernandez for water. Going ashore to hunt for food "Friday" had been left behind, and had already spent several years on the island. From 1704 to 1709 these two lived in solitude upon this lonely Pacific Island. Then came the long awaited sail. It was the English privateer "Duke," commanded by Captain Rogers, who rescued them both on February 12th, 1709.

On landing at Southampton Crusoe told his tale of adventure to Daniel Defoe, who published his fascinating story in 1719. Back in civilisation-

Crusoe once again became the Scottish mariner Alexander Selkirk, of Largo, Fife, but his seafaring days were not yet over, for he died a Lieutenant of His Majesty's Ship "Weymouth," although only 47 years of age. About the subsequent career of "Man Friday" nothing seems to be definitely known. It is said that he became body-servant to his old master.

Juan Fernandez is a lovely tropical island far out in the blue wastes of the great southern ocean. It has green hills, palm jungles, open savannahs, sparkling beaches, sea-washed coves, and one misty-peaked mountain over 3,000 feet high. It has altered little since the days of Crusoe, and anyone familiar with the famous story can find the cave, the winding paths, the water hole, the hut, and the look out. The view from the latter extends far and wide over the small hazy, palm-covered island, to the deep blue of the sea beyond. It was here that Crusoe spent most of the five long years watching for a sail, and the centuries between then and now seem to fall away as the old story is re-read on the scene of the adventure. Here is the cave and the crude hut, still preserved, and the jungle paths leading down hill to the palm-fringed beach, where Crusoe first saw human footprints in the sand. The tall grasses around the cave, with which he thatched and wove, still rustle in the warm trade winds. There is the sunlight, the sea, the palms, and the silence—for it is still a desert island far out in the broad ocean.

High up on the look-out there is a tablet, erected by the Officers of H.M.S. "Topaz," in A.D. 1868. The inscription reads :—

"In memory of Alexander Selkirk, a mariner, a native of Largo, County of Fife, Scotland, who lived upon this island in complete solitude for 4 years and 4 months. He was landed from the 'Cinque Ports' Galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the 'Duke,' Privateer, on February 12th, 1709. He died Lieutenant of H.B.M.S. 'Weymouth'; 47 years. This tablet is erected upon Selkirk's Look-out by Commodore Powell and the Officers of H.B.M.S. 'Topaz,' A.D. 1868."

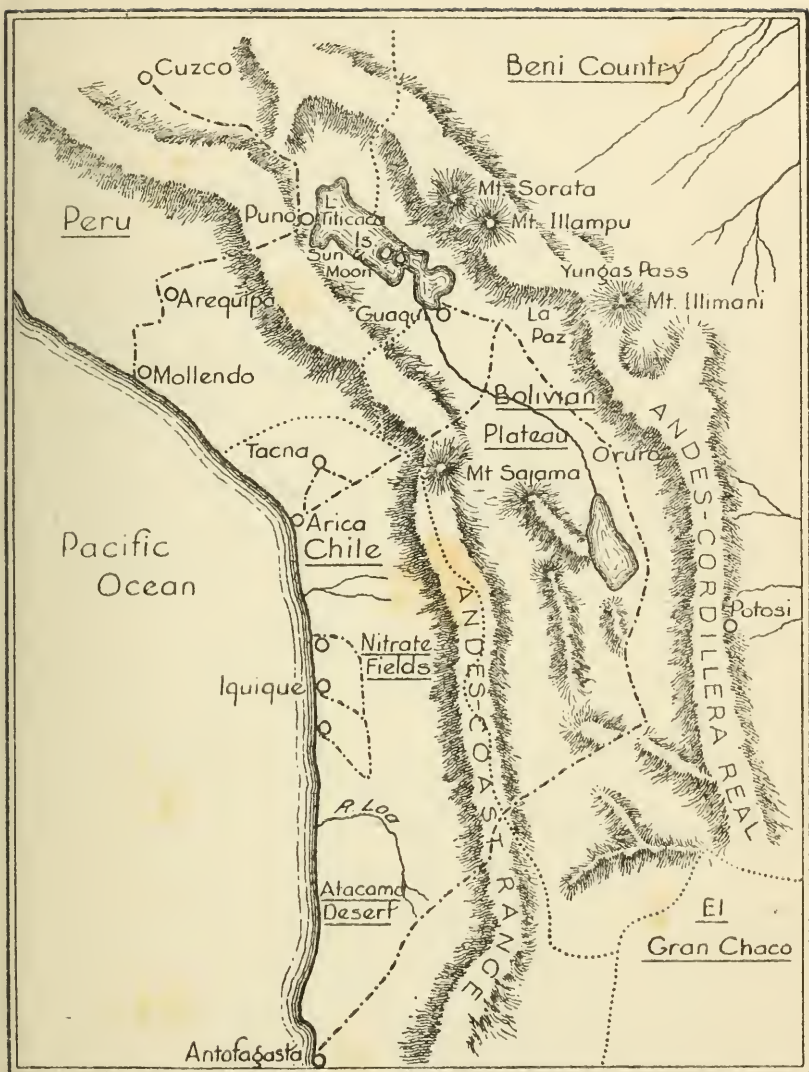
Fifty years have rendered the inscription a little difficult to read, but it remains undamaged, a lasting reminder to wanderers in these little-frequented seas of the glorious age of adventure, and of boyhood days.

BOOK II

On the Roof of the New  
World









## CHAPTER I

### THE REPUBLIC OF THE CLOUDS

THE new and the civilised are left behind when the old Sierra of the Incas rises in chaotic confusion around. It is still the home of the Sun Worshipper, the region of the hairy vicuña and llama, the lonely retreat of the great condor. What little there is of modern development is lost in the immensity of the mountains. All is different, race, life, custom, scenery and climate. The tropics can be seen 10,000 feet below, in the dim valleys leading down to the blue Western Sea, and among the Eastern foothills of the mysterious Montaña ; but the arctics are nearer at hand in the glittering line of Andean Snows, from which the chill winds blow down on to this *Alta planici* of Bolivia.

It is the roof of the New World, like Tibet is that of Asia. A region of 66,000 square miles raised 12,000 feet above sea level. Unlike its prototype in the Eastern Hemisphere, however, this remarkable tableland, in a loop of the Andes, supports cities, inland seas, and still loftier mountains, possesses rich mines, and affords food for nearly 2 millions of people and fodder for such queer animals as the vicuña, alpaca, and llama,

who live only in the rarified air of great altitudes. Cereals are grown at an elevation unequalled in any other part of the world. Some of its mountains are capped with snow and ice but emit boiling water from their base, and one of its lakes is almost equal in size to Eerie and is larger than the Straits of Dover. It is, in fact, although but little known, one of the wonder regions of the earth.

There are curious people on this lofty plateau of the Pacific Slope. Those who are white direct the work of those who are half-caste, and the native labours for both. The Aymara is, however, a descendant of the Incas, accustomed to toil unreasoningly for past centuries. Did not 20,000 of them dedicate their lives to building a great mountain road, 500 years ago, which still exists to-day? Were their temples and palaces of mortarless masonry not constructed by the unremunerated labour of hundreds of thousands? They were then the all-powerful Children of the Sun, whose dominion extended over a million square miles of the Great South American Sierra. To-day their descendants are the despised peasantry of the Altaplanici, the herders, drivers, and guides, who never tire, but age rapidly and seldom reach "three-score years and ten." An Aymara can loop along in front of a trotting horse for 60 miles without a halt, pain is almost unknown to him, and food is of little importance compared with his lime gourd and bag of coca leaves. It is this latter drug which enables these really poor speci-

mens of humanity to become the greatest athletes in the world so far as locomotion is concerned.

There are here quite a number of *Cholas*, or Indians with a strong mixture of Spanish blood in their veins. They are, however, to be pitied, for, although they often enjoy considerable wealth and dress in a somewhat exaggerated European style, there is the inevitable difference in their accepted status, not perhaps so marked as in other lands, but nevertheless existent. The full-blooded Aymaras are agriculturists, and their women, in numerous and bright coloured skirts and shawls, bring in the produce of the stoney fields for sale in the town markets, where both temperate and tropical fruit and flowers can be purchased quite cheaply. All around this lofty tableland lay the unmeasured leagues of tropical forest and plain, which is still the dead heart of South America.

It is a topsy-turvy land, in which the custom and procedure usual in other hemispheres and lower altitudes are reversed. During certain seasons of the year it is far colder indoors than out, and the only way of keeping comfortable is to remove one's overcoat on leaving a house and don it upon entering. Chills are as dangerous in the rarified air of 12,000 feet elevation as typhus fever in Europe. Soroche is an ailment more distressing than neuralgia. Short human necks are there considered to be indicative of short life, and all the animals of these highlands have curiously long necks, which apparently prevents them ever

becoming acclimatized to the lowlands. On Titicaca, the sacred lake of the Incas, all sight of land can be lost, but it is situated high up above the normal cloud line in the midst of the greatest mountain range of the world.

All these curiosities of life are around, but it is nevertheless a distinct nation which owns and inhabits this lofty tableland. The Bolivian is of Spanish descent, unless he be chola or full-blooded Indian, and for so many years has he been almost isolated on the mountain tops that his naiveté is often amusing. He thinks and speaks of railways, electric light, motor cars, and, in fact, of machinery of all kinds, as the latest creations of the civilised world below. So scarce is printed matter of all kinds in the interior that it is allowed to circulate free through the post. Each new innovation is received with either local or national rejoicing, according to its application and importance. The opening of a railway line is the occasion for a public holiday, a band is played in the front coach, and the first journey is a triumphal progress. When water-works begin pumping for the first time, even aguadiente is put aside to try the new drink which is as clear as air and yet sparkles. Arc-lamps are miniature moons, and more than one shot or hurled knife has penetrated the screen of a cinema.

To come up by railway or mule from the hot desert coasts of Chile or Peru on to this great plateau



is like emerging from the pit of Tophet. The altitude changes in a few hours from 1,000 to 12,000 feet, and the temperature drops from 110°F. in the shade to about 42°F., or even lower if the violet shadows of night are creeping over the bare brown earth and grey rocks. That a night has passed in the climb up from the sea, and that a day has been spent in the stoney valleys and among the bare peaks of the lofty Andes, does not rob the change of its suddenness. The desert coast has burned itself into the memory, and is not to be easily eradicated, especially as the lofty tableland of Bolivia is itself a desert of a different kind. The earth is thin and patchy, the rocks numerous, and trees exist only in the deepest valleys, or *quebradas*, as they are called.

The line from Antofagasta, on reaching the lofty tableland, some 500 miles from the coast, after passing over bridged-torrents, through tunnels, under snow sheds, along the edge of precipices, during its climb through the passes of the Cordillera, runs out on to the barren plateau, high above the clouds, and skirts the shores of lakes Aullagas and Poopo. These two immense sheets of water, about 50 miles long by 30 broad, are merely outlets for the superfluous snow-waters of Titicaca, an inland sea of 5,200 square miles, situated on a mountain top over 12,000 feet high. To the north of Aullagas lies the mining town of Oruro, in the heart of the great silver, copper, tin and bismuth region. It is interesting to note that

Bolivia is the second largest tin producing country in the world, and occupies the place of third importance among the silver producing states.

The plain of Oruro is one of the most lofty regions of the great tableland, being over 13,200 feet above sea level, and the air is decidedly cold even during the summer, but the smoking summit of Sajama, snow-capped but volcanic, rises another 8,000 feet into the central blue. At the base of this curious giant streams of boiling water flow from hidden crevices on to the plateau, and are used by the native women for washing clothes. When the sun sinks in the Occident and the white crater of Sajama stands out against a crimson sky, eternally pouring forth its volumes of smoke, the scene is most impressive and it is remarkable that it has not been reproduced on canvas in some European *salon*.

The climate of the Altaplanici, as these highlands are called locally, is very healthy, although the variations of temperature between day and night are felt keenly by those who come up from the hot desert coast or from the Equatorial forests of the interior. Considerable caution has to be exercised to prevent severe chills, which in this rarified air frequently develop into pneumonia—peculiarly deadly in high altitudes. As the transition from one season to another is not attended by any marked change of weather, a popularly recognized division is that of the wet or summer season, from December to May, and the dry or



### LLAMAS.

In their natural haunts on the highest Andes.



### ON THE ROOF OF THE NEW WORLD.

One of the sudden storms which sweep across the lofty, bleak, and inexpressibly wild Bolivian Tableland.



AN AYMARA GUIDE.

These coca-chewing natives of the Bolivian Tableland possess wonderful powers of endurance, and have a certain resemblance to the Indians of the Plateau of Tibet.



AN AYMARA GIRL.

Both men and women of this queer race age rapidly and die comparatively young.

winter season, from June to November. During the wet months of December to February, and the cold months of June to August, these highlands are subject to great extremes of heat and cold. The difference between the indoor and outdoor temperatures is so marked that the only means of keeping comfortable, as fires are used solely for cooking, is to remove one's overcoat or wraps on leaving the house and to sit huddled up in them while indoors. The wet season is marked by frequent and terrific hail, rain and thunderstorms. So copious is the rainfall that roads are washed away, vast lakes formed, and inconsiderable mountain streams converted into impassable rivers. The other months of the year are mild, uniform and quite agreeable.

In Bolivia it is advisable for the inexperienced traveller to obtain local advice before doing the simplest thing. The cool air after the heat of the coast, produces a healthy appetite, but the lusts of the flesh must be sternly repressed, at least for the first few days. Food does not exactly turn to stone, but unless eaten in strict moderation the sequel to a feast will be a severe headache, followed by a feeling of light-headed exhilaration, and finally a severe fit of choking and gasping for breath with excruciating pains in the head and back. The doctor, when called, will smile sympathetically as the patient performs snake-like wriggles on the hard bed, and murmur the word "Soroche." This curious malady of high altitudes is brought



on by eating a hearty meal before heart, lungs and digestion have accommodated themselves to the rarified air. "Soroche" is a Spanish translation of the Aymara word "Sorojche," by which this very distressing ailment is known to the Indians of the Altaplanici. In other parts of the highest Andes it is called Puna or Puna Fever. It is known only to explorers of high altitudes. Anyone whose pulse at normal levels is decidedly slow-beating seems the best able to stand the curiously exhilarating air on the roof of the world. Sometimes the life of the newcomer is made even more wretched for the first few days by a simultaneous attack of dysentery, but these pleasantries of a topsy-turvy climate soon pass away and the invigorating air of the highlands causes the patient to eagerly sit up and take nourishment.

From Oruro to La Paz, a distance of about 140 miles, the railway line continues on its way across the treeless tableland, passing through the copper fields of Corocoro. Between this latter somewhat dilapidated town of stucco buildings and native mud huts, and the impressive Capital of this lofty nation, the first glimpse of Illimani is obtained. Eternally clothed in snow and ice it glitters in the cloudless blue of space. If this giant towered above London, New York, or Paris, it would be welcomed as a greater attraction than anything now possessed by those monstrously rich cities; but 40 miles south of La Paz, it remains to this day almost unexplored, a pyramid of 21,140 feet of



glowing snowfield and glacier, 17 degrees from the Equator.

Then crest after crest, all like bergs floating in an azure sea, stretch away into infinity, their bases obscured by mists and only the peaks visible in the sky. It is the glacial zone of the Cordillera Real, or main Andean chain, a marvellous succession of summits running north-west to the second most lofty mountain of the New World, Illampu, near the middle of the mysterious Lake of the Sun.

In the upper ranges of these wild and desolate mountains vicuñas and guanacos, sure-footed and covered in valuable wool, have their much-loved homes and pastures. So far they have resisted all efforts at domestication, and die in captivity, or when transported to equally as cold regions of lower altitude. They live only on the more lofty summits and passes, and are seldom seen below 10,000 feet. These animals are rapidly becoming extinct, owing to the value of their wool, which can be obtained only by killing its possessor.

On the lower ranges, from 10,000 to 5,000 feet, the alpaca and llama thrive on the stunted shrubs and short white grass. These animals can be tamed and their wool sheared. This, combined with the lower value of the clip, has prevented their wholesale slaughter. The alpaca, like the vicuña, invariably dies away from its native haunts among the lofty Andes, and the export of these animals is therefore prohibited by the Bolivian and Peruvian Governments.

The principal market for the very small quantity of vicuña wool which now becomes available for sale throughly the *supposedly natural death* of these animals, and for the more abundant and legitimate yields of the alpaca, llama, and mountain sheep, is in the Peruvian town of Arequipa.

Judging by first appearances one would imagine this lofty tableland, and the still more lofty mountain slopes which encompass it, to be almost entirely destitute of vegetation, but they nevertheless support millions of sheep, extensive herds of hardy cattle, Indian ponies, llamas, mules and hogs. Generally, however, the climate is far too cold at this great elevation for wheat or even barley to properly mature, although apparently the latter is grown for feeding to stock in an immature condition. The principal crop used for feeding the cattle is totora, which, like everything else in this queer land, grows where it is least to be expected, from out of the shallow water along the shores of Lake Titicaca.

“La Paz Señor,” and dark eyes look up at you expectantly.

The announcement made with dramatic emphasis by a fellow traveller leaves you wondering whether the recent attack of soroche has affected sight as well as heart, for all around is the barren tableland, encompassed by range upon range of dark mountains in the violet shadows of early evening, leading up to where snow-capped Illimani



A CURIOUS AYMARA FESTIVAL ON THE BOLIVIAN PLATEAU.



AYMARA INDIANS IN THE NATIVE MARKET, LA PAZ, BOLIVIA.

The three skirts of the women can be plainly seen.



### AN AYMARA "HARVEST FESTIVAL."

This ceremony takes place when the seed is ploughed into the stony soil of the Bolivian Plateau.



### AYMARA HAT SELLER

still catches the sunset fires—a glittering ruby in a golden sky.

It is upon this point of ever-changing light that attention has been focussed for some time. It has altered from yellow to crimson, and then to purple with only a tiny point of fire, like a star aflame, and it takes some minutes for the eyes to get accustomed to the heavy shadows lying over the bare earth. Slowly the brownish-violet mist clears, and the land ahead appears to open. From the hollow into which the train is about to plunge appear dull grey and red roofs, white towers, and dark patches of green trees. It is the Sierra town of La Paz, 11,900 feet above sea level, but nevertheless in yonder ravine, at least 1,400 feet deep, and for 30 minutes the train glides down the steep incline into the stony Quebrada del Choqueyapu.

Here is a city of dreams. A place often imagined when reading a mountain tale of love and adventure, but which not even the most optimistic traveller ever really expects to behold, except perhaps in some Eastern land, where distance often lends wonderful enchantment to the view, but closer acquaintance the more rudely dispels the illusion. Not so, however, with La Paz, the chief city of the Bolivian tableland, which is clean, substantially built, and, owing to its altitude, fairly healthy. When seen from the hills which surround it the city appears to be a curious mixture of ancient and modern, Eastern and yet Western. Red tiled roofs mingle with the slate-



blue of corrugated iron and the yellowish-white of stucco towers and spires. When the valley is reached, however, and the Prado, the Avenida Arce, and the Plaza are entered, well-built and comparatively modern two and even three-storey houses may be seen on every side. The new Government Palace and the Cathedral are perhaps the most attractive buildings, although the Post and Municipal Offices are equally fine structures. It is, however, not the buildings or the curious streets, with their abrupt declivities, which attract the eye. It is the pleasant, easy-going life and spring-like air of La Paz—the very name of which means “Peace”—combined with the glorious amphitheatre of mountains which recede in ridges, one above the other, to the eternal snows.

On the verandah of the old hotel facing the Plaza pleasant evenings may be spent. Military bands play in the electrically lighted square, and rich and poor, white, chola, and full-blooded Ayamara promenade or lounge in the moonlight and shadow. Almost every window in the houses around is flooded with yellow light. Mantillas are daintily pulled aside and dark eyes flash mischievously. Laughing voices come from the darker balconies. Far away, up on the rim of the ranges, is the ever-present line of moonlit snow. From here and there on the dark hillsides lights twinkle, and a camp fire glows on a distant ridge. There is nothing strenuous or suggestive of care in the moving figures out in the Plaza. Just a



light-hearted indolence, with no thought of mañana. Truly Spanish, and even more truly musical, for the ragtime mania, still raging in the States to the north of "The Sunset Line" finds uncongenial soil in distant, isolated La Paz.

The fashionable drive or promenade is, however, El Prado, on one side of which are the Foreign Legations, and on the other trees, arc-lights, electric tramways, and a band-stand for afternoon performances only. There is nothing in this commercial city of Bolivia which is reminiscent of the Colonial days, as in old Potosi, several hundred miles to the south. It is modern and business-like, decidedly so where the cost of living is concerned, and possesses all the conveniences, comforts, and amusements of a civilised community. Most precious of all, however, are nature's adornment, tall green trees, of which the finest specimens are in the Avenida Arce. Anyone who has not experienced, first, the arid, sand-rimmed coast, then the grand desolation of the Andean passes, and the vast, brown, mountain-girdled, sunlit, but inexpressibly barren Altaplanici, will scarcely understand the pleasure derived from the mere sight of avenues of tall green trees. It brings forcibly to mind the effect of altitude on latitude, for La Paz is temperate, and sometimes even cold, only by virtue of its elevation, being geographically situated less than 17 degrees from the Equator. It enjoys a mean annual temperature of about 50°F., with 18° and 74° as the two extremes. It

is, however, an expensive city, for the cost of transport from the coast is heavy, and luxuries are enjoyed only by the wealthy, of whom there appears to be an unusually large number for a population of under 100,000.

La Paz was founded in 1548 by Alonzo de Mendoza, whom history records as being attracted to the spot by the rich gold ore of the rivers. The mines of Chiquiaguillo, just outside the city, have, in the past, produced great quantities of the precious metal, and the whole tableland is immensely rich in minerals. So, it would appear, that Alonzo was not far wrong. The only other cities of importance in the Bolivian highlands are : Sucre, the political Capital, and Potosi, the mining centre. Sucre was known in the old Colonial days as Charcas. It had a University and the Royal Audiencia, whose jurisdiction extended all over the territory of what is now the Republic of Bolivia. Potosi in the days of old must have been a most interesting place, according to Señor Calderon, an eminent authority on Bolivia, who says :

“ The City of Potosi was founded in 1545, and 50 years later it had reached a population of 160,000, because of the enormous richness of the mountain at the base of which stands the city. The quantity of silver produced by the mines of Potosi for more than three centuries is fabulous, and have made its name a synonym of wealth. The City became a goal for all classes of adventurers ; bankrupt Spanish nobles, merchants anxious to make

fortunes, and all kinds of men contributed to make it a centre of prodigality, or romantic adventure and disorder. Spanish hidalgos prided themselves on squandering great fortunes in providing feasts and revelry, which often caused strife among the hostile factions into which the city was divided. The anecdotes of those times which have reached us are both curious and amusing. A miner, named Quiroz, was one of the most fortunate of his day. He was a man of generous spirit, who, by his liberality, had won the affection of his fellow-men. It is related that he caused to be made a series of drawers in an immense cabinet in his house, and in each drawer he would put a sum of money varying from one to thousands of dollars. Then, as to-day, there was no lack of men anxious to secure a living without work, and when anyone presented himself to ask for financial assistance he was invited to open one only of the drawers and try his luck. The prodigality of this man became a proverb; it was said, "After God, Quiroz." On a certain feast day the butlers of two great houses met in the public market and both wished to purchase a certain delicacy, very rare in such a place as Potosi. The competition was started between the two, who tried to outbid each other. One of the butlers believing that the price had gone far too high and that he had already done enough to uphold the credit of his master ceased bidding and left the other with the coveted prize. When he reached

home and related what had occurred the unfortunate man was promptly discharged for not having sustained the honour of the house.”\*

“One of the characteristics of those times was religious fanaticism. The miners in order to insure pardon for their sins donated enormous sums of money for the building of churches and convents. This explains why so many of these buildings are found to-day in the old Spanish towns of South and Central America. If, in political and administrative affairs, the sovereign will of the King and his representatives was the law, so in domestic life was the father, as chief of the family, equally the supreme ruler, the wife and children being his subjects. All marriages were arranged by the parents of the contracting parties, who did not even know each other until the time of the ceremony which was to link them together for life. For fear that the girls would employ their time in writing love letters, most fathers prohibited their daughters from learning to write, and the only books to be had were those of a devotional character and the lives of the saints.”

\*From the Chronicles of Old Potosi.

## CHAPTER II

### IN THE LAND OF TROPICAL FROST

ALONG the defined tracks, away from the railway line, the Government of Bolivia maintain numerous post-houses, where food and lodging for the traveller, his *arrero*, his mules and his asses, can be obtained at a price which should be a sufficient warning of the accommodation offered. If, however, anything is to be seen of the more remote regions of the great plateau, with its quaint people, and its encircling sierra of sunlit snows, then these trails and their crude *posadas* must be used, unless, of course, a full camp equipment, and a train of stubborn mule drivers, is preferred to the vastly greater number of smaller animals which soon attach themselves to the traveller making use of the road-houses, and the relays of pack-animals arranged at these places for each stage of the journey. The so-called mountain roads are maintained by a small tax on white residents in Bolivia and by compulsory labour for two consecutive days in the year by the Indians. Travelling over them is, however, only possible during the dry season, owing to the landslips and floods of the rainy months.

Directly La Paz is left behind in its deep quebrada the rugged surface of the Altaplanici is dappled with small patches of stony ground, faintly flushed with green, being cultivated with infinite patience and resource by native women. In the wonderfully bright morning sunlight of these highlands the bare earth and rock, and the riff-raff of ranges, are sharply defined. Figures, dusty mule teams, and square mud huts, even when situated several miles away, can be seen with remarkable clearness. Distances are, however, very deceptive.

The Aymaras are the farmers of the tableland, and employ the same primitive and yet resourceful methods taught to their ancestors by Manco Capac, the founder of the Inca Empire. They guard their flocks with stones hurled with remarkable precision from slings, and are masters of the art of crude irrigation, terracing the mountain sides and drilling the seed into the hard soil with infinite patience. They often secure quite good crops from precipitous slopes cut into step formation at altitudes up to 13,500 feet. They are quiet, industrious and honest, with far more intelligence than the fierce Indians of the great forests and plains of the unknown interior. Examples of their ingenuity appear at almost every turn of the trail, not only in the piteously small patches of cultivation wrung from an unwilling soil, but also in the form of low-pitched huts, constructed of mud-bricks, thatched with *totor*a, carpeted



with the same grass fibre, and furnished with beds, baskets, curtains, and even clothes made of it. The only utensils or ornaments being the bright native cloth petticoats, scarves, curious hats, earthenware pots, and, occasionally an old rusty gramophone. It seems to matter little how many scratches or ruts disfigure the records, and "Carmen" with "variations" affords as much solemn pleasure as would a perfect record of Melba's golden voice. Apparently the Aymaras use the *titora* for almost as many purposes as other races in other lands use the bamboo, banana, and coconut-palm, for, on Lake Titicaca, a type of catamarang with sails is also fashioned of its fibres.

The national dress of these dwellers on the roof of the world is somewhat curious, and bears a certain resemblance to that worn by the natives of lofty but distant Tibet. The Aymara women wear several skirts or petticoats, one over the other, made of coarse native cloth of bright colours obtained from secret dyes handed down from the gorgeous past. Their shawls, also, are of equally vivid hue, and the hats of both men and women are of sober felt or light straw with tall crowns and narrow brims. During the winter months woollen caps, made of llama-fleece, with ear-flaps, are worn beneath this quaint head-gear. The trousers of the men are slit at the back as high as the knee, and a kind of coarse embroidered cloth jacket and shirt completes the attire. They are, how-

ever, seldom seen without the *poncho*, or striped blanket, which is used as a wrap and also as a sleeping bag. In appearance they are decidedly ugly, with deeply-lined faces of a yellowish-bronze colour, high cheek bones, broad flat noses, thin lips, and a prematurely aged appearance. They bear little resemblance to the wild, naked savages of the lowland forests of Equatoria.

The Aymaras never wash themselves unless the torrential rain does it for them, and the children are usually alive with vermin from the most tender age to the time of their death, which usually takes place after some 40 or 50 years of toil, unless pneumonia, typhus fever, dysentery, consumption, or cocaine poisoning, cause an earlier demise. One of their curious habits is to sleep with all their clothes on during the cold months, and to strip stark naked during the short hot season. Privacy is unknown among them. One family has one hut, and any wanderer is welcome to spend a night therein, but he would be a hardy white man who accepted such hospitality, for, although quite safe from either molestation or robbery, many nights of torment would pay for the shelter so obtained. Their food consists very largely of roots, and of similar greasy messes to those enjoyed by the Tibetans.

If the line of travel lies in the direction of the Yungas Pass, near to the base of Illimani, then the traveller has need to be wary of the local *posadas*, which although just bearable on the roads

connecting the towns are well-nigh impossible for a white man in the narrow defiles leading to the lofty *Cumbre* of the Cordillera Real, and so down through the eastern foothills to the savage Beni country, and the great rubber forests. When the mountains, about 35 miles south of La Paz, are entered the track becomes very narrow, and is covered with loose stones and boulders from the mountain sides. Deep clefts cut across the mule path, many of which are at least 90 feet wide and 200 feet deep, with a foaming torrent filling the narrow bed. The sides go down almost sheer to the splashing water.

These chasms are negotiated by means of the "Oroya," which consists of a rough wooden box hanging from a wire by a pulley. The method of crossing is crude and very unstable. The box is entered, and with many ominous creaks is hauled across by the pulley and double cable. If the apparatus was occasionally greased this means of transport would not be too bad, but being rusted by the wind and rain, the box startes on its aerial voyage with a jerk which nearly capsizes it, and hanging to a corroded cable over an ugly chasm amid the desolation of a semi-dark defile is well-calculated to try the nerves, and, like the *posadas*, cannot be recommended for the novice in travel off the beaten track. The box, even when once started, does not travel smoothly but in a succession of vicious jerks, which increase to such an extent when the upward slant of the supporting

wire has to be negotiated that every foot of progress is discounted by at least 6 inches of slip-back. These wires remain unattended to for years, until one or more of the supports from the four corners of the box to the pulley snap in mid-air, and instantly tip the contents of the cradle into the abyss if either physical or mental grip of the situation is even momentarily lost.

The so-called bridges are really little better. They consist of two stout wires stretched across both chasm and flood, with a decking of wooden ties, grass fibre and mud. These arrangements, which also pass under the generic name of "Oroya," have no hand-rails, are about 2 feet wide, and sway giddily. When transporting horses and mules it is advisable to dismount and lead the animals fearlessly over, having previously examined the decking for faults. An animal at once detects hesitation or nervousness and becomes restive when in the middle of the swaying bridge. A preliminary survey of the decking is necessary because, owing to the rotting of the wooden ties, it is no unusual happening for the legs of the animals to break through, when nothing can save them except a rapid recovery of foothold through the presence of mind, fearlessness, and physical strength of their human leader.

Owing to the fact that neither riding nor pack animals can be transported by the box-oroya, whenever one of these erratic conveyances is encountered in the South American wilds there

is sure to be a beaten track leading to a ford, and for the timid, during the dry season, it is safest to take the longer route round the obstacle. The box-oroya is usually a short cut to a *posada*, the leader of the pack-train crossing by this means while the muleteers take their animals round and swim them across, often arriving on the opposite bank several hours later.

A *posada* in the Sierra or Montaña may mean a small but comparatively comfortable *dâk* bungalow, kept by a half-breed family, with a *penchant* for frigoles and garlic, and a dislike for superfluous washing or undue cleanliness, or it may mean a mud hovel surrounded by a corral for horses, mules, llamas and a few alpacas, with a single and verminous guest-chamber, inhabited nightly by rats, tarantula spiders, flying cockroaches, scorpions, fleas, bugs, lice, native muleteers, snoring in their *ponchos*, or *chola* guides chewing coca leaves. The charges are, however, regulated by the State, and are in keeping with the accommodation offered. A good tent and warm sleeping bag in the open are far preferable.

At these posts, however, a service of mules and drivers are maintained for travellers who do not come provided with their own pack-trains. Animals taken in the morning at one post are exchanged on arrival at the next *posada* for fresh beasts of burden with which to continue the journey. Through mountainous regions, where a good track exists, the ground covered daily in this way varies

according to the pack animals used, and the weight and size of their loads. Mules with careful drivers and moderate baggage will average 25-30 miles a day, asses 18-20 miles, and llamas 15 miles ; but allowance must be made for the unavoidable delays occasioned by fording rivers, and climbing over snow and débris filled passes. If the deep drifts and glaciers of the more lofty summits have to be negotiated then, of course, progress will be much slower, and will depend greatly upon the time of year and the weather conditions. The *paramos*, or highest Andes, are impassable during the mid-winter season ; at least 20 feet of snow, heavy gales, blizzards, and a temperature well below zero, render travel impossible. Similar conditions apply to pack-trains descending from the lofty plateau into the dense tropical forests of Eastern and North-Eastern Bolivia and Peru, where a passage has often to be cleared through the tangled growth and wide detours made to avoid swamps. In the great Amazonian forests animal transport is quite impossible and months are required to cut a way through a few hundred miles of the dimly-lit jungle.

In the Bolivian Sierra there are two periods of the day when the riff-raff of bare rocks and vast, virgin snowfields are rendered unusually beautiful by the varying lights and shades. Around the Yungas Pass—in the shadow of Illimani—the elevation ranges from 13,600 feet to over 15,000 feet, and the scenery is of exquisite grandeur.



The nip of the frost is in the air when the rim of the moon rises above the dark Cordillera. For some minutes the peaks are outlined by a halo of pearly light. Then the pale orb rises above the jagged white cones and their ice-cornices, flooding the bare rock-strewn valley with soft yellow light. Rocks sparkle and gleam ; every black crag, and more lofty white pinnacle, stands out sharply defined against the luminous blueness of the night. Distant galciers and snow-fields glow like Heavenly fires in the starry sky.

The air grows rapidly colder after the setting of the sun, forcing the traveller into the *posada*, and a night of torment begins. The kicking and biting of the animals in the corral, the smoky kerosene lamp, the cold of the clay floor, the insect pests, and the stench of unwashed humanity, combine in an all-night offensive against the needed rest which follows a strenuous day. At first these discomforts can be laughed at, but it is a hardy European who does not come to loath the sight of a *posada* off the beaten track by the end of a month or two. In the real South America distances are too vast for the understanding of intelligent but untravelled Europeans, and there is a local proverb exhorting patience in the fleas and other blood-suckers of the *posada* on account of the length of the night.

Dawn comes at last, and with it the noise of departing Indians and breeds with their heterogeneous animals. Outside the fetid chamber the mountain

air is cold but deliciously pure. Light, coming up from behind the world, tinges the more lofty peaks with pale rose and saffron, but the valleys are filled with heavy violet shadows. In the courtyard all is confusion. The breath of man and beast forms a thick mist in the freezing air; and steaming, kicking animals are being loaded with packages which make it a cause for wonder that their backs do not break under the strain. Shivering muleteers, with their striped *ponchos* still around their shoulders, their dark eyes gleaming, and their tall-crowned hats fastened under their chins by ear-flaps, are struggling with cinchas, cross-ties and girth-ropes. The sun rises above the eastern line of the Cordillera Real, flooding its vast, untrodden snowfields with golden light. The pack-trains depart, with much kicking and slipping on the bare rocks lightly frosted by the night wind, and the *posada* of the wild Sierra lapses into its day-time sleep.

On the *Cumbre* of the Yungas Pass, some 16,000 feet above the now far distant surface of the blue Pacific, the air is cold, even at mid-day, although the sun is hot, and exertion of any kind produces a curious buzzing in the head and an unpleasant sense of only being able to take short breaths. Loose, wet snow which only freezes at night, becomes thick and more slippery with every foot of the ascent. The cold becomes intense and the muleteers are huddled in their *ponchos*. On every

hand white slopes, devoid of a single tree or shrub, rise up until lost in fields, beds and columns, of ice. It is the *tierras frias* of the Andean Sierra.

All around the Cordillera lay wrapt in eternal frost, silence, and desolation. The vicuña and guanaco are here, but unseen. The horizon is a ruff-raff of cold white peaks and glaciers, with, far away to the east-north-east, a cleft in the otherwise unbroken line of summits, showing where a view over the great Amazonian forests would be obtained but for the snow-haze and the great distance beyond the gap. Nothing moves, but every now and then a streamer of prismatic fire shoots upwards, like the beam of a miniature searchlight, from the face of some far-off ice-sheet ; and a pale and more diffused radiance, with the colours of the spectrum, shows like a halo round a snow-burdened peak.

It is on the final stages of a long journey in the Sierra that the comfort of the South American saddle, the long bucket-stirrups, and, above all, the remarkable staying powers of the guides are fully appreciated. These coca-chewers of the lofty Bolivian plateau and adjoining Peruvian *Punas* are marvels of locomotion. They journey on foot in front of horses and mules, and, whether trotting or galloping, generally succeed in keeping ahead and warding off the dangers of mountain travel. They will loop along in this way for any number of miles up to about 50 or 60 a day, travel-

ling without food or rest, but all the while chewing the pain-deadening leaves of the coca tree, obtained from the tropical jungles of the mysterious Montaña. Old men at 40, they die comparatively young.

The little bags of leaves pass among these natives of the Sierra for currency, one who has a year's supply being considered a rich man. The habit is centuries old, and so poisoned are their bodies with the cocaine extracted by masticating the leaves that to be without it for any length of time would mean death. The coca plant, or shrub, is found nowhere but in the Eastern foothills of the Andes, or Upper Montaña, usually at an altitude of about 6,000 feet, and the alkaloid known as cocaine is largely manufactured in Cuzco, Tarma, and other parts of Central Peru. The leaves are picked and dried in the sun before being used by the natives of the Sierra. Although it is found growing wild in the Montaña, owing to its value to the *cholas*, and, in the form of cocaine, to the medical world, it is also extensively cultivated.

A supply of the mixture from coca-pouch and lime-gourd taken in the morning and chewed *en route* enables one of these extraordinary natives to maintain a kind of looping trot throughout the whole day, the coca taking the place of food and deadening all sense of pain and fatigue while the lime-gourd satisfies the thirst. Neither the stifling heat of the deep mountain valleys, the bitter cold of the snowy passes, the damp heat of the tropical

jungles, the fatigue of long journeys accomplished at a steady trot, the pain of blistered feet, nor the hunger of the average human being, seems to affect them in the least. Even prolonged sleep appears superfluous, and many are the stories told of incredible journeys accomplished by these cocaine poisoned Children of the Sun.

## CHAPTER III

### THE GALILEE OF THE INCAS

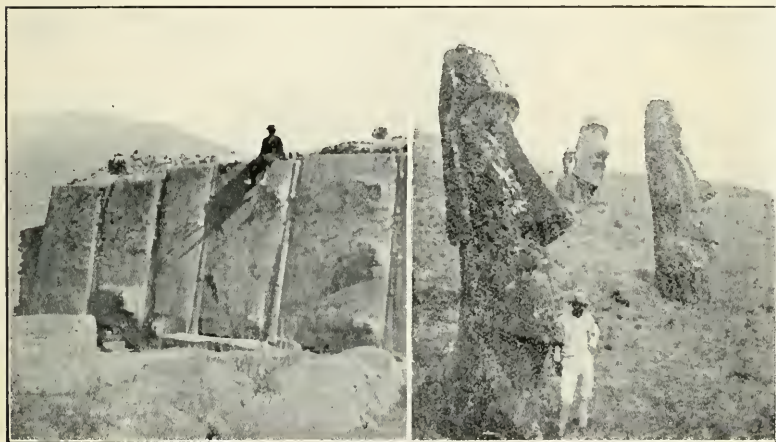
HIGH up in the Sierra, far above the normal cloud line, and across the frontier of Bolivia and Peru lies mysterious Lake Titicaca, the Galilee of the Incas. Of obscure birth and romantic life, it has no counterpart in the world. Its waters were once sacred, and its shores the heart of an ancient empire more remarkable than any other that has ever been. As large as the Straits of Dover and 12,000 feet in the air it was the mountain sea of the Sun Worshipers, whose *quasi* political-religious dominion extended over the length and breadth of the Andes, down to the sea and inland to the edge of the great Equatorial forests, holding beneath its sway unknown millions of servile races when Henry VIII ruled England with the aid of a plethora of wives, and America was on the eve of being discovered by one who called himself Christopher Columbus.

The journey from La Paz to the shores of Lake Titicaca is a curious but comfortable one. This portion of the barren-looking, rocky roof of the New World is traversed by a railway possessing





AN INCA ROAD IN THE COLOMBIAN ANDES.



INCA FORTRESS, OLLANTAITAMBO  
PERU.

IDOLS OF PRE-INCA ORIGIN ON  
EASTER ISLAND.



ANDEAN SNOWS.  
(Altitude 11,000—18,600 feet.)

saloon and dining cars, but it is a journey high above the clouds, for the line is seldom nearer to sea level than  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles, and is, in places, above the average Alpine summit. In Peru it is positively asserted that many interesting archaeological stones and Inca relics are passed unobserved, because they were used for making the road-bed of this lofty railway. However this may be, when three hours out from La Paz, the coaches skirt the famous ruins of Tiahuanaco, masses of stone work, huge arches, and portals of Inca origin, but very much worn and broken. Some few years ago many interesting objects were recovered from this site. In addition to a considerable quantity of Incaic pottery of artistic, chalice-like shape and vivid unimpaired colouring, a silver human figure, showing the style of clothing then in vogue, skulls of unusually large size with Mongolian tendencies, and some wonderfully carved stones, were among the finds dug up from a depth of less than 10 feet.

At the little Bolivian port of Guaqui the great lake bursts suddenly into view ; a sunlit sea in a cradle of shadowy, snow-covered mountains. Titicaca is the most elevated sheet of fresh water in the world, being 12,488 feet above sea level, and 5,200 square miles in area. It is believed that in some remote period of the world's history it formed part of a great mountain sea which covered the whole of the Bolivian and Peruvian tableland ; probably 100,000 square miles of water raised above the clouds by the loop in the earth's greatest

mountain range. Since those dim ages of long ago the surface of the water has dropped 400 feet, leaving Titicaca in the lap of the giant peaks Illampu and Sorata.

Over 120 miles in length, and a 12 hours' voyage by steamer, it is nowhere more than 50 miles broad ; but this does not prevent voyagers on its surface from losing sight of land, although actually in the middle of the Continent and the Andean Cordillera. If the air is clear of vapour sweeping over the Sierra, both Illampu and Sorata, capped by eternal snows, can, however, usually be seen rising over 21,000 feet into the central blue.

When the narrow Tiquima Straits have been navigated, and all around is the shining bosom of the Lake, with the reflected sun-rays from Sorata's ice-fields playing on the waves, the little steamer, which crosses in 12 hours to the Peruvian shore at the town of Puno, passes close to the projecting Copacabana Peninsula. Here there are some remarkable ruins of pre-Inca origin, about which little is known. They consist principally of monoliths with undecipherable hieroglyphics, and, together with the ruins of a fine old Spanish Church, form an interesting reminder of two great empires which have passed with the centuries.

Near by, but out on the wind-ruffled surface, stand the islands of the Sun and Moon (Titicaca and Coati), from whence, according to tradition, in those dim, unhistoried ages of long ago, came Manco Capac and his wife and sister, who, together, estab-

lished the famous Inca Empire, which held undisputed sway over the highlands of the sub-continent for nearly 500 years. They claimed to be direct descendants of the Sun, who had come to the world to civilise it, and to establish a reign of peace and good-will.

It is remarkable how many ancient and modern socialist leaders and pacifist states turn into tyrannical autocrats and conquering empires in the course of history, and the successors of the first great Inca were no exception to this rule, for while Manco Capac taught the men to cultivate the soil and his wife instructed the women in the art of spinning and weaving, later Emperors bent the energies of their subjects on super-conquests and the construction of immense palaces, fortresses and temples.

On the Island of the Sun there still exists some wonderful Incaic monoliths, and on Coati, or the Island of the Moon, the remains of what appear to be doorless dwellings, which are quite in accord with historical record, for no subject of this curious Empire was allowed to screen his actions behind doors or curtains. Even the private life of the family had to be open to official inspection, and an adverse report was punished by the loss of a child.

The sun sinks over the island named in honour of it. The heathen descendants of the all-powerful Incas, in many a wild Sierra pass, turn solemnly to the west and bow low to their deity—a golden globe, dipping behind the coast range only a short time before it dawns on the new empire cities



of the Thames and Hudson. Then comes a brief twilight, with a rapidly darkening and starry sky. Notwithstanding the great but unknown distances of outer space, the planets seem larger and the Heavens nearer on the night-enshrouded waters of mysterious Titicaca, wherein, it is said, golden images were cast as peace offerings at sunrise and sunset.

Lights twinkle from distant shores, and a cold wind sweeps across this lofty sea. Steep little slapping waves come from out of the darkness to chide the steamer while profaning its holy waters, and between the lighting of a cigar and the fall of the last ash a pale gleaming rim rises over the now receding Cordillera Real, silhouetting its jagged peaks with a silver thread, which broadens and then glows until the sentinel peaks of the Incas—Illampu and Sorata—are indelibly outlined on this Galilee of another creed.

Nowhere on the American Continent can so much of interest be found in so small a compass as at Cuzco, at the head of the fertile valley of the Vilcanota, about 12,000 feet up, on the Peruvian half of the great tableland. In the wilds of the surrounding Sierra it is possible to study at first hand some of the customs of those long past ages before the Spanish Conquest. The feast days of the old Sun Worshipers are still observed, and the methods of spinning and weaving are similar to those taught centuries ago by Manco Capac. A few of the brilliant hued dyes, which far surpass



in both colour and permanence those made in the laboratories of civilisation, are still secretly manufactured and used for the bright coloured native costumes. Little bags of gold dust frequently find their way into stores ; few of the mud huts have proper doors ; and the quaint *Chola* labours to cultivate a tiny patch of stony mountain slope while fertile acres in the *Montaña* remain uncared for.

The interest of Cuzco lies not so much in its surroundings, for a mountain-girdled plateau of bare rock with a few fields of waving alfalfa cannot be called particularly attractive, as in its picturesque native population, typical Sierra life, elaborate religious processions, and, above all, its wealth of historical buildings and relics. The one thing it does not possess, however, is a really comfortable hotel, which is certainly an opportunity wantonly disregarded for rapidly acquiring wealth with a minimum of effort. Travellers who reach this centre of the old Inca Empire, after a tiring journey of about 700 miles, would be entirely at the mercy of the proprietor of such an establishment. He could gibe, gloat, insult and rob in the most approved style, for his victims would, doubtless, pay handsomely and meekly for the privilege of being the sole occupants of a clean bed, and the participators in a meal which does not produce *mal de terra*.

Sightseeing is something which is best done haphazardly. To know beforehand what to expect

at each street-corner is much like reading the last chapter of a novel. It may save quite a lot of time but is distinctly mundane, and scarcely fair. The hero or heroine might have finished making illicit love by that time, and the loss would serve the vandal right. Beginning at the old Spanish Cathedral, simply because it faces the broad central Plaza, the beautiful paintings and carved choir stalls in the dim aisles of musty odour come as a relief after the glare of sunlight on stucco and bare rock. The nasal organ also delights in the change of atmosphere, for the drainage of Cuzco is in much the same condition as the hotels. Those who prefer wealth to art will, however, linger near the altars of gold and silver, mentally absorbing their beauty with lustful eyes. Some emigrants from Jerusalem have been known to stay so long here that no time was left them for a visit to the quaint little University, founded as early as 1598, and, to-day, an important seat of learning for the youth of the Peruvian highlands. It is especially noted for its teaching of law and medicine.

Should it be a feast day, organised in honour of one of the many local saints, the hapless sight-seer will be amazed, crushed and cowed, by the noise when he emerges into the full glare of the white plaza, around which the houses, with red fluted tiles, recede in tiers up the barren rock sides. A concourse of several thousand brightly-dressed *Cholas*, sombre monks, plump priests, and, perchance, one or more fully-robed cardinals

or other high ecclesiastical dignitaries, the Governor, and a few soldiers, will be surging around gaudily decorated street altars, relics of holy men, gold and silver crucifix, festooned balconies, and queer effigies. In the midst of them all, crackers and small fireworks will be banging and buzzing to the more appropriate chants of surpliced choristers, or the wails of a coloured band. Hilarious "Vivas," come from thirsty throats, and more pious exclamations from the black-robed monks and nuns marshalling be vies of starched school girls, looking thoroughly uncomfortable, and whose white frocks and coloured sashes contrast strangely with their skins of varied brown. Burning incense emits aromatic fumes. Priests in lofty pulpits of ancient workmanship, extol the virtues of the saintly man in whose honour the celebration has been arranged, and processions carrying elaborate figures, pictures, and flags, march over the rough cobble streets. Seen from a point of advantage on the surrounding slopes the "Fiestas" is more Oriental and bizarre than European and decorous. This, however, cannot be altogether depreciated from the spectacular point of view, for the Sierra folk enter into the celebrations whole-heartedly, and have not yet forgotten all the departed glories of their race.

The Plaza is surrounded by quaint houses with façades and balconies. Many of the larger buildings are adorned with the armorial bearings of old Spanish families. The glaring white stucco is

relieved by the red of the tiled roofs and the blue of the skies. But the real interest of Cuzco for the traveller lies in the *Sachsahmaman* of the Incas, with its massive stone work, the Temple of the Sun, and old walls of huge stone blocks, dovetailed and mortarless—each slab weighing many tons—the gold altar of the Spanish Church of La Campaña, the Inquisition relics of Santo Domingo, built on the foundations of the Temple of the Sun; the stone cloisters, carved stairways and murillo of La Merced, the wonderfully carved pulpit of San Blas, the lectern of San Francisco, and the wonderful Inca fortress, beyond the city, of Ollantaytambo—the same massive stone walls, destitute of illuminating figures or inscriptions.

The relics of two great Empires are here intermingled. It is difficult to conceive from whence came the labour which built the colossal stone palaces and temples of the Incas, and the wealth which gave the many fine churches, with their altars of gold, silver, and precious stones, of the succeeding Spanish régime. Art, too, there must have been from the dawn of the Inca rule, side by side with religious fervour, and, in later years, bigotry, torture, oppression, slavery, pomp, glory and death. All are depicted in what remains of the two epochs, and in the surviving customs of the mingling races.

Cuzco is one of those capitals of past empires which still retain some of their earlier glory, like Moscow, Trondhjem, Edinburgh, Winchester, Aix-

la-Chapelle, Pompeii, Syracuse, Toledo, Bagdad, Fatephur Sikri, Delhi, and the Forbidden City of Pekin. All that is left of the Incas are, however, walls without roofs. No statues, designs, or hieroglyphics, remain to tell the tale of the past. There are ruins, also, of pre-Inca origin, mysteries of the unhistoried ages, about which absolutely nothing is definitely known. Of the Incas, however, there is an attractive account in Viga's "Royal Commentaries."\* The individual disappears in order to become a mere factor in the general well-being of the race. Property in land did not exist; the fields were allotted periodically, and the harvests formed a common heritage, which was divided into three parts: destined to the Inca (or Emperor), to the maintenance of worship, and to the public in general. The paternalism of this queer government went so far as to exercise a permanent vigilance over the private life of the individual. No doors were allowed, so that the acts of everyone might at all times be subject to inspection by the authorities. The marriageable girls were annually assembled, after the reaping of the harvest, and allotted to husbands chosen by the chiefs. Children were taught first to render obedience to the Inca and then to their parents. The sun was the diety, which all worshipped with fervour and elaborate ceremony, and the "Son of the Sun" was the Emperor, or chief Inca. The dress of the Royal Family and courtiers was both costly and

\* Vide Senor Ignacio Calderon, in an address before the National Geographical Society, Washington, D.O.



picturesque, gold amulets, chains, girdles, swords and feathers, were worn with cloths of the brightest hues and the fur of animals, but the poorer classes laboured constantly in a state of semi-nudity.

The Inca Empire, during the five centuries of its existence, extended, in the north, to the present confines of the Republic of Colombia, and south as far as Chile and the northern part of the Argentine, embracing a great portion of the Pacific coast of South America, and all the territory of the present republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and northern Chile. Attesting the advanced degree of its civilisation are the monuments remaining on the Island of the Sun, and those of Cuzco, as well as the ruins of the magnificent system of roads throughout the Inca dominions. However, in spite of the 10 or 20 millions of subjects, it fell as a statue of clay before a few score of adventurous Spaniards, who soon made themselves masters of the country and submitted the inhabitants to servitude, almost without resistance. Educated in the religious respect of the sacred power of the descendants of the Sun, they had lost the strength and manhood of nations invigorated by individual freedom. Broken and destroyed, the power under whose shadow they had lived, and suddenly left to themselves, the subjects of the Inca fell easily under the dominion of the conquerors, whose arrival confirmed the popular tradition that some day men with beards would come from over the seas and take their country.



In the uneven streets of the Cuzco of to-day llamas stagger under their burdens, the descendants of the Incas lounge, dull-eyed and listless, in the plaza, at almost every street corner, or on their small stony fields. Among the ruins there is utter desolation, and in the old churches, with their subterranean galleries, there is an atmosphere of antiquity and decay, contrasting strangely with the puff of white steam from the railway engine which greets the eye when emerging from the dim aisles and the realms of old romance.

## CHAPTER IV

### ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

THERE is a railway in Peru—the most lofty in the world—which carries the traveller, in the space of a few hours, from the hot coast lands around Lima, up to the Sierra snows at Oroya. Beyond this terminal point stretch the Eastern Foothills and the great Amazonian forests of the unknown. For a distance of 104 miles there is not a single inch of downward incline, and, should the railway management agree, those who ascend by this means to the glacial zone of the great White Cordillera may enjoy the unique sensation of glissading down the iron-road on a small but sturdy trolley, from Andean snows to tropical seashores. In places the springless vehicle, racing down the 100 miles of track at a speed of 40 miles an hour, will dash in and out of tunnels, skirt the edges of awful precipices, and be poised giddily on spidery steel bridges almost as high above the foaming torrents beneath as the Whispering Gallery of St Paul's is above the tops of the London omnibuses.

Leaving the *Desamparados* Station, Lima, for the upward journey, passing the stony bed of the little Rimac River, with its lines of willow trees, and skirting the base of the Cerro de San Christobal, surmounted by its conspicuous summit cross, the line addresses itself in earnest to the faint line of the sierra snows high up in the distant sky. Through fields of cotton, sugar-cane, and maize, tiny oases in a vista of bare grey hills and dusty plains upon which rain seldom falls, and where cultivation is only possible by irrigation from the Rimac, the line runs from out of the present into the past at Cajamarquilla. Here there are extensive Inca ruins amid wild, rocky scenery, but still no figures, only walls of immense stone blocks. Clusters of the mud-plastered reed huts, peculiar to the whole interior of Peru, are passed as the steady climb is continued.

Chosica, at an elevation of 2,800 feet, and distant about 26 miles from Lima, is the favourite inland resort of the country. Although standing on a fertile plateau amid clumps of green trees, in an amphitheatre of mountains, it enjoys a wonderfully fine winter climate. The murky atmosphere so general in Lima during certain months of the year is left behind at this little mountain resort, where balmy breezes, orchards of quince, pacay, chirimoya, and mispero, as well as *scandal* and blue skies, can be relied upon almost every day from May to the beginning of December. About three miles from Chosica's best hotel lies the pretty

little native village of Santa Eulalia, with its rushing mountain torrent, its fruit orchards, and its pepper trees ; and away back over the Rimac are some Incas terraces, which at some remote period of history formed part of an extensive system of irrigation, now destitute of all vegetation except the thirstless cactus.

The effect of the sunlight on the bare rocks of the Andean Cordillera immediately becomes noticeable on leaving Chosica. At no time of the day is this great range quite so exquisitely beautiful as during sunset. The rocks and boulders turn from dull brown and grey to gold, crimson, purple, and blue, in blended patches of vast area. The elevation increases, and the waste of volcanic rock is relieved by cacti, purple and white heliotrope, mountain convolvulus, and pepper trees. Here and there glimpses are obtained of repulsive centipedes or hairy tarantula spiders, but there are comparatively few birds, and those who have their habitat among these lofty pinnacles are of dull plumage. It is recorded that the blood-sucking vampire bat often attacks horses during the night.

The history of the Verrugas Valley, crossed by the railway line some 50 miles from Lima, is one of death from mysterious disease, cloud-bursts, avalanches, and disaster. It is a region shunned by the superstitious descendants of the Children of the Sun, who certainly have reason for their fears. The mortality has been great from a curious disease known locally as Verrugas Fever. About

this peculiarly deadly malady, which is happily confined to the narrow belt of country, some 12 miles wide, comprising this valley, and one or two other Andean defiles, little or nothing is definitely known, except that it attacks the white explorer as well as the *Cholas* of the highlands, that cures are seldom, and that the water supply is supposed to be poisoned. High fever is the first symptom, followed by eruptions on the skin and mucous membranes. If no eruptions, resembling small red tumours appear, the disease is likely to prove rapidly fatal. Even washing in the waters of these deadly valleys has been known to bring on this mysterious disease.

An old prospector from Cerro de Pasco expressed the belief that copper poisoning in the springs of the district was responsible. However this may be, travellers are warned of the danger of stopping in these valleys of death. On the night of March 24th, 1889, a cloud-burst, accompanied by an avalanche of rock, destroyed a steel bridge, over 500 feet in length and 225 feet in height, which spanned a portion of the bottom of this ravine, and other curious happenings, which are told in whispers by the Indians and breeds, have given this locality a sinister reputation, similar to that of the Mapiri Valley of the Beni country of Bolivia.

There is, however, absolutely no risk in crossing this belt by railway, and at Surco Station, with its lucuma trees, the country is free of danger.

The line here makes a huge loop in a desolate region of cacti and rock, with cloud-drifts among the lofty crags around. After crossing the Challapa bridge—there are 67 bridges, 60 tunnels, and 13 switchbacks on this railway in the clouds—the altitude increases at Matucana to 8,000 feet, and the temperature drops noticeably at almost every station.

A typical Peruvian wayside Crucifix, standing alone amid a riff-raff of rocky peaks, marks the beginning of a region of great bushes of heliotrope, yellow calceolaria, prickly cactus, coarse grass and occasional eucalyptus trees. Here the air is cool and clear. Every buttress, crag and pinnacle, stands out clear-cut against the ragged sky-line. All around is desolate, grand and impressive. It needs only the colours lent by a tropical sunset to turn the wilderness into a picture which few artists could faithfully depict.

Still the line follows the valley of the Rimac, whose waters flow down to distant Lima, but here the mountains crowd in close towards the rushing torrent, and the gorge becomes narrow. Tunnels and bridges succeed each other with dazzling suddenness. At one moment the train is in the blackness of a tunnel, and the next giddily poised on a bridge in its efforts to find a pathway through the chaos of peaks. Then comes a seemingly perpendicular wall of rock, but the line zigzags to its summit, crosses treacherous beds of loose stones and *débris*, upon which the engineers keep an ever-



alert eye, especially during the rainy season, as a *derrumbe*, or slide, is a frequent occurrence.

It is interesting to note here that the slight earthquakes often felt in Lima and along the lower slopes of the Andes are seldom noticeable in the heart of the sierra, where everything is desolate and uncannily still, played upon by wind and sun, and only the avalanches make sound or movement. So vast are these solitudes of rock, that the whistle of the locomotive, echoing among the peaks and cañyons, is merely reminiscent of civilisation. A mile or two up one or other of the narrow defiles, with the perpendicular walls hundreds of feet high on every hand and almost shutting out the light of day, all is wild, primitive, and lonesome. It is the home of the hairy vicuña and the majestic-sailing condor. It is the vivid lights and deep shades of these mountain fastnesses which alone relieve them from chaotic desolation.

But it is little more than half way up to the *Cumbre*, for the elevation is only 9,000 feet. The train crosses the long spidery Chaupichaca bridge, passes the small *Chola* settlement of Tamboraque, and debouches into a more open valley, flanked by cliffs veined with silver, copper, lead and gold quartz. Some few miles further on distant views are obtained of glittering, snow-capped peaks, and a riff-raff of ranges. The glaring white roofs of San Mateo stand out in vivid contrast against the dark, rocky background, relieved only by the greyish-white streaks of the foaming river. This

little settlement of native and half-breed mountaineers, who live by cultivating small patches of ground, tending herds of llamas, and acting as guides, is about 80 miles from the coast, at an elevation of 10,528 feet. That it is situated within a few degrees of the Equator seems impossible to believe, for there is a decided chilliness in the air, and occasionally gleams of sun-lit snow show through rifts in the mountain walls ahead. It is the heart of the Cordillera, and the maximum point of grandeur is reached. Precipices of black rock, gilded by streaks of pale light, dark crevasses, goat tracks, and towering pinnacles are all around in the great confusion caused by a mammoth upheaval of nature in the days when the world was young.

The darkness of a tunnel, then a flash of dazzling light, and the traveller is poised on the Infiernillo bridge, another spidery webbing of steel over a gorge well-named "Hell," for a second later the darkness of another tunnel shuts down like a trap. Here and there, spread out very sparsely over the thousands of square leagues of mountain wilderness, native huts of adobe, thatch, and rubble, may be seen crouching on a ledge with giddy precipices around. At the modern little settlement of Rio Blanco—named after the milky white waters of a near-by stream when in flood—is a busy copper smelter, belching forth yellow-black smoke into the clear sierra air. A long climb, with many tunnels, bridges, and zigzags, leads up to the village

of Chicla, 12,380 feet, flat iron roofs amid towering masses of black rock and snowy peaks.

At this elevation even the sparse vegetation of the lower Andean valleys ceases, although a curious cushion-like cactus, a kind of eidleweiss, and a few patches of coarse grass, still remain to dapple the bare slopes which are towering up all around to 18,000 feet. The rocks are now of varying shades. Masses of white limestone are interspersed with black schist, red earth, and yellow sandstone, which, being nearer to the lofty summit of the pass, catch the full light of day. The semi-dark gorges have been left behind and the glaring sunlight produces wonderful contrasts of light and shade. Headaches and sorroche are common ailments.

At Ticlio, the most lofty railway station in the world, 15,665 feet above sea level, and exactly 99 miles from Lima, the temperature, even in summer, drops far below freezing point during the night, although the latitude is  $11^{\circ} 42' S.$ , and vast snow-fields rise up on every hand. The Galera tunnel pierces the *Cumbre* of the pass, which is usually deep under snow, and Mount Meiggs raises its lofty summit 17,575 feet into the deep blue sky.

Here, in this wild region of rock, snow and ice, are the half-frozen lakes of the Antaragua Pass, from whence the Rimac takes its rise and careers in flood season torrent down to the Pacific. It is the Great Divide, and a few miles distant from the *Cumbre* a stream, called locally the Mantaro, rises and flows eastwards. These waters, which foam

and bubble among the rocks and over the stony bed, two miles above the normal cloud line, reflecting snowy peaks in their cold, crystalline depths, are destined to travel across the Continent, for over 3,000 miles through unknown Equatorial forests and swamps before they splash and play with the salt Atlantic cross-currents off Mexiana Island. To float idly on the bosom of this joyous young tide, gaily ignoring hunger, rapids, sand-bars, crocodiles, rocks, swamps, regions of sudd, fever, hostile Indians, and immeasurable distances, would be to visit lands unknown, to explore regions veiled in the deepest mystery, to mingle with races of obscure origin and queer custom, to behold what no white man has ever set eyes upon, for they are newly-born waters of the mighty Amazonian system, and who can tell where they wander during their long trail through the trackless wilds of South American Equatoria.

On the Continental slope of the Andes, 14 miles from the *Cumbre*, lies Yauli, with its smelters and hot springs. Already the downward incline has commenced, for the altitude is only 13,420 feet, which drops a further 1,242 feet in the 17 miles to Oroya. The country around is a desolate expanse of lofty pampas, undulating, covered with coarse grass, and dappled with the shadows of heavy clouds mingled with patches of vivid sunlight. Small herds of llamas browse among the whitish green tussocks, and violet mists veil the distance. Oroya, the terminus of the Trans-Andean line, is

a disappointing collection of railway huts and sidings on the high banks of the foaming Mantaro, in an amphitheatre of black rocks. From this point a line runs northwards, across the great Junin Pampa, where Peru gained a victory over the Spaniards in the War of Independence, past the great lakes of the mountain tops with their frogs of immense proportions, some measuring nearly 2 feet in length, to the old Spanish silver mines, huge modern smelters, and copper deposits of Cerro de Pasco, the highest town in the world, 14,300 feet above sea level. Other branch lines run southwards along the lower Andean slopes, but eastward lies the mysterious Montaña, which stretches away without road or frontier into the unknown continent.

There are two distinct seasons on the *Punas*, or heights of the sierra. One may be termed the summer, which is much drier but colder than the winter season, the time of torrential rains and whirling snow storms. The latter season lasts from October to April. The range of temperature over each 24 hours is usually very great. On the *Cumbre* it is no unusual thing for the thermometer to register 102° F. in the sun at mid-day and only 39° F. in the shade, while at night the temperature drops well below freezing point. The natives, or *Cholas*, of the Sierra, who live by breeding llamas, primitive agriculture, and occasional prospecting and acting in the capacity of guides, suffer severely from small-pox, typhus, pneumonia,

enteric fever, a disease called uta, or ulcerated face, and goitre. The deaths from the first four of these diseases have greatly reduced the native and half-breed population. Among white travellers there is, however, little mortality if the dangerous valleys are judiciously avoided, and the climate of the *Punas* may, on the whole, be considered thoroughly healthy.

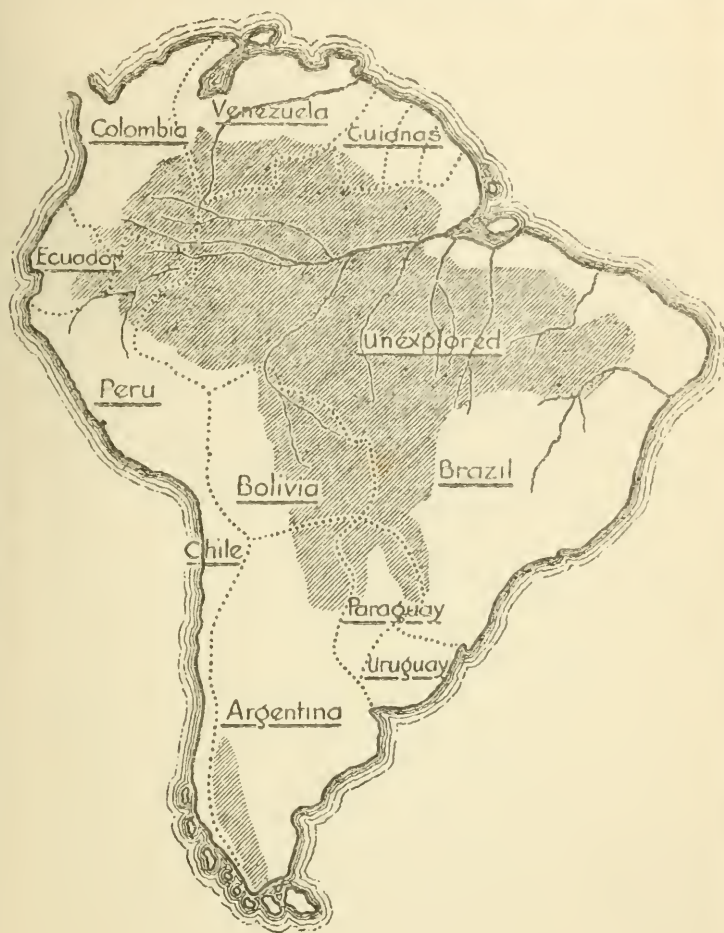
A phenomena of the Andes are the mists which roll along the valleys and up the slopes of the mountains like waves of a grey and purple sea. At times the traveller may observe the curious spectacle of the *Anthelion*, when the long shadow of his head and shoulders are outlined on a lake of mist stretching far away at his feet. Around this shadow, and cast by the sun's rays, is a halo of rainbow fire. Few more beautiful sights can be imagined than the sunset glows on the White Cordillera of the highest Andes. Snow-fields of vast size are tinged with crimson and palest pink, pinnacles of ice glint with yellow fire, and when evening falls billows of purple mist rise up from the valleys and roll over the wild riff-raff of mountains, wreathing the lofty crags, and obscuring all except the crystalline points which still catch the ruby fires from the dying sun. Then all is cold and still, until the moon silhouettes black rock and silver snowfield in this home of the lonely condor.



BOOK III

Into the Great Unknown







## CHAPTER I

### THE BLAZED MONTAÑA TRAIL

AFRICA is no longer the dark continent of the world. It has been explored and subdued from the Cape to Cairo, and Guardafui to Verde. Asia has many blank spots on its map, but they are comparatively of small area. The Poles have been reached, and almost every sea surveyed and charted, yet the repeated assertion that, "there's nothing more to explore" is quite untrue. Millions of square miles of unknown land and water, hundreds of unheard of native tribes, still exist, but, it is to be feared, that exploration has ceased to catch the public fancy since the days when Sir H. M. Stanley crossed "Darkest Africa."

The mystery of South America lies in its little-known interior, streaked here and there by the blazed trail of the isolated explorer who emerges racked with fever and dazed by the dim light of the forest, but still the dark continent of the world, a *terra incognita* to civilisation, and the home of queer races. This Montaña Grande begins at timber line on the Continental slope of the Andes and, figuratively, extends for over 2,000 miles

across the wide northern, or tropical portion of the lost continent to the narrow civilised littoral of Brazil; but who can say whether vast areas of open pampa or ranges of mountains do not separate the great and almost impenetrable forests of the east and west? Whether there is an inland sea, or a native empire, in its unknown wilds? Anything is possible because very little is known of an area as large as the whole of Europe.

The Montaña is, however, divided into two portions, the Upper and Lower, but neither of these cover the unexplored interior, which is generally referred to as the Amazonian Forests, regardless of the fact that there are known to be some vast open prairies, like El Gran Chaco, and that much of it is as far from the Amazon as it is from the La Plata. The Upper Montaña comprises the forest-covered Eastern Foothills of the Andes, and the Lower region the forests and plains which border the unknown—the hinterland of civilisation.

The mule-track, leading down from Oroya to timber line, at 10,500 feet, is an easy one. Within half-an-hour all trace of civilisation, except a rough mountain road, is left behind. The rock walls fall back, and around lay the *pajonales*, or mountain prairies. Behind, ridge after ridge towers up to the eternal snows, glittering in the early morning sun, rising with curiously diffused brilliance from the mists hanging like a veil over the dense forests in the centre of the continent.



The Andean uplands and valleys are the true home of the potato. These valuable tubers were first introduced into Europe by the Spaniards who obtained them from the Indians of the sierra early in the 16th Century. In the days of the Incas they formed one of the principal foods of the vast armies engaged in the construction of the wonderful system of mountain roads, hundreds of miles in length, which connected the different portions of their domain, and to-day almost every *Chola* has a potato patch alongside the few acres of pasture for llamas and alpacas. In the 19 miles which separate Oroya from the little settlement of Tarma the elevation drops only 800 feet, for the eastern slopes are far more gradual than those on the Pacific side of the Great Divide.

Travelling by horse or mule in South America does not mean very rapid progress, these animals being used more for the purpose of endurance and to reduce fatigue than to annihilate distance in the shortest space of time. The English trot and the American loop are considered much too fatiguing for daily journeys of some 14 hours' duration, often without a halt and under a burning sun. The pace preferred by the *arrecaro* is an amble of about 7 miles an hour. On the South American trail anything moving beyond this speed is looked upon with mild suspicion.

Tarma is a typical little sierra town on the ridge above the *Lomas*, or foothills. A single street, devoid of side walks, flanked by adobe houses of

one or two storeys, with a few more pretentious buildings, such as the school, and the house of the *Gobernador*—for it is an important town of the Department of Junin. The trails to and from the mountains and forests pass through Tarma and are usually crowded with laden mules and dirty but picturesque drivers. Beyond are the lower Andean slopes and isolated trees begin to make their appearance. Switchbacks become numerous and exceedingly tedious, for the “roads” in both Sierra and Montaña are seldom more than good or bad mule-tracks, depending in large measure on the rains. Collections of reed and mud-plastered huts are passed, and, at Huacapistana, in a deep tree-covered defile, there is quite a good wayside *posada*, with broad verandah, facing a small water course. Over a ridge, a few miles beyond, a vast panorama of misty forest, broken ground and hills, at last comes into view. It is the beginning of the Upper Montaña of Peru, where semi-tropical vegetation, especially the coffee bush and coca plant, attain wonderful luxuriance. Stretching away to the east and north are leagues of jungle-covered *lomas*, or foothills, through which the tiny silver thread of a stream, coming down from the snows of the *paramos*, winds a sinuous course into the Equatorial haze.

The equable climate of this wonderful region enables crops to be sown at any time of the year. Although the average temperature ranges from 60° to 70°F. the thermometer often drops to within a

few degrees of freezing point during the night, and a thick woollen *poncho* is as necessary here as among the snows of the passes, for chills are exceedingly dangerous.

A few miles' scramble down steep slopes and the air begins to lose the sting of high altitudes. The westering sun throws its golden light over the fertile Chanchamayo Valley, where the Montaña zone really commences. Plantations of sugar cane, coffee and cocoa appear among the clearings and on the few open savannahs, with here and there the glaring white roof of a *hacienda*. Heavily-laden mules, small of stature but evidently wiry, pass by in a smother of dust, the *arrearo* saluting in the polite manner of the South American trail.

The little adobe town of La Merced is a sorry affair, but life seems a lazy and happy one for its 600 inhabitants, many of whom have never crossed the dreaded Andean *paramos*. It owes its existence to the colonization and agricultural development of the healthy Chanchamayo Valley, with its leagues of green coffee bushes, and enjoys a climate of almost perpetual spring. The altitude has dropped to just over 2,000 feet in this first valley of the Montaña.

The nights spent on the trail may be of the Arabian or Dante variety. If a lodging is found in the house of Gobernador, Jefe Politico, or Cura, the bed will be clean, with the inevitable Spanish lace on the slips and sheets, and the sleep which follows a hard day in the saddle, *comida*, wine, and

a cigar, will be restful and undisturbed. In some of the *posadas*, arranged by the Government at convenient points along this highway into the wilds, the hours of darkness will not be conducive of either muscular reaction or rest. Monster spiders and battalions of fleas keep both mind and body in perpetual motion.

Some miles beyond La Merced begins the "Pichis Trail," which is a mule track kept open by the Government from Shuaro to Puerto Bermudez, at the commencement of navigation on the Pachitea River, a distance of 127 miles. Here the trail soon enters the jungle of the Upper Montaña, and, in places, only a green half-light penetrates the leafy roof. Here, at last, South America attains the tropical luxuriance of vegetation which the stranger seeks in vain all round the coast of the Continent. It is not the dark and almost impenetrable Equatorial forest of the Amazon flats, but nevertheless a veritable sea of exuberant foliage interspersed with the more orderly green of plantations.

The Upper Montaña bears no resemblance to the low-lying and feverish forests of the little-known centre of the Continent. The former region is mostly composed of hills and valleys, tree and growth covered, but healthy and suitable for the residence of white men, as the numerous settlements testify, while the vast interior—a hundred times the area of the developed portion—is wrapt in primordial sleep, and is more difficult to pene-

trate than was Central Africa in the days of Livingstone.

The Lower Montaña merges almost imperceptibly into the Amazon flats. It is a region of vast forests, great heat, and tropical storms. Purple clouds roll up from the now far distant sierras, daylight turns into darkness, and for some minutes there is a mysterious suspension of all sound. The chatter of monkeys, the screech of parakeets, the buzz and hum of myriad insects, die away, and the still air becomes stiflingly hot ; horses and mules grow restive, and instinctively seek shelter in some pit of tropical growth. The dim forests become shadowy aisles of dark columns which come from the blackness below and disappear into the blackness above. All living things cower close to earth and gnarled tree trunks. Orchids and other flowers close their petals under the impression that it is night. The jaguar ceases his mournful howl in a distant glade, and only the snakes, the scorpions, and the great black hairy spiders move with a faint rustling sound amid the rank vegetation. The stillness is oppressive.

A peculiar hiss denotes the breaking of the storm, and almost instantly the dim recesses are lit by the flash of vivid lightning and the air is filled with the incessant roll of thunder. Trees crack and crash as the current rips them open ; boughs bend under the tropical deluge. The chattering of frightened colonies in the leafy roof is



drowned by the deafening roar and the hiss and patter of the rain. Collecting the water on their branches the trees send it down into the pit of lesser vegetation in continuous fine streams from every bough and twig. Mules kick and rear, bringing down showers of water and insects, and churning the red earth and decaying leaves into ooze-like mud with their hoofs. All that is visible between the intervals of darkness is the flash of lightning and the sombre forest walls. The heat stored by the earth causes immediate evaporation, and the atmosphere, like that of a Turkish bath, reeks with the rank odour of the tropical forest.

For nearly an hour the noise continues, and then, almost without warning, the sun streams through a rift in the purple clouds above, disappears again, and finally conquers the storm, which rolls away over the endless leagues of dark forest, causing thousands of savages to prostrate themselves before the *sign of Hurakan*. Wreaths of wet fog envelop the jungles. The million insects left by the deluge begin afresh their life of sucking, purring, and buzzing. Monkeys tell of their adventures in the tree tops. Birds flaunt their plumage, and the forest awakens to the gorgeous life of the tropical day. A kind of refraction shows the colours of the rainbow where the strong sunlight penetrates the rising mists—harbinger of Amazonian Ague.

The *posadas* maintained by the Government





LA MERCED.

Looking back at the Great Divide from the little town at the beginning of the blazed Montaña trail.



CROSSING AN "OROJA" IN THE PERUVIAN MONTAÑA.



### THE RIVER BANK AT MAÑAOS.

Some of the queer sailing craft which navigate the 20,000 miles of Amazonian waterways.



### SAINTS DAY, IQUITOS.

This isolated little settlement stands on the fringe of the unknown forest.

along the trail through the Lower Montaña are a decided improvement on their prototypes in the Bolivian Sierra. This, however, does not mean that they bear any resemblance to either hotels or European country inns. It is no unusual thing for grass to sprout through the floors, spiders of the tarantula variety to crawl across the bed and up the walls, dirt to lie thick on floors and tables, and the *boniface* to be a dark-eyed, sinister looking mestitzo, with a bare-legged wife and daughter who do all the work, while a small and semi-naked son tortures any animal or reptile he can safely lay his hands upon. The slave-raiding habit begins early in the half-breed race which inhabits the fringe of the South American unknown.

At times quite good food and passable sleeping accommodation is obtained in these places. The charges for a meal of two or three dishes—or that number of courses on one dirty dish—usually consisting of frigoles, eggs and chicken, or, as a variety, chicken, eggs and frigoles, with black coffee from a broken earthenware pot, is three shillings; for fodder for three animals the same sum; for the food of the *arrearo* an equal amount; and for permission to erect a camp bed beneath the leaky roof the still more modest charge of one shilling is made.

The only compensation for an enforced stay at one of these places, during the rainy season, is the interesting conversation, even if imperfectly understood, of the *arrearos* and *caucheros*, or rubber

gatherers, who frequent these *posadas* on their way through the Montaña. Their stories of the intelligence of mules (?) far surpass in originality and imagination the best fish stories of European anglers and the speed bluff of American motorists. The caucheros openly boast of the nefarious means by which they benefit from the labour of the credulous Indians.

The little clearing in which these "forest hotels" stand beside the trail is usually walled in by a sea of green, beyond which nothing is visible. Near by are a few primitive wooden huts with corrugated iron roofs, the abodes of colonists from Europe, engaged in the five year task of clearing a few acres for the cultivation of cocoa, sugar cane, or other tropical product of the soil. The fertility of the latter can scarcely be exaggerated, as five crops are often obtained from the same piece of ground in the same year. Cereals nearly all mature in three months, sugar cane in five months, the banana tree in 300 days, and two crops of fruit and rice are always obtained. On the outskirts of the clearing, which is really an embryo colony, are rows of thatched, reed and mud-plastered huts, wherein live families of half-civilised Indians, who profess Catholic Christianity but bow ceremoniously each night and morning to the sun and moon. The elevation has dropped below the 2,500 feet of the Upper Montaña, and the forests are slowly shelving down into the feverish mosquito flats of the great Amazon basin.



Puerto Bermudez is more a name than a reality. Its collection of huts and larger buildings stands on bare earth, ringed in by walls of lofty forest, with only the river and the trail from the sierra clear of vegetation. So fertile is the soil that in order to keep the riotous vegetation from sweeping over the settlement almost constant cutting with the machete is necessary, and even this does not prevent fungus from attaching itself to almost everything exposed for more than a few hours to the damp air of the rainy season, grass from sprouting through the floors of huts during the summer sunshine, and weed from clogging the machinery of the river launches all the year round.

It stands on the high banks of the Pichis River, and marks the limit of navigation on the nearest affluent of the Amazon to an accessible point of the Andean Cordillera. Although Puerto Bermudez was its baptismal name, when, many years ago, it arose from the bush and forest as a Mission station, it has since changed its designation on almost every map published, resulting in chaos for the infrequent foreign mail. However, the Pichis River has retained its nomen, and the curious may find it where this erratic stream ties itself into a sailor's bow.

The settlement now possesses a police barracks, several rubber collecting stations, a store, a *posada*, and a wireless station communicating with Missisea on the Ucayali and Iquitos on the Amazon. Sometimes the wireless breaks down for a few weeks

and messages suffer some slight delay. At Lima the authorities are not at all sure how many policemen Bermudez possesses, and the launch service on the river depends upon the depth of water. A rain-storm causes a stampede because the launch will not grate along the bottom nor hold fast every few miles to a sand bank. From all of this it will be seen that this port on the Pichis is a backwoods settlement and not a loan-issuing proposition.

From this arcadian paradise, which is only marred by fever, beri-beri, small pox, dysentery, and malaria, it is possible to go by launch or canoe for 932 miles down the Pichis, Pachitea, and broad Ucayali into the Amazon at Iquitos, the only small and utterly isolated town of American Equatoria, because Mañaos, lower down the Amazon, in Brazilian territory, has succeeded in growing into quite a fine city, notwithstanding its position—900 miles from civilisation.

The time normally occupied by the river journey through the dense forests of Amazonia to Iquitos is about nine days, because the current moves always in the one direction. The return occupies nearly double this time, especially during the melting of the snows on the Andean summits. It must not be supposed, however, that these little vessels run on a time schedule. Sometimes they stick on sand banks for hours or days, thus enabling passengers to become acquainted with the ways of the local alligators. On other occasions so much rubber is collected at the numerous *estradas*



on the way that young men grow beards before they get to Iquitos, it being extremely difficult and also painful to shave on these little craft in the heat of the tropics. A few invalids suffering from langour and an absence of stimulant help, however, to while away the weeks occasionally occupied puffing about on wood fuel between the high banks and endless forest walls.

One excitable Frenchman who got cramp after being on board one of these launches for a mere month, and growing tired of seeing *pelles* of rubber exchanged for bags of provisions, declared his intention of "getting out and walking it." He was triumphantly informed that an expedition which had started to do the thousand miles by a traverse of the forest had given up after taking nine months to cover half the distance, losing three out of its original number of eight white men, one being crushed to death by a boa constrictor, another dying of fever, and a third being killed by a poisoned dart from a Schipibo Indian. Reduced to coma he was revived miraculously by the information that no launch had ever taken more than three months.

## CHAPTER II

### THE FRONTIER OF CIVILISATION

THE main stream of the mighty Amazon, which flows from the Andean slopes to the Atlantic, where it colours the sea, during high river season, for over 200 miles with its muddy waters, receives along its upper reaches the enormous volume of melted snow from the Andean heights during the months of March-June. When in full flood it thrusts back the waters of its confluent, compelling them to store their floods until its own level has dropped, and it is ready to receive their tribute. This causes vast areas of low-lying forest along the margins of even far-distant tributary streams to become flooded for many weeks at a time.

The main river, called the Marañon in Peru, the Solimões, from its entrance into Brazilian territory to where it receives the blackish-green waters of the Rio Negro, and the Amazon from there to its mouth on the Atlantic, off the coast of Para, is lowest in the month of October, after the great flood of the melted Andean snows has passed seawards, and again in February after the deluges

of the rainy season. A curious feature of this great river system—some 30,000 miles—is that the time of high water is different on the many tributaries, due to the diverse sources from which they are fed. The upper reaches of the main stream receive the bulk of their supply from the melting snows of the White Cordillera, while lower down, both sea-river and tributaries depend in large measure on the tropical rainfall. It is an axiom of Amazonian travel that if you cannot get to any desired spot one year you may be able to do so the next.

These high and low water periods make but little difference to navigation on the sea-river itself. Ocean steamships can penetrate from the Atlantic for a distance of 2,200 miles into the heart of Amazonia, as far up as Iquitos in Peru, during all seasons of the year. On the upper reaches of many of the tributaries, however, there is, at times, very little water, and only the most shallow draught launches, and sometimes canoes, can navigate. The alligators find this rather annoying because they often go to sleep on a mud island and awake with no water in sight. The result is a long and fatiguing chase after their native element. Many die on the way and eventually become ladies' bags, shoes and portmanteaux.

There is a curious industry which has been established for many years at the junction of the Pachitea and Ucayali rivers. It is the salting of a big fish, called the *Paiche*, which is caught in

these broad but shallow streams with the aid of spears. Specimens often measure over 6 feet in length and weigh 220 pounds. They are cut up, salted, and sold for 30 to 35 cents a pound to the launches and rubber estates. The flavour is somewhat strong but not altogether unpleasant. The salt is obtained from natural deposits on the wild Pampas Sacramento.

In these and other Amazonian rivers the natives fish with a kind of bow and arrow worked by the feet. The fish are shot, and generally killed instantaneously, so expert are the fishers. The shallowness of the water enables them to be recovered when the current is not too strong. Some tribes fix their lines made of fish-gut to the arrows, and haul their catches into safety on the banks. There is, however, considerable mortality among these patient fishermen, owing to the alligators, which lay basking in the sun, or floating idly, like half-submerged logs, with the tide.

One day is so much like another that only the old voyageur can tell by sight upon the bosom of what Amazonian stream he is actually floating. Captains and pilots require a much longer life of experience than the unhealthy climate allows them to attain. Here is a typical day and scene. It is dawn (which is a relief because the mosquitoes are always more busy at night). A gleam of light tops the line of ghostly black trees, and soon the river is tinged with a pale yellowish glow. A wet ague-mist rises from the river banks and discloses

the beauty of tropical foliage ; everything looks bright, green, and full of life. The river, flooded with pearly light, flows swiftly between hazy shores, and, as the sun gains power, the fierce rays seem to draw the life-blood from all around, as they have drawn the filmy, curling white dews of night. The river is a ribbon of white-hot metal, myriads of insects buzz and hum along the banks, some venturing out to inject their malarial poison into the blood of the few white travellers, who are unprotected by the covering of copaiba oil rubbed over every part of the body by the natives. Mosquito curtains are stifling, and although of little use, except when sleeping, are often used by the Mestitzo girls because of their becoming bride-like effect. The shining water is unruffled by the faintest breeze. No sign of life is seen upon either shore, and a strange sensation of ennui and weariness is borne in upon the spirit of a wanderer among the awful mid-day silences of American Equatoria.

When the sun at last sinks behind the loftiest trees, the heat considerably decreases, and even the multifarious vegetation seems to give a sigh of relief, as the cool evening breeze ruffles the surface of the broad river and rustles amid the forest glades. Much that is lost during the heat of the day is noticed directly the cool of the early evening sets in. The high banks are invisible under their burden of green, yellow and brown. Gnarled trunks and weaker saplings are entwined

above a multi-coloured carpet of different thickness. Exquisite butterflies spend their short lives flitting from bough to bough, monkeys chatter in the trees, little puffs of bright coloured feathers fly across the clearings. A million leaves are mirrored on the waters. Beautiful beyond description is this eternal forest and boundless sea of foliage.

Man's vitality re-asserts itself, and life and energy return on the wings of the evening breeze. A call is made at the little wooden stage of a rubber estrada, and *pelles* of the dirty, grey smoked-latex are piled on board by native labourers dressed in dirty knickers and shapeless hats. After a meal, coffee and a cigar, the scene has changed again, for twilight is of short duration when only four degrees from the Equator.

The light breeze has died away, and the rising moon, a large, mellow, tropical moon, which seems to infuse a measure of warmth—throws the black forest, now hushed in the stillness of sleep, into striking contrast with the silver expanse of river. Tall palms, ghostly in their loveliness, are silhouetted against the brightening sky. All colours are subdued. No longer is the forest vivid green nor the river like molten gold, but the outlines of the luxuriant vegetation, with which nature has so lavishly clothed this region, are distinct, and the softer light reveals more seductively than the sun's glaring rays the curious enchantment of these great, silent, Amazonian forests.



Beyond the eternal frieze of trees and aquatic grass which border the main stream, it is only possible to explore with the aid of a *montaria*—a sturdy, flat-bottomed boat, with native paddlers. In these craft one may cruise up an *igarapé*, or creek, which winds for miles through the back forests, and usually loses itself in a vast swamp. It is in the early morning, when the filmy white equatorial mists obscure the dense vegetation and the forest awakens to life, that one observes most of its innermost being. Monkeys chatter, howl and whistle, when the dimmed sunlight penetrates their homes. A distant jaguar barks loudly with its mighty lungs. Parrots screech, and a breakfast party of parakeets chatter tumultuously. Herons float gracefully by with snowy wings outstretched, river dolphins rise gleaming from the olive green waters, and the air is alive with the drone of cicadas, red dragon flies, mosquitoes, and insects innumerable.

In the forest-encircled swamp at the head of the *igarapé*, alligators, large and small, blink in the strengthening sunlight, curl their tails in the air and slap the water in sinister glee. The broad leaves of the *Victoria Regia* almost cover the stagnant water, and the rank smell peculiar to all tropical forests hangs heavy in the still air. The tall trees around are festooned with creepers and vines, palms of countless varieties spread their feathery fronds out over the fetid swamp, ducks and other water fowl paddle idly about, ignoring

the murderous tail-whisks of an irritable alligator, which the passage of the *montaria* has disturbed before the accustomed hour. Pervading all, however, is an atmosphere of decay, and an arresting sense of the utter solitude of these million-mile forests.

This dead heart of South America is shared very largely by Brazil, and in lesser proportion by Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and the Guianas of England, France and Holland—often overlooked when considering the future possibilities of the Continent. There are no known landmarks dividing this enormous territory geographically. Its few white settlements are tiny oases in a desert of tropical forest, and whoever enters it from any point explores but a pathway through the tangled jungle, which only very grudgingly admits the light of day. Yet every white explorer who crosses its threshold, even by the known routes, beholds something hitherto unseen by civilised man, for so great is its area—larger than Europe or the United States—and so few the white travellers who visit it, that almost every forest glade is an untrodden path leading into the unknown.

The little town of Iquitos, 2,200 miles up the Amazon River from the Atlantic seaboard, and 1,279 miles by the route traversed in foregoing pages from Callao and Lima on the Pacific coast

lies in the very heart of Equatorial America. No reliable census of its changing population is possible, but the accepted number of its residents is 8,000, many of whom are mestizoes and natives who have adopted a more or less civilised mode of life. It is principally an adobe town with a few more solid structures, such as the Prefecture facing the river, the Hospital, Custom House, and a few of the mercantile stores. In the important matter of sanitation it is lamentably behind the times, having only a crude surface system. The drinking water comes principally from wells, but notwithstanding these disadvantages, its Equatorial position, and the forests with which it is surrounded, the general health of the community is comparatively good, owing almost entirely to its 400 feet of elevation. A pier and floating landing stage, made of the hard *Eacapi* wood, projects into the broad river, and it is curious to see a liner from Liverpool lying alongside the stage of this isolated town in the heart of the great forests. So broad and deep is the Amazon that ocean steamships can navigate on its surface for over 2,200 miles into the heart of the Continent. One can go from England to Iquitos without changing cabin.

Underlying the soil upon which the settlement stands is a broken strata of coal, which may be seen outcropping on the steep river bank. Even more interesting, however, is a bed of marine shells, which lends colour to the belief, often expressed by scientists and explorers of these

regions, that the Amazon at some remote period was an arm of the Atlantic Ocean, which, with similar gulfs now forming the La Plata and the Paraguay, made the highlands of Brazil a great tropical island. The native name for the Amazon signifies "Sea River," which may also be a description of what at one time existed, handed down through the generations who have added the syllable "river" as the geographical change occurred.

There is a pleasant hospitality awaiting the traveller who penetrates the forest from either coast to this somewhat dilapidated little settlement. It is rather the welcome of a friend from the outside than the ostentatious ceremonial attending the arrival of a traveller at a Swiss hotel or a millionaire at Palm Beach. There is a roominess about the bungalows, offices and stores—for land and mud are both cheap—which compensates for the dinginess of the furniture, and a continuous warmth in the air which makes up for the occasional attacks of malaria.

A few miles below Iquitos the Amazon is joined by the historically famous Rio Napo, traversed by Francisco de Orellana, in 1540, when he discovered the great Sea River. Here, with the main river and its tributaries running smoothly between walls of dense tropical forest, are the haunts of the *cauchero*, slave hunter, and of wild tribes of Campas, Amahuacas, Omaguas, Conibos, Mangeronas, Aguaranas, Mayorunas, Scipibos and other Indians.

These vast plains of unknown area lie on both sides of every Amazonian river, and, so far as is known, are a veritable sea of tropical growth, similar in many respects, but far less explored than the great forests of the Congo. Along the Amazon itself, the Ucayali, the Purus, the Napo and other rivers there are numerous settlements of several of the above named Indian tribes, who, although still uncivilised, are no longer actively hostile to the steady encroachments of the white man. But the depths of the forest on either hand, and right across the Continent to within a hundred miles of the Atlantic coast, hold many secrets of cruel heathen rites, slave raids, torture, poison, intertribe warfare, and mystery. The naked savages are there as wild to-day as they were a hundred years ago.

Of these natives, and the wiles of the *caucheros*, or rubber gatherers, who prey upon them in a hundred different ways, much may be learned by a few months spent with the Brazilian Native Commissioners, in the small river settlements, by plunges of long or short duration into the less accessible forests, and from the natives, half-breeds, and estrada owners themselves. A drop in the price of rubber in the European and American markets means additional hardship and even torture for many a native, man, woman, and child, away from the very narrow fringe of semi-civilisation which borders a few of the more navigable rivers.

Since the cruelties of the Putamayo were first

brought to light the Peruvian and Brazilian, as well as the governments of other states sharing the responsibility of this enormous forest area, have done much to check slave raiding, enforced labour with the penalty of torture, and other evils of half-caste and native. The expense borne by these young republics, only developed in a hundredth part of their full domain, in their efforts to bring the more accessible forests under some sort of administrative control, has been heavy. Many officers have died of malaria, fever, beasts, reptiles, starvation, the natives themselves, and even poison, trying to do their duty in the depths of the Amazonian forest.

Glance at any large scale map and note the millions of square miles with scarcely a name, beyond that of a river; compare it with one of East, West, or Central Africa to-day, and, if you possess it, also with one of tropical Africa in the eighties, and you will not fail to see that what Equatorial Africa was then Equatorial America is to-day, except that its native population has suffered greater and more persistent massacres through war and slavery, in comparison with the smaller numbers, and that its forests are more difficult of penetration, owing to the thicker undergrowth, the vast floods, the absence of native villages, the impossibility of obtaining sufficient native carriers, and the lack of stimulus caused by the absence of international rivalry. Without making an attack upon the excellent principle of





THE FRINGE OF THE GREAT AMAZON FOREST.



THE RIVERSIDE BUNGALOW OF AN AMAZONIAN INDIAN.

It consists of a platform raised above the floods on piles and protected from the equatorial rains by a thickly thatched roof.



A RUBBER GATHERER IN THE GREAT AMAZON FOREST.

the Monroe Doctrine it must be pointed out that if good comes out of evil, evil often comes out of good. The entire absence of the incentive of territorial expansion has robbed this portion of the New World of a century's advancement. Instead of an able white administration, and a consequent cleansing like that which has taken place in British Africa and in the American Panama Canal Zone, there has been but a feeble attempt by the small but enlightened coast states at settled administration along the river banks, and the development of an ever growing half-breed empire in the very heart of the golden West.

To blame the small governments which exist on the coast, seldom less than a thousand miles away, is both ignorant and futile. They have scarcely sufficient white population to administer and exploit the 3 million square miles of the coastal region, without attempting expensive adventures in the 4½ millions of square miles of unknown. Many of their pure blooded subjects are wealthy and have an openly expressed hatred of pioneering in the dense, dimly-lit forests, where death lurks behind every arbole; but those who go carry on wonderful work under impossible conditions. They should be encouraged to send their best and not their half-breeds into this war with the wilds, which, in other lands, cost England so many of her gallant sons, many hundreds of millions of gold, and over a century to overcome. These Central South American Governments welcome foreign



explorers, and do all in their power to assist them, and to break-trail themselves, but the puny efforts of man nowhere show to be as insignificant as they really are, as in the forest zone of American Equatoria, which is rapidly becoming a half-caste empire. A census taken in a few of the more accessible settlements of this region showed only ten white men to a thousand breeds.

The natives of these dark forests lose large numbers of their young girls who are stolen by the half-caste rubber gatherers, or *caucheros*, as they are called locally. Of these, scattered far and wide over immense areas entirely devoid of government and administration, this race of mestizoes has been born, and is yearly increasing in numbers. They inhabit the banks along the 20,000 miles of navigable rivers, and may be termed semi-civilised. Without their aid it is almost impossible to travel any distance in the far interior, for they rule areas as large as Scotland or Texas, enslaving the ignorant natives either openly—in the more remote parts—or under the pretext of employing them in collecting wild rubber. Their cruelty, if known in detail, would horrify the whole civilised world.

These *caucheros*, who possess constitutions inured to the hot, damp forests, a knowledge of the native tongues, and all the cunning and cruelty of the Indian combined with the vices of their depraved white forbears, are often employed by the owners of estradas as overseers of gangs of natives engaged

in collecting the rubber in distant forests, and sometimes it happens that the cruelty of one of these men only becomes known to the estrada owner years later. The Indians are often paid quite good wages but die like flies of malaria, exposure, and ill-treatment. A large proportion are women and children. Missionaries there are who do all that is humanly possible, as well as much that is superhuman, but here, too, care has to be exercised, for many a mestitzo, who devoutly crosses himself in superstitious fear, cloaked under religion, at the sight of a crucifix, tortures, amputates, flogs, outrages, and raids, when away from the watery ribbons of civilisation.

It cannot be denied that these *caucheros* are often exceedingly brave, daily risking death in a variety of hideous forms, such as by snake bite, spider sting, in the crushing coils of a bôa constrictor, in the jaws of alligators and jaguars, by the wasting disease beri-beri, the paroxysms of ague, the fever of malaria, the horrors of the black vomit, the poisoned darts of savage tribes, and slow starvation in semi-dark forests. They invariably live by tapping the wild rubber trees in the immense areas of the little-known jungle, and by organized slave raids for rubber collection. If this is allowed to continue—and to repress it now in these inaccessible regions and in face of the silent opposition of thousands of half-breeds would be extremely difficult—the pure Indian races will disappear even more rapidly than has hitherto been the case.

In their place will come an erratic tempered, treacherous, unmoral, and cruel half-caste nation of Equatorial America ; a continual menace to the high civilisation of the coasts. The comparatively low price of rubber in the markets of Europe and North America during recent years has done more than anything else to destroy the incentive for slave-raiding and enforced labour in the Amazonian forests. The *caucheros* can no longer afford to spend months in the forest tapping the wild trees which are often a quarter of a mile apart, and many of the plantations have closed down. The unemployment in many parts of tropical Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia, has consequently been very great, and the dangers of the mestitzo population are beginning to be realised.



## CHAPTER III

### STRANGE NATIVES OF THE FOREST TWILIGHT

A LARGE yellow tropical moon sheds its mysterious light over the chaos of dark forest. Tall ghostly palms, raised above the surrounding sea of black foliage by some rise of the invisible ground beneath, are silhouetted against the luminous indigo of the tropic night. Far and wide from the summit of the low, jungle-covered hill forming the post of observation stretch the great Amazonian forests, lonely, black and still.

The multitudinous calls of monkey, parrot and jaguar, have died away with the sinking of the sun, and only the low drone of insects breaks the almost painful silence. It is borne in upon the wanderer that he stands gazing out over one of the great and unknown regions of the earth. At his back, along the river, there may be a spot or two of semi-civilisation and around the distant coasts of the sub-continent a fringe of busy commercial life, but ahead lies the real South America ; the land which still awaits the explorer, the pioneer, and the maker of nations, to awaken it from its primordial sleep.

Away beyond where the tangled sea of dark

foliage is lost to vision in the shadows of night lie two million square miles of unmapped country. In those dim forests dwell races of Indians whose very being is still obscure. But civilisation slowly advances her frontiers, and out beyond the busy fighting line are its scouts and trail breakers with their camps in the wilderness. The green hill, looking black in the moonlight, and around which the forest stretches in a billowy haze, is in North-Western Brazil, and the camp beneath the tall trees has been named *Villa Uapes*. It is a newly established "Attraction Post" of the Brazilian Government Indian Protection Service, and a lighted tent between the dim arbores alone proclaims where civilisation begins.

In the daytime the sounds of the great forest, with its teeming fauna, are many and varied, but at night all is still and the few white men and native interpreters of the Post awake to life and activity. Suddenly, the quietude of the forest is broken by a weird cry from the crow's-nest in a lofty tree above the lighted tent. Nothing moves, and the stillness becomes oppressive. Again the curiously piercing cry rings out in the still night air, and so, like a lighthouse flashing its message over a stormy ocean, the call of friendship goes forth from this outpost of civilisation to the wild tribes in the forest around.

The officers in the tent below are Brazilians, but the "muezzin" of the crow's-nest is a native interpreter, and the call is in the dialect of the tribes

around. It is not a centre of trickery or massacre, but one of several "Attraction Posts" along the frontier of barbarism, the latest device for getting into friendly touch with the shy but savage Indians of the real South America, of which Brazil alone has, according to estimates, considerably over a million still in the wild state.

The Indian Protection Service was formed by Brazil in 1910, and the vast areas of unsurveyed forest and plain which form the greater part, and at the same time the dormant wealth of this fine nation of the New World, were divided, roughly, into ten sections. To each of these an inspector and staff was appointed. These courageous and humane officials made their way into remote regions, often hundreds of miles from civilisation, and commenced the long task of establishing friendly relations with savages either hitherto almost unknown or else regarded as hopelessly intractable by the few white men who had come across them in the fastness of the forest. One of the first achievements was the pacification of the Kaniganis, who inhabit the hinterland of São Paulo. This tribe, one of the most fierce in Brazil, had on many occasions attacked the gangs of workmen engaged in the construction of the North-Western of Brazil Railway. And this is how the pacification was accomplished.

A *picada*, or rough path, was opened through the virgin forest as far as the River Feis, on the banks of which "Attraction Posts" were established and

stocked with objects both useful and ornamental, such as would be likely to arouse the curiosity or cupidity of a primitive people. Little by little suspicion and defiance yielded to these attractions, and finally the Indians arrived in groups, bringing presents and provisions for the camp at Ribeirão dos Patos, where Kanigani interpreters from the Paraná region succeeded in convincing them of the friendliness of the white men.

In other camps along the borders of the unknown land tall hollow trees were fitted with steps and a crow's-nest built at the highest point. From this elevation, towards evening, interpreters cried aloud through the stillness of the forest messages of peace and amity. Another device employed in the huge forest state of Matto Grosso, among the savage Rhambiquaras, Parexis, Iranches, and other tribes, was to cut lanes through the undergrowth leading to the camp of the Protection Service, and every half-mile or so along these well-defined trails to hang presents on the trees together with brief messages in native characters explaining the object of the white man's mission and the presence of more useful gifts closer in towards the camp. In many cases months would elapse before the curiously timid but nevertheless fierce natives appeared within view of the camp. Hundreds of presents were stolen during the hours of darkness, but no reprisals were made, only messages were left stating that there was no necessity for secrecy when approaching the gift-trees, as what they held

were merely samples of the white man's works offered to the Indians in return for friendship and trust.

So remarkably successful were these methods that within a year from the establishment of the Posts, these same Indians were employed in guarding the long overland telegraph line connecting Matto Grosso with the Amazonian Waterways. Had the erection of this line been commenced before the friendly intentions of the Brazilian pioneers had been definitely established, a hundred military posts would not have prevented these wild tribes of the almost impenetrable forest from destroying it as fast as it was put up, and many of the white engineers and their transport columns would inevitably have fallen victims to the silent but peculiarly deadly poisoned dart.

In the State of Goyaz, along the banks of the Araguaya and the Tocantins, where dwell the fierce Javahes, the skilful users of the poisoned javelin, music was employed in the effort at peaceful penetration. In the stillness of the night the wails of the viola would float over the dark forest. Natives in their cunningly-concealed tree-villages would awake with a start, and listen to the new and wonderful bird. Then curiosity would be aroused and they would track the sound until in a moonlit clearing a group of pale bronze naked forms would collect round the tree, from high up in the branches of which the sacred and wonderful bird wailed forth its plaintive song. Then came something which

sent these child-like warriors wriggling like snakes through the thick undergrowth into the shelter of the taller trees, where all was blackness. The bird had ceased its song and had spoken a message in the Javahe tongue. It was of white men in a camp and of presents of beads, cloth, and food, which awaited the coming of the Javahes in friendship and peace to their pale-face neighbours. The story of the strange happenings was passed from one to another, but the medicine men feared the loss of their power and counselled caution, while they investigated this new god who dwelt with the parrot and the monkey. Then, when the music again floated over the forest old and young among the prophets collected stealthily round the tree. The zip! zip! zip! of javelins and darts mingled with the wails of the viola, branches fell to the ground cut off by the sharp points, monkeys chattered, birds awoke, and the song ceased. High up in the fortified crow's-nest the interpreter and the white officer waited until all was quiet once more and then through a megaphone, directed far out over the forest, the message of friendship to chief, medicine man and lowly brave, was called aloud. The former were invited to come to the white man's camp and see for themselves all the good things which awaited the Javahes, and which would be distributed only through the chiefs and holy men.

The perseverance of the white messengers of peace slowly overcame the inherent distrust of the Indians



and the Posts were moved further out into the great forest sea of the South American wilderness. In northern Minas Geraes and southern Bahia, with the Pojichas and the Patachos, and in the interior of the latter state with the Kamakau tribes, similar means were adopted and peace came after centuries of warfare and extermination. All this was, however, not accomplished without loss of life from the fevers of the jungles, wild beasts, and camps surrounded, rushed, and the pioneers massacred by tribes worked into a frenzy by medicine men who detected in this new move a plan to rob them of their power and to destroy the horrible practice of heathen rites and cannibalism. But for every failure there have been a hundred successes. So great is the area of the real South America—the little known centre of forest, river and plain—that many years must, however, elapse before civilisation will extend in an uninterrupted line from ocean to ocean.

When peace has been established in any given area stringent measures are adopted to protect the friendly tribes against the exploitation of unscrupulous traders. Agricultural implements are provided, instruction in various branches of cultivation is given, and the raw material for various small industries supplied in order that the Indians may gradually become entirely self-supporting. Until this takes place, however, they are not left to relapse into barbarism, but are provided with necessities and taught simple crafts.

The Timbiras and Umbus tribes of Maranhão have recently been brought within the pale of civilisation, and further north, in the Amazon Valley, the cannibal tribes of Jenapiris have been "attracted" and given agricultural implements. At São Jeronymo, in the neighbouring State of Para, there are now several native villages inhabited by the once intractable Guaranis and Kaniganis. Previously these tribes were deadly enemies of the white man and of each other, but they now live in adjoining villages. Further south, in Bahia, large tracts of land have been cleared for the cultivation of cereals, and all along Brazil's frontier, with the vast unexplored tropical interior, Indian reserves have been instituted as in the United States.

The advance guards of civilisation are yearly penetrating further and further into the great dead heart of the Continent, but the influence of the half-breed race, especially in the more inaccessible regions is seldom used to pacify or ameliorate the lot of the Indians; and the enormous areas of dark forest compared with the narrow strip of civilised coast—which to the uninitiated signifies all that is worth regarding as South America—makes the extension of white influence extremely slow and difficult. The caucheros have massacred, enslaved, outraged, and frightened the natives for so many years that even the wiles of the Brazilian "Father Christmas" can only aid but very slowly the march of civilisation. In southern Venezuela and Colombia eastern Ecuador and Peru, north-western Paraguay,

eastern Bolivia, central Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, and western Brazil, little, or nothing, beyond a few isolated mission stations, is yet being attempted. Before many years have passed, however, the heralds of the Equatorial forests will call their messages of peace from the lofty trees of the most remote jungles of this queer land.

To give here a long list of unpronounceable names of Indian tribes inhabiting the dead heart of South America would serve no useful purpose. There are many tribes dwelling in the dense forests of the tropical zone, others are nomadic, and, in most cases, their hostility to the white man depends upon whether they roam the banks of the accessible rivers, and are thus brought into touch with all that there is of civilisation in these wilds, or whether their habitat is removed, even by a few leagues, from the thread-like fluvial highways. In the latter case they must always be considered hostile until their friendliness has been proved.

Let the explorer of these leafy solitudes be wary of treachery. The method of attack preferred by the Amazonian savage somewhat resembles that so frequently adopted in the past by the Ashantis. Lanes are cut through the thick undergrowth, and as the exploring party, or their vitally necessary transport, advances, it is met by an

unexpected shower of slender, poisoned darts, which continues until a searching rifle fire has driven the natives into the shelter of the almost impenetrable forest.

Their blow-pipes are made from the stems of small palms. The soft pith is cleaned out, leaving a smooth polished bore. The curve, if any, is counteracted by pushing one tube inside another. These weapons are used for hunting as well as war, and are usually about twelve feet in length. Education in its use from childhood makes these savages very accurate in their aim, and human or animal enemies can be killed up to a distance of about 150 feet. Its value to the forest dweller is great because long range warfare or hunting is seldom possible owing to the thick undergrowth, while its silence enables the attacker to get several shots at his victim before his presence is suspected, and even then the direction from which the darts are coming is difficult to discover in the semi-dark forest glades.

The poison used for tipping the darts is usually curare, the highly concentrated and congealed sap of the Mavacure creeper, or a concoction made from the poisonous Manioc. Its effect on the human body is to produce catalepsy, rigidity, and death.

Nearly all these tribes use the *tunday*, or hollow tree trunk, perforated with holes like a tin-whistle. It is held upright by a grass thong tied to a bough, and is secured at the lower end by a stake driven into the earth. Sound Waves of different into-

nation are created by striking this curious appliance with a stick. These can be heard for many miles, and are the tocsins of battle.

Several of the tribes inhabiting the Amazon Valley are head-hunters, and they possess the secret of how to reduce proportionately the severed head of a victim until it becomes a permanent trophy only a few inches in height and circumference. This is done by sand, hot stones, and a chemical compound, all of which are inserted into the skull after it has been cleaned out, but neither features nor hair are damaged in the process, and the result is ghastly in the extreme. The trophy, reduced to the size of a model, still wears the horrible expression of violent death on the sunken, bloodless face, the black hair is abnormally thick and bunched up, owing to the contraction of the surface of the head, and the dried skin of the neck has peeled back where it was severed from the trunk. The lips are usually sewn up with fibre.

Among other horrible practices of these savages is the elongation of the ears by weights, the piercing of the lower and upper lip with ivory, the suspension of the mother by a cord to a tree during child-birth, the performance of repulsive embraces between bride and bridegroom in view of the whole tribe, as part of the marriage ceremony, and the curious cult of Juripari—a species of devil-god worship, which includes various obscenities. These rites are, however, performed in private, with a screen of scouts in the forest around.

When a girl of the tribe attains the age of puberty she is immediately shut up alone in one of the queer conical huts in which these natives live, and is fed daily with a little manioc and water. In the meantime all the eligible youths of the tribe are assembled and the girl is promised to the one offering the best present of game, fish, curare, or feather hammock. When the bridegroom has been finally chosen the girl is lead from her temporary prison and, in the presence of the whole tribe, is bound naked to a tree and flogged with whips of grass cord in which sharp stones have been plaited. This barbarous proceeding is accompanied by the blowing of conches and the beating of sticks on hollow tree trunks. Then the medicine men command the supposed evil spirit to leave the girl and enter the stake to which she is tied, simultaneously cutting the thongs holding her bleeding body to the upright post. A wild cry goes up from the tribe when the girl falls forward in a faint, as it is looked upon as a good sign, so evil was the demon driven out by the flogging that the new spirit of docility needs time before it enters its life-long home. The unfortunate damsel is carried away, her wounds washed, and the bridegroom is informed that she has been freed of evil.

The women dance round the stake, against which branches are heaped in readiness for the return of the bridegroom, who appears about an hour later bearing a flaming torch. After apostrophising the demon who would have harmed the girl he





# CONIBOS INDIANS.

A semi-civilised tribe of the great forests on the Peruvian-Brazilian Frontier.



# RIVER INDIANS OF THE PERUVIAN MONTAÑA.



THE SON AND DAUGHTER OF AN AMAZONIAN CHIEF.  
The facial disfigurements, or tribal marks, are clearly shown.



NATIVES SHOOTING FISH  
On the banks of the Ucayali, a tributary of the Peruvian Amazon.

desired to marry, he lights the dry twigs placed around, and burns demon and post to the accompaniment of frenzied dancing, the blowing of horns, the rattle of a kind of tom-tom, and, incidentally, low moans of agony from the tortured girl-bride.

In colour of skin all these tribes of the tropical zone vary from brown to the palest bronze, with almost European features, except for the high cheek bones and curious eyes. Their clothing varies from the ornamented shirt of the Campas Indians of the Pampa Sacramento, in Peru, the necklaces, composed of the teeth and claws of the jaguar and alligator, worn by the women of the Amahuacas, who roam the banks of the Ucayali, the totally naked and war-like tribes of the Madre de Dios, in Bolivia, who decorate their bodies with coloured dyes tattooed into the skin, to the tiny apron, or *guayuco*, of all the Venezuelan, Colombian and Brazilian Indians. Their ranchos are conical reed huts in which families of twenty or thirty live a communal existence. The young women do all the camp work while the young braves are out either hunting or fighting. With the exception of tending the small patches of cultivated ground the elders of the tribe live a life of utter laziness.

On the banks of the Orinoco, in the little-known territory around the sacred mountain of Sipapo, in Venezuela, there dwells a race of very light-coloured Indians who were once thought to be white. These are the Piaroa tribe, who jealously guard their mountain from the prying eyes of white men.

Occasionally members of these tribes come into the settlement of Atures, to exchange their *curare* and forest wares for tools and guns. They are almost as pale as the Chinese, and although partially clothed when they approach civilisation go about entirely naked in their remote forest retreats. Those on guard at night on the slopes of the sacred mountain decorate their bodies with a phosphorescent paint obtained from a kind of glow worm. They make a weird sight in the dark recesses of these distant forests. The children of this tribe are betrothed at the age of five or six, and thenceforward live in the hut of their respective father-in-law. They believe, like other Amazonian tribes, that the strength of an enemy who has been killed is obtained by whoever eats the body. Their religious belief is a kind of ancestor worship coupled with the transmigration of souls. Sipapo, their sacred mountain, appears from the distance to be a huge burial ground.

Further north, on the Goajira Peninsula of the Venezuelan and Colombian coast, is the curious little native kingdom of the Goajiros, a race of war-like horsemen. Military pickets of the Venezuelan Army prevent white men from entering this domain, and traders come from all parts of the country to do a bartering business along the frontier. Many of these natives own large herds of cattle, and are comparatively wealthy. They are sun worshippers and are of Carib descent. The men all carry modern fire-arms, but, while



in their own villages, go about naked except for the *guayuco*. Each village has its *Cacique*, or chief, but all acknowledge the leadership of the King, who lives in Tunja, and the spiritual supremacy of the representative of the sun who resides in the village of Iraca. One of their curious beliefs is that after death the spirit remains near its dwelling for twenty-four hours. Vigorous massage is employed for the cure of all ailments, and, judging from the fact that these natives are physically far superior to all others of the South American tropics, and that they are not decreasing in numbers nearly so fast as many of the other tribes, it would certainly seem beneficial. Very little is, however, known of their customs or religious rites.

Among the little-known Carijonas Indian tribes of the Caquetá region of Colombia, situated about 350 miles N.E. of Iquitos, above the Scharé Falls and adjoining the notorious Putamayo district, a curious potion is made from a plant called yagé, which grows wild and in considerable abundance in the thick and unhealthy forest. Preparations of yagé have not only proved beneficial in cases of beri-beri, now known to be a deficiency disease, due to extreme anæmia—very prevalent in the Amazonian jungles—but they have also the curious effect of placing anyone who takes them in a condition in which full consciousness is lost and the subconscious mind is thus open to receive telepathic communication !

This may sound incredible, but there is considerable evidence that such is the case, and more than one pharmacologist and medical man have vouched for its accuracy. The first discovery was made in 1912 by Dr. R. Z. Bayon, who penetrated into this difficult region and actually prepared the yagé mixture used by the savage Carijonas Indians and their medicine men. He experimented with it upon himself and upon sufferers from beri-beri, curing all those who took it; and in order to prove its telepathic effects Colonel C. Morales, commanding the military forces in a near-by district, volunteered for the experiment, and Dr. Bayon has publicly reported that his patient immediately became conscious of the death of his father and the illness of a sister living in another part of the Republic, and divided by hundreds of miles of impenetrable forest. The Doctor adds that Col. Morales was very weak at the time through lack of proper food and that he was of a nervous and intelligent disposition. It was a month later that a courier reached the outpost of civilization in which the experiment took place bearing letters containing the news of the death and the illness at the time stated by Col. Morales in the subconscious state. Dr. Bayon calls the crude precipitates he then used "Telepatina," and commends this mysterious plant to explorers and scientists in these regions.

The Carijonas Indians, who are supposed to number about 50,000, manufacture a kind of beverage



with a bluish tinge from the climbing plant they refer to as yagé, and of which there appears to be four varieties, all with similar characteristics. The medicine men make highly concentrated solutions by evaporation. Although called by the generic name of "Carijonas," these natives really belong to many different tribes, each of which has a dialect of its own, but they all agree as to the use and physiological effects of this mysterious drug.

Apparently it first dims the vision and sensibilities, causing everything seen in the physis state to be of a bluish colour. Madness follows—whether through continued imbibing or as a result of the first dose has not yet been established—and in the delirium of the insane state men imagine themselves to be beasts of the forests; often living for days alone in the thick undergrowth and tearing to pieces anyone who approaches them. This may, quite conceivably, be due to its effects on the savage mind. In later stages the victim becomes semi-cataleptic, but is able to describe events of which he can never have seen or heard in full consciousness. European cities, music, and current events, have been pictured in detail unprovided for by the meagre vocabulary of the native dialects, and only possible of communication with the aid of rough drawings.

Among the white and half-caste *caucheros*, or rubber-gatherers, who roam these forests many have become addicted to this curious dope, partly because it dulls their sensibility to pain and hunger,

and affords relief from beri-beri, but also because of the psychological effects, which they describe as enabling them to live far away from the dim forests, among friends and loved ones, and to see all that goes on in the civilised world. In this connection it is instructive to note that many of the savages of the Upper Amazon Valley are anthropophagous, believing they obtain the physical strength of those they eat, others hold the opinion that the spirit after death dwells in the body of the nearest or dearest relative or friend, co-existent with the spirits of departed ancestors, hence the unaccountable promptings which the living receive, and the formation of family and even tribal character. All this would seem to point to some connection, before the dawn of written history, with the Chinese, and the ancient cult of ancestor worship.

Later pages will show the similarity of some of the psychological effects of yagé to those produced by the *marihuana* of the Central American Indian ; and it is as well to bear in mind that the coca used by the Aymara Indians of the Bolivian highlands for unknown centuries now yields the "white snow" of science and civilised debauchery, that yerba maté is a curiously sustaining beverage far more beneficial than injurious, and that there are other equally as queer products already known to exist in these mysterious forests.

So shy of civilised man are the Indians of the Amazon region that only those who have been

forcibly brought into contact with civilisation will have any dealings with either explorers or merchants beyond the acceptance of gifts and the occasional purchase of absolute necessities. Hundreds die annually in reach of medical attention which they refuse to summon or visit. Neither do they live in large communities, preferring the small tribe and the remote forest. One might travel far through the Amazonian forest, making herculean efforts with machete and hunting knife, and yet see no sign of the slim, bronze body of a native, unless an attack was in progress or premeditated, and even then showers of barbed darts would clip the boughs of trees, quiver in the trunks, and hiss past, long before the sharpest eyes could catch a glimpse of the attackers. Along the banks of the navigable streams there is, however, but little danger from this source. On the upper reaches of the little-explored rivers and when making a traverse through remote forests it is nevertheless an ever-present possibility.

Among the millions of different species of trees and plants in these vast forests there are many of commercial value, such as the rubber (*seringa* and *caucho*), *copaiba*, clove, *quina*, *guarana*, wild ginger *ipecacuanha*, vanilla, *sarsparilla*, tonquin bean, *cumuru*, *papau* (yielding a kind of pepsine), cedar, mahogany, ironwood, and numerous others, to merely mention the names of which would occupy many pages. The flora includes thousands of different species, from the orchid

to the broad leaves and beautiful flowering masses of the *Victoria Regia*; and the dim green roof and walls are gay with humming birds, parrots, parakeets and others of exquisite plumage. Among the animal denizens must be mentioned the great tamandua, or ant-eater which sleeps with its long sticky tongue among the grass in the vicinity of the giant ant-heaps, the jaguar, tapir, sloth, and monkeys of endless variety, including the tiny marmoset and the long-limbed spider monkey. Of reptiles there is, first and foremost, the great boa-constrictor, snakes of several varieties, scorpions, centipedes, alligators, iguanas, electric eels whose bloodsucking habits create the feeling of an electric shock in the victim, and the invaluable Amazonian tortoise. Along the banks of almost every river are evidences of this, the largest creature of its kind in the world, which forms a staple food of the dwellers by Amazonian streams.

These tortoises, which are often called turtles, still abound in millions, and yield not only flesh but also shells which serve the natives for domestic utensils. The eggs, too, are eaten, and, in addition, are collected for the oil they contain. This guileless animal lays its eggs in the wet, steaming sand of the river-islands and bars as soon as these appear above the surface after the great floods. The natives, knowing of this regular habit, maintain a ceaseless vigil on the rivers during the laying period, and rake out the eggs from the large holes in the sand which serve the tortoise as a nest.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE MYSTERIES OF EL GRAN CHACO

AMONG the unknown people of darkest America must be included the wild nomadic tribes of El Gran Chaco, another dead region lying to the south of the great Equatorial forests. These were the Indians who, in the middle of the 16th Century, strangled their children, almost obliterating the race, rather than allow them to become the slaves and playthings of the Spanish *Encomenderos*—licensed by Philip II to reduce these unfortunate natives to obedience and forced labour.

They are nearly all of the great *Guarani* tribe, which for centuries has inhabited the geographical centre of the Sub-Continent. Some of them are still anthropophagous, not to appease hunger, for few if any of the South American savages were purely cannibalistic, but as an accessory of sacrificial right. Their religion was a pure animism, or belief in an unseen presence controlling everything, but apparently there were few good spirits or deities, every rite or ceremony being to propitiate some evil being, the sun alone being the exception to this general rule. Tribes further south slept

with their feet towards the East to prevent them, when awake, from straying into dangerous paths. Many, in the more accessible regions along the few navigable rivers have, however, been semi-civilised by the efforts of missionaries, since the time of the "Reductions," when the Jesuits went among them by order of the King of Spain, and succeeded in preventing some of the worst abuses of the *Encomenderos*. The ruins of massive wooden churches are still to be seen in many parts of the Chaco.

Near to the Guayra Falls, the largest in the world, there are the remains of these dead cities of the Jesuit Missions. To-day, however, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of a small band of English men and women missionaries, the forests and plains of El Gran Chaco, especially along the Bolivian frontier, are quite unsafe for white men. Roving bands of very hostile Indians attack explorers, even when armed and equipped on an expeditionary scale. Much that occurred in Texas, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and New Mexico, when the prairie schooners of the pioneers were crossing the Continent to California, could be reproduced in the northern Chaco—the Wild West of to-day.

El Gran Chaco is somewhat of a mystery. Its area, topography, and inhabitants, are practically unknown. Until recent years it was thought to be an uninhabitable land of vast swamps and gigantic pythons, but recent explorations in South-Eastern



Bolivia, North-Western Paraguay, and along the West-South-Western borders of Brazil, have disclosed the fact that much of this vast semi-tropical region, although the home of the swamp-loving python, is covered by wonderful palm-groves, forests of hard wood and open pampas, with a, by no means, unhealthy climate. Its estimated area in the three countries owning portions of it, is about 280,000 square miles. Cattle ranches are scattered along its southern borders, but the interior is still shrouded in mystery. It is the home of the osprey and the curious lone-wolf, an animal which has never been known to live in captivity.

Taken generally the Indians of the Chaco are of a very low type. Along the frieze of civilisation, in Paraguay, they dwell in ranchos, composed of one large hut, in which live men, women and children, regardless of sex and age. The nomadic tribes of the interior wear only the small apron, and sometimes decorate their bodies with brilliant hued dyes and tattooed designs of beasts and reptiles. Their skin is the colour of lacquered bronze and their faces are generally somewhat flat and cruel looking. They are expert archers, and invariably go about armed with rifles obtained in Bolivia and Paraguay. Those who dwell in the remote interior, however, possess only bows, arrows, and poisoned spears, stuck handily in the waist-belt supporting the kilt-like apron.

The principal river of this region is the Pilco-

mayo, which often overflows its banks and floods vast areas of the flat and low-lying Chaco, which is generally considered to have once formed the bed of an inland sea. One of the drawbacks of this great plain is the absence of a constant water supply, for although floods are common near the rivers rain is uncertain over wide areas. Another disadvantage, when considering the possibilities of the country for cattle-breeding, is the entire absence of roads and the presence in the interior of at least 100,000 hostile Indians. The Pilcomayo is navigable from its junction with the broad and beautiful Paraguay to the Estero Patino, at which point it becomes utterly demoralised by low-lying swamps, mud-flats, grass, and jungle, forming one of the largest python-swamps on the American Continent.

In the Chaco occurs a phenomenon so remarkable as to be quite incredible to anyone who has not actually witnessed it. During the occasional but very heavy rains to which portions of this little-known territory are subject small fish of about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches in length apparently descend from the clouds, and in the puddles and larger ponds, made in a few minutes by the semi-tropical deluges, fish of from 4 to 10 inches in length are found swimming about. No river or permanent water is to be found anywhere in the vicinity, and the ponds soon turn into mud and dry up altogether.

It is, however, a strange land, for broad streams which have made their way down from the distant

Andean snows, here, without the slightest cause, suddenly burrow underground, re-appearing hundreds of miles distant. This has been suggested as the explanation of the former phenomena. The fish are supposed to somehow make their way up through hundreds of feet of earth, from the subterranean streams for the sole purpose of quickly dying of thirst on the hot and parched surface.

If this was the only explanation some hesitation might be felt in recording such an impossible story, but the truth comes from distant Burma, where a similar phenomenon occurs. The studies of naturalists supply the answer. The fish belong to the *Ophio-cephalous* species, which is distinguished by breathing the air direct instead of obtaining the necessary supplies from water by means of gills. They die when unable to obtain air by frequently rising to the surface, and can exist for months in dry mud. Pools, which completely disappear during the dry weather, swarm with these curious fish when refilled by the rain. The natives of the Chaco wait until the water has subsided and then dig into the soft mud in order to obtain them.

Some of the unexplained curiosities of the Chaco are the arrowheads of pure crystal occasionally found, copper rods and plates, and pottery fashioned into the semblance of both birds and beasts. The latter is generally considered to be modern, but the origin of the former curios is quite unknown. In the dense forests of the extreme north-west,

where the temperature often rises to 110°F. in the shade, a peculiarity is the guayacu tree, from which is obtained a fruit containing a rich aromatic powder, conveniently inclosed in a neat box-like shell. It is known only to the Indians of the Andean foothills, where they descend to the Chaco on the borders of Bolivia, who prize it for the beautiful perfume, although it can also be used as a food. The native name is háku-guayácca, meaning, "box of flour." This curious product seldom finds its way across the Chaco, and is only to be met with among the Indians of South-Eastern Bolivia.

The Chaco has no cities, towns or villages, except Villa Hayes, 18 miles above Asunción, the Capital of the little inland Republic of Paraguay, and Villa Occidental, both situated in the narrow civilised belt. Asunción, facing the broad river Paraguay, is quite a pleasant, modern little town, with a remarkably healthy climate but very mediocre hotels. Until quite recently its speciality has been particularly fierce revolutionary outbreaks, one of which produced an interesting international comedy.

In August 1911 three mystery ships lay at their moorings at Barrow-in-Furness and Gravesend. They were the good ships "Arizona," "Foam Queen," and "Salop." It was popularly supposed in England that they were intended either for the Portuguese Royalists or the Mexican or Chinese insurgents. When, however, these little

vessels of only a few hundred tons burden arrived suddenly in the broad river Paraguay they turned the scale in a long series of revolutions, and enabled General Gondra to beat the forces of President Liberto Rojas. What was said about them in Asunción and elsewhere is better left untold. There are at least three sides to every South American political question.

Far away from civilisation in the semi-tropical forests of the Alta-Paraná, on the frontier of Paraguay and Brazil, lay the Guayrá Falls, the cataract which, in volume of water and inspiring grandeur, eclipses Niagara and the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. From whatever point Guayrá is approached several hundred miles of almost unknown, growth-encumbered country has to be traversed with pack-animals and armed arrearos before the thunder of the great waters rumbles through the silent forest. Then for two days the sound increases in volume, until at last a heavy white mist rises from the chaos of forest and rock. It is the rain-smoke of La Guayrá.

The Rio Paraná, when expanded by the junction of the Rio Grande and the Paranahyba to a breadth of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and flowing swiftly between black rocky banks covered with rough jungle, suddenly encounters a spine of the Maracaju Ridge, which forces the river to reduce its breadth to only 70 yards on the very brink of a series of rocky precipices some 60 feet deep. The angry waters pile

up in ridges and lofty waves of foam beat against the ledges of basalt, ride over portions of the bank but are forced back, and then plunge over in seven cascades of greater volume than Niagara, and swirl off amid clouds of mist and spray through a rocky gorge into the black forest.

Niagara is impressive, but organised and garden-like, while Guayrá is wild and gives the impression of a storm-tossed ocean. Its very inaccessibility lends glamour to what is undoubtedly one of the most wonderful scenes in the world. Near by is the inevitable forest of perpetual rain. The wind being constant in its southerly direction blows the spray over a misty mass of dark green trees. Danger lurks in the reeking aisles of this fog-enveloped jungle, for it harbours a curious variety of snakes including a giant python.

All around the Falls stretches the South American unknown—inhabitable forest, rock and pampas, inhabited by hostile Indians who refer to the great cataract as “The Thunder of the Gods.” The sky above La Guayrá, for some curious reason, is seldom clear of threatening clouds, and terrible thunderstorms, which often last for hours, cause the Heavens to blaze from horizon to zenith, but the roar of the waters drowns the roll of the thunder. When these storms occur, which local Indians describe as very frequent, the scene becomes inexpressibly wild and dreary. The wet mist from the Falls and the sliding haze of the deluge seem to rob the forest of its relieving green. It becomes





A SYLVAN PARADISE.

A miniature waterfall in the Great Amazon Forest.



A MOTHERS' MEETING AMONG THE CHUNCHO INDIANS OF THE UPPER  
AMAZON FORESTS.



A CHUNCHO VILLAGE.

a study in black and white, the black of rocks and trees and the white streaks of the foaming water. There is something uncanny about these Falls, and the few white men who have visited them, seldom stay long in the vicinity. Whether it is the perpetual roar, the sombre forest, the white mist, the terrible storms, the pythons, or the bronze-bodied Indians, is a question which cannot be satisfactorily answered, but after a few hours gazing at the terrible chaos and exploring in the dripping forests, there is borne in upon the wanderer a queer hatred of this desolate region. A desire, amounting almost to panic, not to spend a second night within full sound of the crashing waters, where all is noise and motion yet nothing seems to alter or be possessed of life.

This curious sensation has been accounted for by the days of silence spent in the forests before the Falls are reached. Medical men attribute it to the continual jarring of strained nerves. Seasoned wanderers give as their opinion that the anæmia, or beri-beri of the forests is the true reason. However this may be, even the natives seem to shun this war of the waters, birds are few in the immediate vicinity, and only the python seems unaffected by the mist and thunder which penetrates the deepest recesses of the almost dark and boundless jungles.

Further to the south are the Falls of the Iguazu, 300 miles due east of Asunción, reached by horse-

back over pampas and through primeval forest alive with monkeys, birds and wild pigs. Who would not be a sundowner in the Paraguayan Wilds? The climate is healthy although semi-tropical, the days brilliant under skies of blue, and the nights cool and starlit. Out past the Australian Socialist Colony, founded about 1890 and still lifeless, omnipotent and almost a failure, by tree-road and savannah, through picturesque Paraguayan villages encircling tiny greens with quaint timber churches, possessing coveted antique bells, to where all pretence of civilisation ends and broken forests, gorgeous in their primitive colours, lead to where the smoking falls of the "Great Water" divide Paraguay and Brazil from Misiones—the Argentine Mesopotamia.

All around is a region of forests and rapids. Near to Iguazu are minor cascades including the great Victoria Falls of the Rio Paraná. Across the Brazilian Frontier, in the State of Parana, may be seen the curious pine tree (*Araucaria brasilienses*), which rises from the ground to a height of 60–90 feet before a single branch leaves the naked stem. Then, like a giant candelabra, the branches curve outwards and upwards, ending in tufts of dark green leaves. Dotted singly over the wild and broken landscape they give it a queer, unfamiliar appearance, quite unlike the great pine forests in the north of the Continent.

There are three other curiosities of this State, which has a fine, healthy and semi-tropical climate.



One is the forest of maté, about which much has been said in an earlier chapter, and another is the mysterious *Sambaquys*, or artificial hills, like the *Kjkknmoddings* of Denmark, representing the work of many generations. They are practically the only known relics of a prehistoric race in this part of South America. They are believed to have been "accumulated in the fishing seasons by the aborigines, during a long series of years." Among them have been found stone implements and skulls of ferocious aspect. Very little is really known regarding these remains, and although situated quite off the beaten track they would doubtless well repay the attention of antiquarians.

The third curiosity of the Paraná region is the *Villa Velha*, or old village. A square mile of red sandstone monoliths, partially covered by low bush. It is generally considered to be an old quarry, and, at certain points, the stones reach a height of 300 feet, resembling towers and curious pinnacles. Its appearance from a distance, is that of an abandoned city. Practically nothing is known concerning its origin.

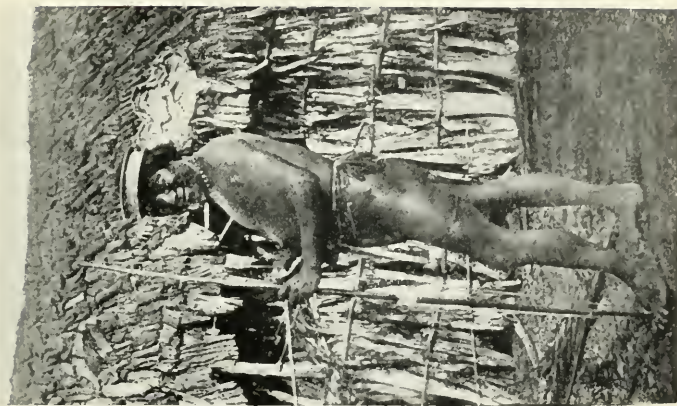
## CHAPTER V

### THE LAND OF THE BROAD HORIZON

THE Pampa of Argentina is the land of the wide horizon. Almost as flat as a billiard table and practically devoid of natural trees, or bushes of any size, it is the southern extension of the forest-covered Brazilian interior and El Gran Chaco. A region of varied climate and boundless possibilities. It leans against the Andes on one side and the economically developed Argentine littoral on the other; and extends from the semi-tropical north to the Antarctic south, in wild and windy Patagonia. Beyond an occasional ridge and many useful rivers there are but few breaks in this enormous stretch of prairie land.

“Provinces” and “Territories” are but politics in disguise, and can therefore be ignored, for this is the *pampa grande*, not the little “million-acre farm” which goes by that name, but is really only a small and choice portion of the plains which lie immediately to the west of Buenos Aires; just a huge ranch owned by the cattle barons of the south. So great is the area of the real pampas that while the climate of the north is decidedly warm, the southern area is usually





A GOAJIROS BRAVE.

The native Kingdom of Goajiros is closed to white travellers, except by special permit.



A GHASTLY TROPHY.

A human head from the Upper Amazon. Dried and shrunken, it measures only 4 inches from neck to crown! The



INDIAN GIRLS AT LOMA PORA, PARAGUAY.



AN INDIAN FAMILY IN THE CHACO.

covered with snow for several months in the year. Below the 40th parallel of latitude the traveller passes out of the South America of the imagination, a land of warm sunlight, vivid orange and purple colouring, and picturesque life, to enter an austere inspiring land of antarctic wind, rain, snow and winter twilight.

Here is a pen picture of the northern pampas. A horizon-wide expanse of grass faintly blotched with the yellow of corn, the bright blue of linseed flowers, the purple of alfalfa blossom, the green of ripening maize, and the grey ring of distant grass. This is the "Camp" of the Argentine. Across its ocean-like surface move trails of dust, created by the hoofs of beasts or the wheels of buggies ; but appearing like the wind-blown smoke of tramp steamers on a blue-grey sea. Even the gulls are deceived by its resemblance to the broad ocean, for they wheel and plane above its levels in thousands, although hundreds of miles from their native element.

Here lies the wealth of the wealthiest country in South America, and it ends not with the horizon of one day, nor twenty, unless the Trans-continental Railway coach is the platform of observation. There is always the maddening knowledge, while travelling across it, that the same view will greet the eye every morning until at last the faint outline of the Andes, on the opposite side of the Continent, appears to break the monotony, like a greyish-blue wall in front of the westering sun.

Its very sameness is its unique characteristic. Only on the prairies of Canada can anything similar be found in the New World. The change comes, however, when the black clouds rise up swiftly from the grey horizon, cutting off the bright sunlight from thousands of visible acres. An ominous sighing comes from afar, growing rapidly into a low moan. Thunder rolls across the levels and lightning darts downwards from a dozen different masses of purple cloud. Then comes the wind, a shrieking blast which scatters hay-ricks when insufficiently weighted, destroys houses if there is a single flaw in their construction, and tears crops from the ground when of more than usual violence. It is the "Pampero," or storm wind of the South American plains. Not a chance acquaintance, met once or twice in a life-time, but a regular visitor on some thirty or forty occasions every year. Happily the damage done is usually very small, otherwise the camp would not have become one of the largest mixed farms in the world.

The Pampero is far less dreaded than the movements of the armies of locusts which occasionally come south from their unknown retreats in the unexplored Chaco. These pests appear like clouds in the sky, and where they settle not a single leaf or shoot remains undevoured. The ruthless war made upon them by the estancia owners and colonists thin their ranks as they pass from north to south—from unknown to unknown—

but each army consists of so many millions that although trench after trench, for a thousand miles, is filled with dead bodies left in the traps by the way, nothing has so far succeeded in either appreciably diminishing their numbers, limiting their voraciousness, or of staying their progress. Mr. Thomas A. Edison was, at one time, said to be contemplating their destruction, with electric flashes, by the thousand million.

This, then, is the pampas which lies to the westward of the Province of Buenos Aires, what of its inhabitants? First comes the Estanciero, or owner of an estate which may cover only a few hundred acres, but more probably will measure many square miles. "It is the eye of the master which fattens the stock," say the peons, gauchos, or cow-boys, which ever you prefer to call them, therefore the estanciero does no manual work, confining his attention to supervision and administration. To assist him with this each estancia has a *Capataz*, or foreman. Gauchos do the boundary riding, rounding up, and general work of cattle and horse breeding. Aged shepherds watch their flocks by day as well as night, and much of the land, suitable for agriculture, is let off to immigrants and their families on a kind of feudal system. Colonies of coal-black, mud huts in which Italian, Russian, German, Polish, Austrian, and Spanish families live, are scattered over the broad domains of these barons of the pampas, many of whom are English, Ger-



man, and Spanish. Their life is by no means a hard or dreary one, and they take every opportunity which comes their way for pleasure and amusement. There are black sheep among these ewe-lambs, and sometimes their doings in Buenos Aires and also on the pampa is more than a little irregular. They are, however, isolated from civilisation for several months in every year, and seldom develop into absentee landlords.

The gaucho, or cow-boy, is the most picturesque figure of the Camp. Around him all the romance of these southern plains has developed in song and prose. No longer is the pampas an unmapped lawless land, however; the glamour of the wilds has departed before the fencing of the fields, but in the "Outer Camp" the gaucho still retains his ferocious aspect and his picturesque dress. Really he is the most amiable of fellow creatures, unless by unwise chaff or domineering manner his sympathies are alienated while imbibing immoderately of some beverage stronger than the wonderful maté, which is the mainstay of his existence. Then a slash with the machete which he carries like a short Japanese sword at his waist belt may end the career of his tormentor.

The dress of the gaucho is most picturesque—until it becomes unrecognisable with dust and black mud. A wide sombrero, a shirt tucked into broad Turkish trousers, which may be white, blue, brown, black, or even of more vivid colour, falling in just above the ankle and enclosed in a



pair of light boots with big polished spurs and high heels. Round his shoulders will be the poncho, formed of a piece of blanket cloth of bright colours in the centre of which is a hole for the head, and falling from shoulder to knee, like a huge cape. His pastime is the "baile," or dance, his hobby the throwing of the lasso or bolo, and his lore the avenging of an insult.

Beside these wild-looking horsemen of the plains the poor colonist from Central Europe cuts a shabby figure in mud-spattered rags. But it is from these people that the gaucho chooses a bride, for there are no women of his own kind. The result is a half-breed gaucho of indifferent morals and temper. On the few holidays which the newly-arrived immigrant can afford the bright coloured dresses of Italian peasants, and Slavonic maids, blend with the then clean but barbaric attire of these cow-boys of the Argentine pampas.

Southwards for over a thousands miles, to where the Magellan Strait terminates the Continent—below the 50th parallel—these plains roll on, getting colder and more intersected by waterways, until at last they mingle with the dying Andes in those antarctic islands of the Cape of Storms.

The pampas of Patagonia can only be pithily described by a series of "w's," for they are wide, wild, wind-swept and watery. In summer, a broad horizon of flat or undulating prairie, covered by coarse tussocks, and short blades of nutritious

grasses, stubby white-blossomed *fachin* bushes, bogs, and innumerable patches and streaks of steel-like water, with far away lines of blue hills. In winter just a vast snowfield with only the hummocks of white held up by the taller grasses, and the lines, miles in length, of barbed wire boundaries and sheep pens, to break the monotony. Of farmhouses—if a term of such homely meaning can be applied to these outlying stations scattered very sparsely over these far southern plains—there is no sign. Binoculars will, however, reveal perhaps one in every fifty or a hundred square miles. Well-built wooden bungalows surrounded by great shearing sheds, barns, dips, and all the accessories of a big sheep station. The blue columns of smoke from their fires form the best guide to their location.

An exhilarating ride along the boundaries reveals the sheep. Flocks varying from one to three thousand in the thin snow, or on some wind cleared patch nibbling the long grass unceasingly while waiting for the time when the snow will melt and expose the nutritious shorter blades beneath. Possibly they are dreading the painless but decidedly cooling process of mechanical shearing and dipping, but the wool they possess is their principal value and pays annually for their maintenance. There are over two million in Patagonia, nearly all of which are owned, body, soul and wool, by a few big exploitation companies with Scotch managers and Spanish *peons*.

The pampas is a place of moods, and varies its colours to suit the topsy turvy seasons. December is midsummer and August mid-winter ; south winds are the coldest. Snow is possible in every month of the year, and a calm day is an exception ! There are other little annoyances, but they are more marked still further south. The living creatures of these Patagonian steppes are the big Magellan fox, wild geese, snipe, and a few other birds. In the bluffs of stunted trees wild cattle roam in small herds, and among the distant mountains the *guanauco*—a kind of llama—has its slippery home. Over the seashores and sounds the albatross floats on the polar gale, and, for human company there are the widely-scattered sheep farmers and a few families of roving, thieving, and very poor Indians. Its lights and shades vary from the yellowish-green of new-born grass to the blue of older tussocks. Cold shadows from the hurrying clouds sweep across plain, bog and water of steely sheen. The light of day seems to come up from the other side of the world. Nowhere is there a hint of the warm violet shadows of life, yet the temperature is seldom excessively low. It is unmistakably the bottom of the world, and wind is master.

There is really only one small town near to these antarctic prairies, and that is Punta Arenas, just across the Chilian border, on Magellan Strait. It is the southernmost town in the world, and the only place in the whole of South America

where skating and sleighing can be enjoyed during the winter months. The town itself is a mixture of stone, wood and corrugated iron, standing on a slope, and has one large square surrounded by mercantile offices. It possesses most of the conveniences of a town and port, with a population of 10,000.

The history of this lone settlement on the *ultima thule* of the American Continent—the one civilised spot in a thousand square miles of little-known mountain, forest and pampa—provides a record of the early exploration of the surrounding regions. The first navigator to enter the famous strait, which was then thought to be the only waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific, the route round the Horn not having been discovered, was Magellan, who passed the “Cape of Eleven Thousand Virgins” (now Cape Virgins) in October, 1520. He was followed by other Spanish adventurers, and by Sir Francis Drake in 1578. Then came Sarmiento, who founded the ill-fated colony at Port Famine, some 30 miles distant from Punta Arenas. All except two of the unfortunate early Spanish colonists perished after terrible privations, owing to the failure of Sarmiento to bring them relief in time. Several efforts were afterwards made to found colonies in this desolate region, but with little success. For many years it became the resort of buccaneers during the summer months, and was the scene of many murders, mutinies, massacres, and unrecorded sea fights. Eventually



"THE GREAT WATERS."

The Falls of Iguazu, called by the natives "The Great Waters."



THE SMOKING WATERS OF LA GUAYRA.

Deep in the unexplored Paraguayan Chaco, and surrounded by rain-forests, python swamps, and hostile Indians, these falls, which rival Niagara, have seldom been visited by white men.





THE REAL WILD WEST OF TO-DAY.  
Feats of horsemanship on the Paraguayan Pampas.



the wind and cold triumphed, driving all away who tried to make their homes in this wilderness. In the year 1843 the Chilian Government established a naval station to assist explorers of this forsaken region of the earth, later converting it into a place of exile for prisoners—a Siberia of the south. There was mutiny, death and disease, in this land of transportation, and again the elements conquered. At last, in 1877, the raising of sheep was introduced, and these animals prospered exceedingly. In 1889 Punta Arenas was a tiny settlement of wooden shacks buried in the wastes of the far south. Its population numbered only 1,580. Then came the steamship and the use of the Magellan Strait as a near cut from Atlantic to Pacific. For sailing ships this waterway has proved a dangerous route, as the old wrecks and lonely sailors' graves on some of its bleak islands testify. The discovery of gold-bearing sands and coal of low grade were the next events to assist this heroic little outpost thrust boldly out into antarctic seas. To-day Punta Arenas is an apprehensive town of about 10,000 inhabitants—apprehensive of its shipping prosperity because of the creation of another and far easier waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific, the Panama Canal. Its consolation lies, however, in its increasing wool exports, the Loreto coal mine near to the town, and connected therewith by the only railway line in the Antarctic, and 600 allotted claims of gold-bearing sands in dismal Tierra del Fuego.

The gold industry of Fuegia is comparatively modern, and on the opposite shore of the Strait from Punta Arenas lies the little wooden shack town of Port Porvenir, the centre of this new found prosperity. Although at present it bears no resemblance to the wild and lawless gold camps of Alaska and the Yukon during the sensational finds of the early nineties, precious metal to the value of over  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a million dollars is annually exported. Prospectors in these regions declare their belief that somewhere within a radius of 100 miles of Porvenir will be found a Klondike of the south.

On the skating creek of Punta Arenas one comes into contact, (especially if bad skaters) with Chilean Naval Officers, English bank officials, shipping agents, wool buyers, sheep farmers in from the pampas, sailors of a dozen nationalities, and the rosy-checked children of white Patagonia. There is, however, a noticeable absence of women, and more than one *gai sabreur* of the Chilean Service deplored this fact. The ice is somewhat rough, and the snow lays in patches on the broken barrens around. The sunken sheet of frozen water gleams like frosted silver in the curious antarctic winter twilight. It is a wild scene, relieved from silence and desolation only by the swish and rip of the steel runners and the hum of conversation.

The Patagonian forests are almost impossible to penetrate owing to the thick and tangled undergrowth and wet, spongy soil. Many are intersected by snow swamps. The beech trees and

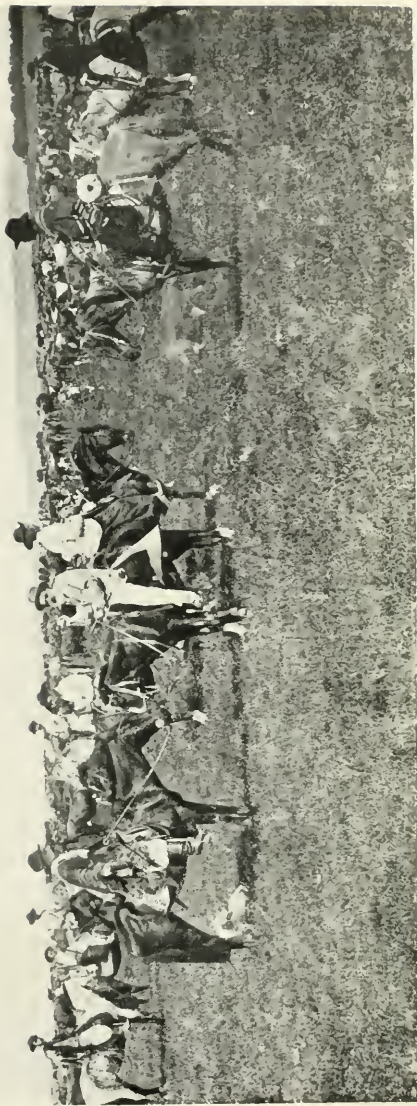
willows are so stunted by the wind that in exposed places, especially in the chaos of mountains which border the pampas in the west, their height ranges from 15 feet to only a few inches. In the latter case the branches spread out along the ground in tangled masses.

Divided from Patagonia by the 310 miles of placid water known as the Magellan Strait is the mis-named Tierra del Fuego. An almost unknown region of innumerable islands, fiords, snowfields mountains, glaciers, thick forests and boggy pampas, inhabited by a few lonely gold-washers, sheep farmers, and families of half-wild Indians with curious propensities—the Eskimo of the south. The name, “Tierra del Fuego,” or land of fire, was derived partly from its volcanic origin but mainly from the numerous signal fires with which the many families of natives used to communicate with each other across the intervening waterways, combined, no doubt, with their cooking operations. These blazing logs dotted all over the dark forbidding mountain sides, and reflected by the snowfields, glaciers, and in the still waters of the fiords, must have deeply impressed early explorers. In these by-gone times the Fuegians were numerous, but contact with civilisation, combined with ruthless massacres, have reduced their numbers so considerably that before many years have passed they will, doubtless, become extinct.

These Indians belong to three distinct races. On the mainland of Tierra del Fuego there are still

some families of the old *Onah* tribe, who are far less treacherous and bloodthirsty than either the *Yahgans*, who inhabit some of the more remote, semi-explored islets, and the *Alaculof*, or Canoe Indians, of the fiords and Magellan's territory. In former days many of these tribes, especially the *Onahs*, lived by hunting the guanauco. When the few white settlers brought sheep to these wild lands and killed the former denizens of mountain and pampa, the Fuegians regarded the sheep as fair game for their spears and arrows. This led to continuous warfare with the white settlers and the rapid thinning of the native ranks by magazine rifles.

All these tribes live in small family groups and are nomadic, moving their camping grounds at least every third day. They still roam the inexpressibly damp and desolate forests and pampas armed with bows and arrows, the latter being tipped with stone or fish bone, worn to a suitable size and point by a coarse sandstone found in the mountains. Their food, since the almost total extinction of the guanauco, except in the heart of the unknown Cordillera, consists principally of shell-fish and wild geese. A terrible stench from the remnants of these always marks their camping places. Otters, foxes and seals, provide them with clothes, oil, and covering for their tepees, which are usually erected in a small clearing in the forest, where the weird, ghostly light streams through the branches and forms patterns on the snow.



ROUNDING - UP CATTLE IN THE RIO GRANDE COUNTRY.

A typical South American Cow Boy, or "gaucho," can be seen in the left foreground.





#### A CURIOUS SCENE ON THE BOYACÁ PLATEAU OF COLOMBIA.

The stage coach is the only means of transport in the remote interior of Colombia. This plateau is 8,000 feet above sea level, and about 200 miles N.E. of Bogotá.



#### PUNTA ARENAS, CHILIAN PATAGONIA.

The southernmost town in the world, on the shores of the Antarctic Ocean. The "blink" from the Polar ice can be seen on the sky.



The tepee is a curious structure. Branches are bent over to form a dome, which is thickened by others cut from the trees, and the whole erection is covered with skins—mostly of sheep—and is banked up the sides with mud or snow. Dirty blankets are arranged across the entrance. It is low-roofed, very small and utterly poverty-stricken, dirty and pitiful. It must form but a poor shelter against the almost continuous rain, wind and snow. A sluggish fire of damp wood crackles and splutters on the lee side of the clearing, but of cooking utensils there are very few, and absolutely no ornaments or visible stores of provisions.

The *Onahs* are by no means repulsive in appearance. Some of the younger girls and boys might even be considered good-looking compared with the low type of Amazonian savage. They have the characteristic high cheek bones of the American Indian, cruel mouths, narrow slit-like eyes, with flat noses of Mongolian appearance. Their dress consists principally of a single-piece garment of heterogeneous skins, and a poncho, or coarse and very dirty blanket. Some of the women have a kind of full skirt, but the majority dress in the same way as the men, and, were it not for their long, greasy black hair, could easily be mistaken for them. The dress of the children varies from nothing to a bundle of furs, according to season. Among the natives of no other land is there such a strong resemblance to the popular conception of the pre-historic man as the pale bronze figure of

an Onah Indian clad in skins and armed with stone-headed spears.

These Fuegians do not suffer from any of the diseases generally attributed to long exposure in an extremely wet and cold climate. Consumption, pneumonia, rheumatism, and similar ailments only attack them when confined in the dry habitations of civilised life. Several efforts have been made at different times to collect a number of each of the three tribes and give them the benefit of log cabin, warmth, food, and medicine. Of a party of 50 collected in quite recent years with the object of teaching them the rudiments of agriculture, 30 died of one or other of the diseases enumerated within 9 months.

Although they occasionally visit the few sheep stations and settlements in this lonely land they seldom have much of value to barter—possibly a few furs, some crudely carved models of animals or canoes, and sometimes a seal skin and a few ounces of gold dust. They practice some of the old stoicism of the North American Indian, showing no sign of pleasure or pain. This stolid indifference breaks down completely, however, when they indulge in their single form of amusement, an orgy of feasting and drinking, the beverage being a fiery intoxicant manufactured from the leaves and bark of trees. In the revel which follows a brewing the women and even the children join.

The Canoe Indians, of similar type and customs, are, however, still very hostile to a white man who

approaches unarmed, especially on the outer islands. They are expert boatmen, and do not hesitate to undertake quite long voyages in their frail craft of skins stretched over a wooden frame. In appearance they are more fierce and ugly than the *Onahs*, but are equally as poor and dirty. They often disfigure their faces with lines drawn across the upper lip from ear to ear. Owing to the coldness of the water they never wash themselves, and have a liking for putrid fish. They are sun worshippers, and no wonder, for they see too little of their deity for familiarity to breed contempt.

Some of these wild tribes have learned of the desirable things the white man has to sell and they go to the settlements to barter for old clothes. What becomes of the garments so obtained is, however, a mystery. A few may be seen in the little settlements dressed in cap and trousers, but the majority still roam aimlessly about in skins. It may be that the best of these cast-off habiliments of outpost civilisation are carefully preserved by their native owners for summer use on feast days. But clothes seem entirely superfluous during the drunken orgies of the *Onahs*, and summer is an unknown quantity. December each year brings with it the longest day. It is then light almost up to midnight, but, nevertheless, it may be raining, blowing, sleeting, hailing, or snowing. Most likely it will be doing all simultaneously. Since the Chilian Navy established meteorological stations on Staten Island and at

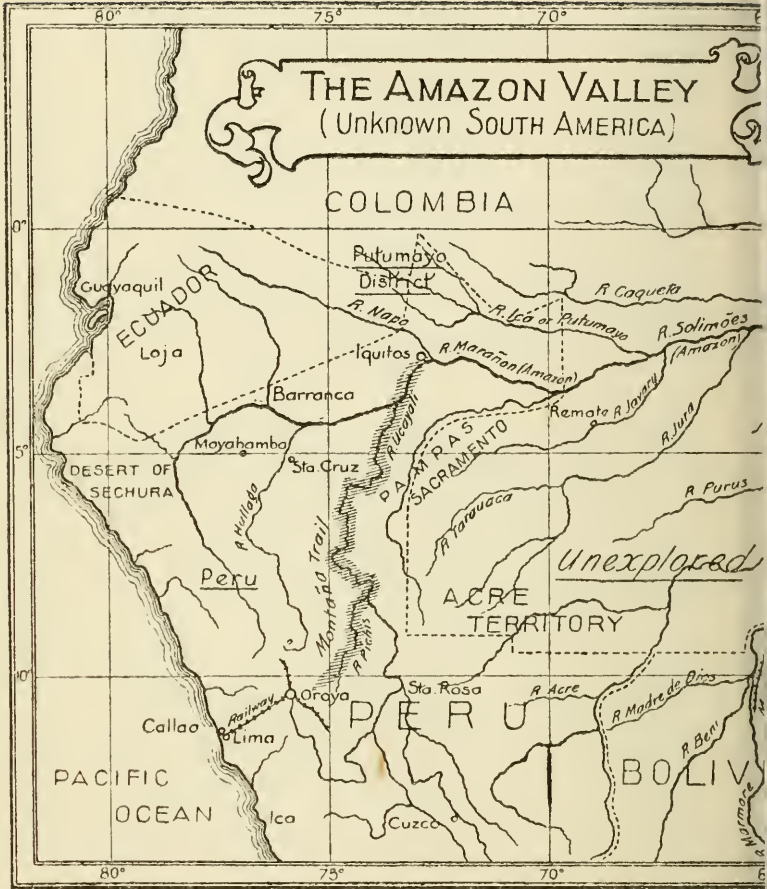
Punta Arenas all these climatic pleasantries have occurred in every month of the year.

Cape Horn is an imposing headland of black rocks, sometimes snow-plastered at the top, rising about 1,300 feet above the gigantic seas of the Antarctic Ocean. It is the southernmost point of the known world; beyond it lies a narrow storm-tossed sea and the edge of the polar ice. It has an industry which used to occupy over 500 people and some 40 vessels—the killing of seals and sea otters. Owing, however, to the wholesale slaughter of these cetaceans, the operations on the surrounding islets have been considerably curtailed during recent years.

Seen in the brief light of the winter sun, which makes but a narrow arc above the horizon in these far southern latitudes, Cape Horn, with the dark, swelling ocean around, becomes a lasting memory. There is an indefinable something which gives glamour to this lone pile of rocks—the last of a great Continent. But even this headland, so prominent in nautical romance, has its counterfeit. Some 14 miles away stands a curious promontory called “False Cape Horn,” which is more often than not mistaken for the *ultima thule* of the New World.

BOOK IV

Revolution and Romance







## CHAPTER I

### CURIOSITIES OF COLOUR AND RACE

WHEN the Acting President of the Republic of Paraguay abducted the prima donna of an opera company visiting the Capital in the year 1912, he did not create a precedent, for similar events have occurred before in Latin America, where the mixture of warm southern blood with that of coloured races is apt to make both love and politics somewhat volcanic. While it is extremely difficult to tell of these things without stigmatising innocent as well as guilty, and coupling the advanced states with the more backward nations, no true picture could be presented without their mention. From Mexico to Patagonia, in major or minor degree, passion sheds a lurid glow over the life of the golden south.

Beginning with the most common weakness, it is no exaggeration to say that a curious kind of polygamy is not infrequent, especially in Central America, among peon, planter, and president. That the first wife, in the case of the two latter classes, is often white, and receives the blessing of the Church, while the others are of varied hue,

and dispense with the blessing in return for more material benefits, does not tend to mitigate the evil, especially in regard to household life, where quarrels are frequent among the score or so of children as to the exact colour of their skins.

In countries where it is decidedly unwise to talk too much or too loudly about colour distinctions, it may seem curious that the sons and daughters of such nations should think it worth while to quarrel among themselves over slight differences in shade. Apart from the readiness of all children to enter into wordy warfare on the slightest provocation there is real importance in settling the colour distinctions of the family, which must of necessity be a more or less wealthy one to have any distinction at all. First and foremost comes the question of inheritance. The children who are white must live in the more costly way of their race. Next comes the problem of health and physical fitness for labour; again the white must be educated and work with the brain because manual labour in the hot sun is not only injurious to health but also degrading to the super-sensitive minds of mixed races; then comes the question of companionship, mode of life, inherited ideas, and finally marriage, which create a distinct cleavage.

The result of all this is that those who are more white than coloured live a life of luxury and ease, while their less fortunate brothers and sisters remain in poverty and are regarded in the light

of slaves. Boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age have love affairs with native girls, and violent passions are thus aroused before life has properly commenced. This is often regarded as the cause of so much consumption and other diseases among the half-breeds of the Central American plateaus, but it must also be remembered that the tropical sun brings its children, as well as its flowers, to early maturity and premature middle age.

A recently deposed dictator of one of these Central American States had a family of nearly a score by numerous wives and slaves. Several of the white or nearly white children were educated in Europe and North America, while those of more dusky hues were confined to the country of their birth, and principally to the large grounds of the supreme magistrates estate. The way in which these irregularities are viewed by the more moral sections of the population is, to say the least of it, very curious. Some regard it with a smile of indifference or endeavour to depreciate the extent of the evil; others appear to look upon it as the only way of rapidly increasing the population now that the Great European War has temporarily robbed them of the slow stream of white immigrants, and the best way of finding sufficient labour to exploit their rich lands; many consider the rapid blending of the races as beneficial and conducive of ultimate homogeneity; while a few of the old Castilian school denounce it as immoral, ir-

religious, and as one of the root causes of disease, unrest and revolution.

It must not be imagined that the whole of Central America is a sink of iniquity. On the contrary, much which takes place is due to the weak moral fibre of the middle race of mestitzos, and is scarcely noticeable to the casual observer. In the civilised parts of South America things are entirely different. It was not so long ago that Buenos Aires was the Mecca of the white slave trader. Many mysterious disappearances of English, American, German and French girls were traced to this Babylon of the South, for examples of which it is only necessary to search the criminal records between the years 1900 and 1914. So considerable did this traffic become that a home for the unfortunate victims was established in Buenos Aires, and an international police organisation inaugurated to suppress it on both sides of the South Atlantic.

The demand for white slaves came as much from unscrupulous *estancieros* far up country as from wealthy city residents, and the prices paid varied from £400 to £1,000. In one case, which, out of compassion, for the returned victims, will be disguised here, two young English girls were induced to become ladies' maids on a yacht which was ostensibly sailing for the Mediterranean. When at sea the destination was changed to Buenos Aires, and several other kidnapped maidens from France and Germany were found to be con-

fined on board. Subsequent horrors included the guarding of the victims by bloodhounds, drugging, their introduction into a harem on the pampas, and their eventual deliverance by the Argentine Police.

Anyone who wishes to go deeper into these horrors need only glance through the record of convictions in the Central Criminal Court, London, especially such cases as those of Harry Cohen and Louis Gold in 1907, as well as more elaborate detail to be obtained from similar records in New York, Paris, Berlin, and Buenos Aires.

It will be noticed that Italy, the principal source of the South American labour supply, has been purposely omitted. The number of emigrants is, in this particular case, amply sufficient for the introduction of girls, ostensibly for manual labour, on the numerous estates, farms and colonies, both in Argentina and other South American countries, to supply the demand for a more nefarious private traffic. The governments do all in their power to suppress this evil, and have been more successful in their efforts during recent years. The restrictions placed on emigration by the principal European countries during the Great War, combined with the effective measures to combat the white slave traffic introduced by Argentina, Brazil, and the other principal States of South America, just previous to the world upheaval, almost suppressed this evil; but care will have to be taken that it does not break out



again, especially in the famine areas of Middle Europe.

For those who obtain their knowledge of foreign countries from the comfortable position of an armchair, it is necessary to point out that what has been said here is the result of probing deep into the life of these highly cosmopolitan communities. Might not a result equally as startling, be obtained if similar methods were employed when describing the cities of Europe and the United States? Therefore, it must not be supposed that these South American towns wear a depraved look. On the contrary, they are clean, bright, well policed and perfectly safe. It is their enormous wealth, obtained more or less easily from the soil, the lavishness of their life and the cosmopolitan nature of their population, which is conducive of an immoral undercurrent. Even in this, the Spanish or truly South American element is not primarily at fault. Records prove that renegades of all nationalities, and especially half-breeds, are the principal defaulters. While it is quite safe for any white woman of any nationality to walk or ride in the fine streets and squares of these cities, it is undoubtedly very unwise for girls to trust to promises of employment in, or emigrate without sufficient means, to these countries. In the case of a large number of Italians, Germans and other nationalities, they go out to this land of golden promise in families, and under the supervision of the government of the country

which is henceforward to be their new home. It may come as a surprise to many who are meditating emigrating individually to these richest of neutral states to learn that sixty shillings a day will only enable quite modest living in such cities of the millionaire as Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro.

Passing from the underworld to the bright and normal life of the women of South America, the difference in the daily round of domesticities and gaieties, or in the mode and custom of life, to that in vogue in the civilised centres of Europe, is altogether too small to call for special comment here. These cosmopolitan ladies of the new south are, however, exceedingly feminine, and very well gowned in the latest creations both national and European. They can certainly express far more with their eyes than is vouchsafed the northern girls, but are a little too prone to assume an unbecoming indolence. They live a life of *laissez faire*, seldom leaving their boudoir until the heat of the day has passed.

It is not uncommon for an Argentine or Chilian when he marries to espouse the entire family of his wife, or to set apart a suite of rooms in his usually large house for their exclusive use. This, of course, only applies to the wealthy, of which, however, there is an unusually large number, because almost worthless land possessed by former generations has, without effort on the part of their successors, risen enormously in value on the back of British and American capital and Italian

and other alien labour. From this it will, however, be seen that the hackneyed joke of the mother-in-law falls very flat in these countries.

It is still the custom for young ladies, either single or married, to be accompanied by a *duenna*, who is usually, however, quite a diplomatist, and most self-effacing, when the occasion appears to warrant it. In the older states girls are seldom allowed to do more than glance at their suitors before one is chosen as a life-long companion. Education, and the mixing of the races is, however steadily breaking down these old customs, although an occasional Romeo still serenades Juliet beneath barred windows in the shade of the palm.

The old Spanish families, whose ancestors came over during the Colonial period, are not necessarily part of the new aristocracy, which is a moneyed élite, but they are looked upon with more respect by both peon and native. In the same way as the northern millionaire cannot command the degree of respect from his retainers that is willingly accorded the old patriot-planter, of the Southern States of America. Among these families the restrictions imposed on the weaker sex in Spain are still preserved; while among the *bourgeoisie* and *nouveau riche* they have, in many cases, been insensibly relaxed, and the result is not always a happy one. In this, as in everything, evolution to be successful must be slow and tempered with a knowledge of psychology.

Any account of the racial composition and

characteristics of South America's 55½ million population would fill an ordinary sized volume, because almost every race in the world, with the possible exception of the Eskimo, would have to be studied therein. Generally speaking, however, the communities which go to form these rising young nations of the New World may be divided into eight groups:—(1) The old Spanish families, descendants of the *Conquistadores*, and those who came from Spain during the 300 years of the Colonial régime; (2) the semi-civilised natives of the coast and the uncivilised tribes of the interior, which, for practical purposes, can be disregarded; (3) the descendants of European and even Asiatic immigrants who have become naturalised by birth and look upon themselves and their children as South Americans; (4) those who have migrated to these countries during recent years, and have not yet forgotten their native land, language and ties; (5) half-castes of the gaucho, mestitzo, ladrone class, with white, Indian, and black blood in their veins, who number several millions; (6) Chinese and Negroes, of whom there are several millions; (7) a small but increasing race of half-caste Chinese; and (8) foreigners who are residents in the country, and whose children are, by the laws of several of these states, citizens of the country in which they were born, regardless of the nationality of their parents.

In the Mexican State of Tehuantepec dwells an

Indian race whose women are, both physically and mentally, far superior to the men. Nearly all the work is done by them cheerfully; and, in the market, no mere man is allowed to sell anything, although, if he has a few centavos, he may spend them judiciously at the stalls, instead of getting drunk on *mescal*, a fiery spirit obtained from a cactus root, *aguadiente*, a cheap brandy or *tekeela*.

Women and girls smoke cigars, while their diminutive male companions saunter along by their sides puffing baby cigarettes, or, more frequently, lounging indolently around waiting to be fed. In physique also the women are the stronger sex. They are usually tall, graceful, and muscular, while the men are shorter, thin, and less developed. The latter, however, work when they feel inclined on the railway built across the Isthmus by Lord Cowdray's firm. During midday in the hot season they invariably rest in whatever shade happens to be available.

Dress does not figure as a heavy item in the Tehuana Indian's household expenditure. The men wear a pair of linen drawers, a jacket and a hat, while the women adorn themselves with a black and red zouave, under which is a thin red cotton sheet draped to form a scanty kind of skirt. The children play with the dogs, pigs, and chickens, unhampered by clothes of any kind. They are, however, exceedingly healthy and sturdy youngsters, especially the girls. In

colour these natives are by no means dark; in fact, many of them might easily be mistaken for Japanese or Chinese if their features were not so straight and European in outline.

The Tehuanas are scrupulously clean, but certainly not overburdened with modesty, for they bathe publicly in the rivers, and seldom wait even for the violet shadows of evening to creep over the sandy banks. On feast days the jet black plaited and coiled hair of the women is further adorned by a large white cap, similar to that worn by Dutch women in the remote country districts. It becomes rather humorous when some of the children appear in these sun-bonnets but otherwise quite naked.

The principal vice of these interesting natives of Southern Mexico is, however, drunkenness. Even the women frequently indulge in one or other of the fiery intoxicants of their own distilling, and, not content with this, they also take a drug called *marihuana*, which is said to have the curious effect of deadening all reasoning power, causing those who imbibe it to do whatever is most strongly implanted in their mind. In its physiological effect it is similar to the yagé of Amazonia. Women have been known to stand up to their necks in water for several hours—until the effect of this curious drug has worn off—because the thought of how pleasant it would be to do so was uppermost in their mind when the poison took charge of their reasoning powers. Men have walked into the



sea and been killed by sharks ; others have murdered their relatives ; and many have died of poisoning, or, as a consequence of acts committed while under this mysterious influence. Its chemical composition is, apparently, a secret, although it is believed to be made from a cactus root. It is an established fact that *marihuana* deadens the conscious mind, and it would appear from very close observation, that it also opens the subconscious to unreasoning impressions created either by auto or outside influence, which must be acted upon by the victim.

The chief town of the Tehuana region stands a few miles inland from Salina Cruz, and its population, in these particular characteristics, is unique in the world. One of the main reasons for the difference between the Tehuana men and women is that very few, if any, of the former are now of pure Tehuana breed. The bulk of the original male population having been killed in guerilla warfare maintained for many years against the Mexican Government. The men of to-day are descendants of the weaker tribes of the forest region on the other side of the low divide. The Tehuanas of old were one of the most blood-thirsty and cruel races of Central America, and the imported male population who have taken their places are treated like children by the women descendants of the old warriors. Apparently the couples are attracted to each other by the law of opposites. Curiously, even the second generation

of males are no match for the girls of equal age.

On the other side of the divide, in the hot and damp jungles of the Atlantic slope, a number of Americans settled some few years ago for the purpose of cultivating bananas and sugar cane, but the terrible outrages committed by lawless natives, when freed from the iron rule of Porfirio Diaz, caused a general migration back to the United States. During recent times, however, the settling of the country by the influence of the railway has caused many of these plantations to be re-opened. One of the favourite pastimes of the *peons* of Southern Mexico is riding with their families a short distance out by railway, getting moderately drunk, and tramping home again!

Further north, on the *llanos*, is the true wild west of to-day. The *peons* wear the familiar tall hats with broad brims, zouave jackets and wide trousers. On these vast, sunny, but dusty plains are herds of half wild cattle. The stock-whip, the lasso, the mustang, the coach, the desperado, the cattle-thief, the faro-layout, the saloon, the cattle king, and all the "props" of picturesque western fiction are here in real, pulsating life. Around is the setting of cactus-covered, sand-rimmed desert and rugged cordillera, which stretches across the frontier, and out of Latin America into the realm of the Texas Rangers. The hold-up is of frequent occurrence. In the sharp light of the moon cattle thieves stampede

the herds, and flashes of rifle fire break out spasmodically from behind cactus bushes and boulders. But these things are now very seldom seen north of Yuma in Arizona, Silver City in New Mexico, and El Paso in Texas.

## CHAPTER II

### THE WAIST-BELT OF A CONTINENT

Two round hummock-like islands rise up, distant and mist-enveloped, above the calm waters of the Bay of Panama. Later, when the islands turn from misty-grey to vivid green, a thin smudge appears along the horizon which slowly extends to right and left. It is the ocean voyagers first glimpse of the Pacific coast of the narrow isthmus connecting the two Americas. The islands are the natural guardians of the great interoceanic canal, which, by linking the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific has, at least technically, converted South America into an island-continent.

The smudge gradually assumes the true form of the low-lying coast around Panama City and Ancón Harbour, the entrance to the canal. Above it now appears a distant cone-like outline, some 210 feet above sea level, but it lays about 12 miles inland, and the artificial gap, known as the Culebra Cut, by which the canal crosses the low back-ranges of this tiny little Central American State, is quite invisible.

There is a very general misconception that

Panama City marks the exact western entrance of the world's greatest canal. This, however, is not the case, for the way in from the Pacific is through Ancón Harbour, with its giant breakwaters, linked islands, and fortifications, situated some 3 miles distant from the drowsy Panamanian Capital, and all the large bonded warehouses and wharves for the transhipment of merchandise on this side are at Balboa, in the zone ceded by Panama to the United States in return for the generous sum of 2 millions sterling. This narrow strip of country, called the Canal Zone, extends inland from the waterway for a distance of 5 miles on each side, and runs right across the Isthmus, some 50 miles, to the Atlantic entrance at Cristobel—Colon. This is one town physically but two politically, for whereas Colon, although within the 5 mile limit, is recognised as Panamanian territory, Cristobel is the Atlantic depôt for the canal and belongs to the United States.

Another misconception, even more general than the one dissipated above, is the belief that the Pacific entrance lies to the westward of the Atlantic entrance, whereas the exact reverse is the case. Owing to the curious configuration of Central America this interoceanic waterway does not run from east to west, as might be supposed, but from north to south-east, placing the City of Panama some 8 minutes of longitude to the eastward of Colon.

Having tried in vain to find some way in which

these really important geographical facts affect the ordinary traveller, all that has to be done is to land at the Balboa docks, charter a coach, and drive to the fine Tivoli Hotel, which is run by the Isthmian Canal Commission. After *comida* one can blow about in the Plaza and among the gaily lighted cafés of Panama City in the warmth of the evening. There are no cool hours on this coast, even the sometimes high wind is like the breath of a furnace. During the steaming hot hours when the sun blazes down from almost directly overhead there is but little movement among the drowsy loungers in plaza and patio, for the Spanish-Negro-Indian population take life easily, and remain stretched out on the numerous public seats, in the hammocks of verandahs, under the orange trees of patios, or, in fact, anywhere and everywhere so long as there is shade, until mid-day has come and gone, then they dress themselves and go out to enjoy the evening. It is the same with rich and poor, señor and señorita, all half-dressed and ungroomed until the sun touches the ocean's rim. With the return of vitality comes a few crowded hours of flirtation, dancing, drinking, music, scandal, intrigue and amusement, before closing carefully the mosquito curtains in preparation for the sticky-warm and often restless night.

There are, however, many Americans engaged in the administration of the canal, railways and subsidiary undertakings, who live on Ancón Hill,



a slight elevation at the back of the city, and crowning which is the fine hospital and grounds maintained by the Commission. The windows and doorways of these and all the administrative offices are covered with wire netting to keep out the mosquitoes, carriers of the yellow fever and the malaria, which, before Colonel Gorgas and his staff cleaned up the whole zone from Colon to Panama, were the scourge of the canal workings.

It must not be imagined from this that the whole of the little State of Panama has been rendered healthy. On the contrary the jungles stretching away on either side of the Canal Zone are still in their wild, unhealthy, and fever-breeding condition. Even along the banks of the waterway malaria is by no means unknown, and this, as well as other tropical diseases, is only kept from assuming epidemic proportions by the untiring efforts of an exceptionally able medical and sanitary staff. The three principal methods employed while the canal was being built are still maintained. Every square foot of swampy ground is sprayed with kerosene, pure water for drinking purposes is carried across the Isthmus by pipe lines running parallel to the canal; the houses of white residents, hospitals, and offices, are protected by netting; the sanitation of even the Panamanian cities of Colon and Panama is superintended by American experts, and the fine hospitals at either end of the canal are supplied with every known appliance for fighting disease. These precautions have converted Panama, so far

as the Canal Zone is concerned, from a serious rival of old-time West African settlements into a tourist resort !

Panama is a quaint, and, for Spanish America, a comparatively well-paved, lighted, and clean town. Beyond the wonderful canal there is, however, little of interest to be seen, and unless an effort is made one soon becomes afflicted by the prevailing laziness. A condition more easily understood when it is remembered that during the day time there is seldom the faintest breeze and the heat is like that which emanates from the open door of an oven. Everything is damp and clammy, and, between one sunrise and another, a green mould forms on boots, clothes, books, and almost everything not kept in the special drying rooms of the houses. Envelopes cannot be sold with gummed-flaps, for they would stick together after being in stock for a day. Gummed labels on trunks and kit bags can be removed as though a steam kettle had been directed on to them. Even when posting letters care has to be taken that a kind of spirit-gum is employed for both sticking down the envelopes and affixing the stamps. Matches become quite useless unless kept in an air-tight box, and every cigar shop has an electric lighter.

When the brightly lit cafés with their domino players, dancers, and tinkling guitars, have been explored, and visits paid to the Spanish Cathedral, only 160 years old, there is little to detain the traveller, except a drive out to old Panama, the

golden city of the Indies in the stirring days of long ago. The road from the modern town (founded in 1673) is quite a good one, and leads out through sugar plantations, past native huts, over sunlit savannas, and through dim green jungles where countless orchids peep coyly from behind the trunks and fronds of palms. There is, however, very little of either interest or beauty in the overgrown ruins of what was once the Capital of Cortez and Pizarro. A cobbled road, covered with moss, a few broken stone walls, scratched with the names of visitors, and a chaos of matted vegetation of vivid colouring, among which tall palms sway in the evening breeze.

If its early history had not captured the fancy of youth one would scarcely give these few jungle-covered remains a second thought, but the sack of old Panama by Henry Morgan, the Welsh Buccaneer, gives them a halo of romance unequalled in Spanish America. What the city must have been like when it was the entrepôt for the treasures sent up from Peru, and during the terrible three weeks of torture, death and fire, to which it was subjected by Morgan, is now somewhat difficult to conjure, for there is little left to aid the imagination. History, however, gives a wonderful account of its riches, its monks, nuns, churches with altars of gold and silver, merchant-princes, slaves, tropical gardens, luxury, licentiousness, and fever. Its capture by the 1,200 adventurers under Morgan, who first reduced the fortifications of Porto Bello on the

Atlantic coast, then, by boat, canoe and jungle path, crossed the pestilential isthmus, gave battle to and defeated the Spanish garrison 2,900 strong, and, after unparalleled debauchery, burned the city, provides history with some of its most vivid pages. And these decaying walls, cobbled paths, and riot of palms, was the scene of the triumph, the vice, the avarice and the misery of it all.

The "Great Ditch," as the Americans of the Zone call their wonderful achievement, can only be described in two ways. Either it must be treated from the standpoint of the engineer or from that of the voyager on its surface. The time has passed for a technical account of the difficulties encountered in the making of this great waterway, which was more than a mere engineering accomplishment ; it was an historic event, and so being, has histories devoted to it. To record here the land-slips, the methods of working, and the details of administration, would likewise be out of place, for they too require blue-books to faithfully record them. Only a brief survey of what it looks like and feels like to be locked and lifted in a many thousand ton liner from Pacific to Atlantic is all that space will permit.

For the first eight miles the vessel steams up a broad waterway beyond the sheltering arm of the Ancón breakwater, with the low-lying Pacific coast of the Isthmus on either hand. Ahead lies a jagged mass of low hills, and one wonders how a way will be found of lifting the great ship over such a

seemingly impassable barrier. Wharves and railway lines flank the trim banks, and large cranes and storehouses are everywhere around. The engines slow down and the vessel glides into a lock, is raised some 20 feet, passes through a second lock which lifts it another 27 feet, and great gates release it into Miraflores Lake, 54 feet above the surface of the Pacific. Across this artificial sheet of placid water, which is fed not only by the stream passing through the canal but also by several small rivers dammed and turned into it, the ship steams for about a mile and a half; then the great Pedro Miguel Locks take a hand and lift vessel, cargo and passengers, another  $30\frac{1}{2}$  feet into the famous Culebra Cut, which is 9 miles long, and is flanked by hills with crumbling, back-sliding propensities which have turned hairs grey and cost millions of dollars. This "great ditch" is the spectacular achievement of the whole canal, for a channel with an average depth of 120 feet and a width of about 300 feet had to be cut through 9 miles of hills! At the loftiest point of the divide, Gold Hill and Contractor's Hill, a cutting nearly 400 feet deep had to be made. Culebra was only completed by the removal of 200 million cubic yards of earth and rock. Since then there have been some 24 slides, several of which have blocked the workings with a mere 200,000 cubic yards of *débris*—cleared away in a week or so! The Cut curves in a serpentine fashion and leads to Gatun Lake, another artificial sheet of water about 170 square miles in area, fed by the "dammed

River Chagres." Lighthouses and lighted buoys guide the vessel along the 24 miles of channel formed by this flooded area. Then the three great locks of the Gatun system lower it down 85 feet, within a space of about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, to the Atlantic Ocean, which is, however, not reached until the canal, here formed by the Rio Mindi, has been traversed for a further 5 miles, and Colon Harbour passed. The Atlantic entrance is very low-lying, swampy, and surrounded by rank but luxuriant vegetation. At more than one point along the canal bank there is a broad pathway lined by royal palms.

There are, of course, many interesting engineering features, other than those briefly mentioned above, which should receive attention in any work purporting to describe the Panama Canal, such, for example, as the Gatun Dam and Spillway, creating the great lake and at the same time preventing its overflow. The average rainfall hereabouts is 132 inches a year, and the River Chagres, when in full flood during the rainy season, has been known to rise 40 feet in as many hours. This great stream supplies the water for the 24 miles of Lake, and any surplus goes over the 1,200 feet broad concrete spillway into the open sea. Electric locomotives tow the vessels through the locks, and the same power operates the many ponderous gates, the lighting systems, and other works. The power station is at Gatun. There is also an ingenious arrangement of double gates at the upper end of



each lock, as a safeguard against accidents, as well as a special emergency appliance which can quickly be brought into operation in the event of a dangerous break in the whole water control system.

The passage of a ship through the canal, from ocean to ocean, can be accomplished in from 10-14 hours, but, many passengers prefer to disembark and cross the Isthmus by the railway, which enables them to spend several hours in Panama City before re-embarking on the vessel which has come through the canal.

At Colon, as elsewhere along the canal, the houses of the officials resemble giant meat safes, being enclosed in wire gauze, and it is a very necessary precaution on the malarial Atlantic coast, which appears to be far more unhealthy than the Pacific slope. The land on which is built this curious American-Spanish-Negro town is just a sand flat surrounded by salt marshes, which steam all day, creating such a hot, wet and thirsty atmosphere that it is wonderful how white residents are able to endure long periods of stagnation in such a tropical stew-pot. The streets are long, dusty, and flanked by wooden single-story houses, with burning-hot iron roofs. The one shopping thoroughfare is, however, shaded by balconies, but here almost every other establishment is a gaudy saloon from which come the strains of a scratchy gramophone. Tall palms wave in the tepid Atlantic breeze, and the dull drone of the waves is even more monotonous and ominous than it is on the fever coast of West

Africa. There are two sight-seeing excursions from Colon, one is by boat to the historic ruins of the old Spanish town and fortifications of Porto Bello, where Sir Francis Drake died, in January 1596, and the other is by launch on the Chagres to San Lorenzo. This was the "River of Crocodiles," up which Columbus sailed in his efforts to find the fabled passage from ocean to ocean on his fourth and last voyage in 1502.

In Colon may occasionally be seen some of the famous San Blas Indians, usually walking along in single file, very erect and dignified. These natives come from distant jungles around the Darien Gulf, where they still refuse to allow strangers to dwell in or near to any of their villages. They have never been conquered. Spain tried for over a hundred years and failed, the Colombian Republic made efforts before the secession of Panama, but was forced to desist. Missionaries cannot live among them, but they are neither dangerous, troublesome, nor bigoted. They live quietly in their villages but sometimes visit the towns for supplies. They are physically far superior to the jungle dwellers of any other portion of the Isthmus.

A curious circumstance noticed by almost every traveller in Central America is the dejected appearance of the Indian and half-breed population. Their looks, however, belie them, for they are, taken generally, one of the happiest and laziest of native races, although their land, in many parts,



CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS.



THE PANAMA CANAL.  
Entering the Culebra Cut.



COW-BOYS OF THE PARAGUAYAN CHACO.



(Orange)



(Green)



(Red)



(Blue)



(Mauve)

STAMPS OF THE "PHANTOM REPUBLIC."



is one of strange phenomena, and well calculated to instil fear into the generations which have dwelt upon its trembling surface.

The volcanic cordillera of Nicaragua must have been a wonderful sight when the Spanish conquerors first over-ran the country, for there were at least 20 cones vomiting fire and ashes within sight of each other. It is recorded that for many leagues on either hand there was no darkness, only a blood red glow. Now, however, there are but two or three which occasionally show signs of activity. The craters of many hold placid pools of poisonous water.

Near to the old town of Managua, while an irrigation canal was being excavated to prevent the town from being flooded by streams of water from the precipitous mountain sides during the rainy season, a solid bed of lava was uncovered, and on its surface were the prints of many human feet, all pointing in the same direction. These imprints were made centuries ago, and there is no record to account for them, but they leave no doubt in the mind that they were made by the feet of Indians running across the burning stream with naked feet towards the lake and safety from the fire and ash of one or other of the neighbouring volcanoes.

Some 50 miles distant from Managua stands the city of Leon, about the translation of which from the foot of the still active volcano, Momotombo, to its present more safe position, a curious story is told. In the year 1549 the Bishop of old Leon was

murdered in his palace by a son of the Governor of the province, who afterwards sacked the Bishopric, robbed the ecclesiastical treasury, raised the usual revolution under the usual banner of liberty, failed after a brief triumph, and died in the usual violent way. Sixty years later Leon was seriously damaged by an eruption of Momotombo. This was an occasion not to be missed, so the Bishop declared that the mountain had belched forth fire as a punishment from Heaven on the wicked city for the murder of the former prelate, and ordered the whole population to march out *en masse* on the following morning. He led them, riding on horseback, for 25 miles over broken ground, until near the Indian town of Subtiavia, where he commanded the new Leon to be erected.

This wise old priest had his way, and modern Leon has suffered no more from Momotombo's wrath. Although in the centuries which have lapsed it has several times been in eruption, and even now, during the velvet Nicaraguan night, a faint glow, which turns the indigo sky to crimson and purple, tells of great fires still burning low down beneath this "Safety Valve of Nicaragua."

While on the subject of Leon mention must be made of the wonderful processions of the *Semana Santa*, or Holy Week. The road taken leads across country to the adjacent old Indian town of Subtiavia, and is covered with saw-dust of many colours, cleverly formed into most elaborate patterns, like a huge, bizarre, and continuous carpet,



adorned with beautifully-scented flowers. The overhead decorations comprise arches, with long lines of fluttering flags, paper streamers, and banks of frangipani and roses. The processions are led by choirs of trained voices and violin players, while military bands, stationed at various points, play selections between the columns of moving banners, effigies, religious pictures, school children, priests and nuns. Then, when the short twilight ends, flambeaux, fireworks and Chinese lanterns give the old streets of Leon the appearance of China *en fête*.

Further up the coast lies the smallest of Latin American Republics, the little Pacific Coast State of Salvador—the land of startling phenomena. Its area is only 7,225 square miles, but its population numbers about 1½ millions, and although smaller than the Principality of Wales, it is surprisingly energetic. Volcanoes rise suddenly from level ground to a height of several thousand feet. The earth trembles so frequently that minor shocks pass unnoticed. The capital city—San Salvador—has been shaken almost to the ground on seven separate occasions, and some of the latent energy from the earth beneath seems to have been imparted to the population on the surface, for on each occasion the city has been rapidly re-built. Lakes rise and fall mysteriously, and rivers which have flowed peaceably for years suddenly become rushing torrents, but although in the other Central American States there is a “dead land,” where the natural

resources are neglected, and the population is sparse, in Salvador agricultural and industrial activity is manifest in all save the few arid patches of the country. The Salvadorians are the sturdiest fighters on the Isthmus, and their armies have seldom been beaten, yet territorially it is the smallest state. In commerce, too, far less is heard of *manana* than in the surrounding republics, and its population is among the most energetic and courteous of their race. One of the principal products is Peruvian balsam, which has never been grown in Peru, but owes its name to the simple fact that for many years it was first shipped from this coast to the Peruvian Port of Callao.

The story of the birth of the burning Salvadorian mountain of Izalco is remarkable. It appeared suddenly on the morning of February 23rd, 1770. The earth opened and streams of fiery lava and showers of hot ash were thrown out. The explosions were as regular as minute guns at sea, and in a few weeks Izalco had risen to a height of nearly 4,000 feet ! Still the violent explosions occurred, and for years this volcano continued to throw out volumes of flame, smoke and ashes, which, at night, lit up with a lurid glow the curious plains of Sonsonate, and, showing far out over the broad Pacific, earned for it the title of " Lighthouse of Salvador."

Previous to the birth of this burning mountain, which has its counterpart in the Jorullo of Mexico, the plains were occupied by 400 Ausoles, which gave to the district the name of Sonsonate, or

“Four Hundred Springs.” When far out on the swelling bosom of the Pacific the fire-glow from more than one volcanic cone along the coast of Salvador casts lurid gleams on the waters when the brief equatorial twilight ends.

The capital, San Salvador, is a bright little town of one-storey buildings, which point unmistakably to the inherent caution of the people, and to the precarious nature of house property in this energetic little city, whose inhabitants, the year round, work and play in the shadow of a dozen volcanic cones. Some few miles eastward of the Capital lies Lake Llopango, which was the scene of one of the most remarkable volcanic disturbances recorded in history. Llopango stands on one of those small Central American plateaux which, by their elevation, become more temperate than tropical. It is 1,600 feet above sea level, and has an area of 25 square miles. It is surrounded by lofty mountains sloping precipitously down to its rocky shores, the only level ground being two small defiles in which stand the villages of Apulo and Asino.

This was nature's stage for a queer spectacle. The opening scene occurred in December, 1879, when the surface of the lake rose suddenly about five feet, causing the Rio Jiboa, which flows out at the south-east corner, to transform itself from a slowly moving, shallow stream into a foaming rapid some 40 feet deep. This sudden egress of water, estimated at thousands of millions of cubic feet, caused a corresponding drop in the level of the lake,

which subsided about 30 feet in less than the same number of days. These phenomena were accompanied by violent convulsions of the earth, and subterranean explosions, which shook the Capital and the whole centre of the country. Contemporaneously with the fall in the lake's surface, poisonous vapours were emitted from its centres ; a volcanic cone, surrounded by numerous islets, rose above the seething cauldron, then came the fire, the lava, and the ashes. A conflagration that lit the mountains for miles around, but darkened the sky all over Salvador. When all was over, an island of solid lava, some 160 feet high, remained in the centre of the lake. The waters resumed their normal level, but the shocks had once again destroyed nearly all the buildings in the City of San Salvador, six miles distant.

## CHAPTER III

### A PHANTOM STATE

REVOLUTION is not an unknown phase of South American affairs, but it usually has a basis more financial than political, and is frequently far more Gilbertian than tragic, although there are occasions which have proved the exception to this rule, and the results have been ruthless massacres. Unlike similar happenings in Europe it is never either Bolshevist or impossibly Utopian in character, and foreign residents with their property are generally respected. On one occasion in a small town in Mexico, a party of insurgents, under the maligned banner of "Liberty," entered the main street while the Federal troops, also fighting under the same catch-word, were awaiting their opportunity behind barricades at the other end. A desultory battle was carried on between the opposing forces for several days, and in the meantime the inhabitants of the houses on one side of the street were unable to obtain supplies of food. It so happened that a Scotch manager and an American mining engineer resided in one of the besieged dwellings, and not wishing to fast for an indefinite period

the two men emerged from their shelter to argue with the belligerents. The firing immediately ceased, and the commanders of the opposing forces left their shelters and walked down the street to meet the two foreigners who had interrupted the battle. A parley resulted in a suspension of hostilities for an hour or so to enable food, tobacco and books to be obtained by residents in the zone of fire, but neither side would trust the other not to improve his position or take unfair advantage of the lull in the storm, and so it was agreed that the Scotchman should act as umpire with the Federals while the American remained in the same capacity with the *Insurrectos*.

On several occasions during the election of a President in the little State of Panama the friendly offices of the United States has been asked for by both sides in order to avoid bloodshed. A few American scrutineers at the polling stations not only inspired confidence but effectually prevented partisan fighting, because neither side would prejudice their claim to office and recognition by foreign countries, if their candidate was returned by bloodshed and the use of force to effect their object.

In this connection it is interesting to note that on three separate occasions the whole of Central America, exclusive of Panama and Mexico, has united, but owing to dissension, and mistrust of each other, has equally as rapidly dissolved the partnership. Had these young nations chosen a



“Chief of Staff” from a neutral country to guide their efforts and allay their petty jealousies the “United States of Central America” would by now be more than a mere paper programme.

In order to understand the motives underlying many a *pronunciamento* it is necessary to dig deep into the system of administration in these countries. A revolution means far more than the mere exchange of one well-paid and usually autocratic chief-of-state for another, it involves a complete change of cabinet ministers, secretaries, diplomatists, generals, consuls, and almost every government servant with a salary above that of a London policeman. Officers in the army owe their promotion not to a knowledge of scientific warfare or to bravery in the field but to clever discernment of the winning side in each great political change, often to acts of black treachery against their former chiefs. Coveted posts in the diplomatic service are given either to powerful supporters or else to dangerous rivals who have held their hand during a crisis, and so down the scale until the very doorkeepers only keep on their doorsteps during the term of office of the President to whom they owe their “good fortune.”

In the diplomatic and consular services of many of the smaller Republics it is the custom to pool the revenue obtained from the consular fees and stamps in the legations and consulates in Europe, and to pay the salaries of the diplomats and consuls stationed in the different countries of this con-

continent out of the one general European fund, no money being sent from the Treasury of the State whose servants they are. The fees charged for documents and stamps pay the salaries, rents and office expenses, and should there be any surplus it is remitted to the government. A deficit is borne by each diplomatist and consul in proportion to his salary. In this way the value of a post in the diplomatic service depends on the number of countries to which a minister is accredited. He will get one salary for his duties at the Court of St. James, another for being also accredited to the Quai d'Orsay, a third for Brussels, a fourth for the Hague, and a fifth salary for Berlin. And the money comes from the countries in which he has official residence and therefore does not deplete the Treasury of the Government he represents. A very strong supporter who renders great service in the overthrow of an existing order can usually reckon upon being accredited to at least two European Capitals, with official residence in whichever one is preferred. Two salaries and a choice of abode is a coveted prize, and will wean the strongest unrewarded supporter of an old cause. The same applies to lieutenants who desire to become generals in a few years, and to all other branches of the military and civil services in which the pay is far in excess of the work done.

The result of this pernicious system is that successful plotting takes the place of study and experience. Revolutions when not actually in

progress are usually being discussed as the only way of "saving the country from tyranny." Hundreds of lucrative appointments, concessions, and advancements, follow a successful *coup d'état*, and, as a ruler out of office is always able to offer more by way of inducement to others to join his party than one in power, with all available appointments filled, it usually happens that a second or counter-revolution is born directly one is over, through the machinations of disappointed supporters of the first. And this explains much that would otherwise be unfathomable in the attitude of both politics and Press in South, and especially Central America.

This is not a criticism but a plain statement of fact, which, however, applies more to the backward states than to those which have become too rich, too unwieldy, and too enlightened, for the professional revolutionist. In the advanced Republics of the South the complications and pre-occupations of a busy commercial life render the creation of political chaos more difficult of achievement by one or two groups of professional politicians and dissatisfied generals.

That modern revolutions in this part of the world are sometimes more Gilbertian than blood-thirsty will be readily conceded from the following account of the founding and defence of "The Free State of Counani," which may be called the *phantom republic*—not because such a place does not exist geographically, but for the reason that it cannot

be found on any ordinary political map, except as the north-eastern corner of the United States of Brazil. It is one of the disputed areas of the dead lands of South America, but it cannot be lightly dismissed on that account, for both gold and rubber exist within its confines, and strategically it comprises the northern shore of the great Amazon, inland from its mouth as far as the Rio Branco. "Disputed Area," is, however, scarcely a correct or diplomatic term to use in connection with this strange tale of tropical adventure, in which arbitration awards, the Monroe Doctrine, skirmishes, audacious nation-making schemes, and a veritable host of complicating factors take their turn in the arena. Scathingly commented upon by the Press of more than four great nations, it all happened because a comparatively few determined French colonists refused to recognise an arbitration award by the Swiss Government handing a piece of territory, hitherto in dispute between French Guiana and Brazil, over to the latter country.

Fortunately in recounting the story here there is no necessity to take up either a judicial or even critical attitude. Were this not the case it would be difficult to know whether to treat the whole thing as a political absurdity or to endeavour to arrive at some definite conclusion as to the merits of the case. Instead, however, all that is necessary is just a tale of events, so far as they became known to the writer after several meetings with the leaders of both sides.

The story begins as far back as 1585, when the French claim to have built a fort on the north bank of the Amazon River, near to its mouth. Some years later the Portuguese landed and founded the town of Macapa. Then came an English expedition under Captain North, in 1619, which caused a protest by Spain, who seems to have considered herself the proprietress of the whole sub-continent, because the *Gallego*, Cristobal Colon Y. Fonterosa, who called himself Columbus, had discovered the existence of the New World. Eventually both England and Spain retired from this particular cock-pit, and for over a hundred years the dispute concerning the French and Portuguese spheres dragged wearily on, notwithstanding the fact that only a very narrow fringe of coast line was even explored, the whole interior being occupied then, as it is still, by savage Indian tribes, and was a *terra incognita* to both disputants.

In 1713 a treaty was concluded between Portugal and France, whereby the latter country abandoned her claim to all territory south of the River Oyapoc, and the English and Dutch—who had long been seeking a footing in South America—withdrew to the Guianas. In 1820 Brazil became a separate Empire, but disputes continued over the frontier of the French territory in the north and the Brazilian Amazon region to the south. French Guiana was invaded, but returned by treaty, and the upshot of it all was that, in 1841, the two countries agreed to maintain the neutrality of the region

lying between the small River Oyapoc and the mighty Amazon.

For some years the few inhabitants of this territory, French colonials, half-breeds and Indians, governed themselves by the annual appointment of District Captains. This was the beginning of the trouble, for when, later on Brazil, after protracted but unsatisfactory negotiations with France, dispatched an expedition to found a colony in the territory, the inhabitants, accustomed to their own crude form of government, with laws and customs similar to those of colonial France, took up arms and forcibly expelled the Brazilian Expedition. In 1874 these original French settlers and the few civilised Indians of the coast declared their absolute independence, and elected M. Chaton, at one time the French Consul at Para, as President of "The Free State of Counani," the name being taken from that of the little sea coast town on the River Counani. During the first Presidency a Constitution, still known as the "Loi Chaton," was drawn up and passed by delegates from the 53 Cantons into which, together with three Indian Territories under tribal chiefs, the country was politically divided. M. Chaton died in 1880, and during the next twelve years three successive presidents are stated to have been duly elected. Both France and Brazil protested against the assumption of independence by this queer little State in 1886, but no active measures were taken



to suppress it for some considerable time. In 1892 M. Adolphe Brezet, who appears to have been born in Cayenne, French Guiana, and who was still a very young man, became President, but two years later resigned office, and Senhor Antonio José de Veiga Cabral—who, according to local history, was supported by Brazilian intrigue—took up the reins of government, and, with two fellow-countrymen, altered the original Constitution, ruling with plenary powers. A year later, however, we find M. Frankin in office and the Constitution re-established. It should be noted here that the few white residents were of either French or Brazilian extraction, and the natives only semi-civilised.

Brazil from the south and France from the north now appeared upon the scene in earnest. One, Vidal, an agent of the former Government, summoned the accessible natives to a place called locally Ouassa, in order to include them in the Brazilian Census of 1895-6, but was prevented from carrying out his plan by the Indians fleeing from the coast up the rivers into the remote interior, while the local white residents expelled him from the coast. About this time gold was discovered in the Calçoene and Cassiporé Rivers, and a number of prospectors were attracted to the vicinity from French Guiana.

An expedition was at once dispatched from Brazil, under Senhor Cabral, to collect toll from the gold seekers. A landing was effected without

opposition, and the headquarters were established in the little settlement of Amapa. Here trouble arose with the French prospectors from Guiana, and a number were forcibly detained for refusing to comply with the Brazilian Mining Regulations.

The French authorities in Guiana sent a detachment of troops, under a Captain Lunier, to demand the release of the imprisoned miners. The expedition landed, and Captain Lunier walked up the little unpaved street between the low adobe huts to meet Cabral, leaving behind him the small armed force. The two officers met outside the house being used as a temporary Brazilian Administrative Post. Cabral was unarmed, and at once demanded an explanation of Lunier's presence with an armed force. The French Captain explained that he had been sent to obtain the release of the detained French prospectors, but Cabral refused to give them up.

Exactly what happened is somewhat obscure; reports differ according to their origin. It appears, however, that Captain Lunier immediately drew his revolver and exclaimed, "If that is your final answer, then it is my duty to arrest you," whereupon Cabral struck the weapon from Lunier's hand, snatched it from the ground, and shot him dead. Immediately heavy fire was opened from the cover of the adobe huts into the ranks of the French troops waiting at the bottom of the street. A return fusilade was maintained until the ammunition carried by the landing party was exhausted,



REVOLUTIONISTS PREPARING FOR AN ATTACK, GUATEMALA CITY.



A STREET BARRICADE HELD BY REVOLUTIONISTS.

This portion of the Plaza of Guatemala City was shelled by the Presidential Artillery. The Cathedral in the background was demolished in the earthquake.



"THE PRISONER OF S. JOSÉ."

Ex-President Cabrera (second from the right) under guard in the Fortress of S. José. The fear of assassination or an attempt at rescue is clearly depicted in the attitude and expression of his captors.



CABRERAISTAS PRISONERS.

Many of these were shot shortly after this photograph was taken.

and they retreated to the boats of the steamer which had brought them down the coast from Guiana. Several French officers and men were killed, and this led to a re-opening of the old discussion regarding the ownership of the territory.

Almost immediately after these events the Brazilian Commander, Senhor Paiva, occupied the village of Cassiporé on behalf of a colonisation company, with a corps of irregulars, who are credited locally with great barbarities. Operations were then extended to Ouassa, but here the Counanians, white and coloured, were assembled under Edward Michel, and, without awaiting a trial of arms, the Brazilian force withdrew.

In April of the same year (1897) the dispute regarding the southern boundary of French Guiana was, by consent of both the countries interested, submitted to the Swiss Federal Council for arbitration, and, it was agreed that while this was taking place Franco-Brazilian forces were to jointly occupy the four little settlements which is all this coast offers in the way of civilised communion. Several members of the local Counanian Government, under M. Frankin, withdrew to a point on the Parú River, in the Indian territory of the interior, to await developments. Here it was decided that two of their number, Frankin and Perraud, should set out at once for Berne to present the claim for autonomy to the Swiss Federal Council.

As was to be expected these two envoys of an



unrecognised state were politely but firmly told, on arrival in Switzerland, that their claims could not be heard by the arbitrators appointed to investigate the matter by the Swiss Government. From this it appears to have been assumed that as these claims were not examined any rights possessed under them would not be affected by the award, which was solely a question of arbitration between the two powers who had signed the protocol placing the decision in the hands of the Swiss Federal Council.

With the rights, wrongs, and clever absurdities of this argument we are not concerned here. Between 1898 and 1900 military detachments from both French Guiana and Brazil occupied the little townships of Amapa, Counani, Calçéone, and S. Antonio. When the award was published by the Swiss Government, in December, 1900, assigning the whole territory to Brazil, the French troops retired within the new frontier of Guiana and the Brazilian detachments remained to take formal possession of the country. A month later the Counanians, who refused to recognise the award for the reasons already given, again appointed M. Adolphe Brezet as Chief-of-State.

We now come to one of the humours of this little phantom republic, whose leaders both in and out of the country cannot be said to have lacked either enterprise or audacity. In order, apparently to justify the assumption of such a dignified title as that of "President" by a white



man in an all but native community, the Chief-of-State assumes an Indian name, and M. Adolphe Brezet became *Uayana Assu*, which is said to mean "Tall Man," and this pleasant, amiable French Colonial, certainly was neither short nor fat. The assumption of office was duly notified to the Powers, together with a protest against the award and the Brazilian occupation. In July of the following year the officer commanding the Brazilian military detachment at S. Antonio was compelled to surrender with 35 men, and Colonel Passarinho, in charge of the Federal Forces on the Calçoene and Counani Rivers, retired to Amapa, and effected a junction with the force under Colonel Tavora, the Military Governor of the country.

About January 1903 it was decided by the French and Brazilian Governments to dispatch a joint mission to define the boundaries of French Guiana. Again the Counanians protested, and for some unexplained reason the French Mission was withdrawn and none of the Brazilian delegates appeared in the country. As indicative of the mixed population of this zone it may be mentioned that at a Cantonal election in March 1903 the delegates returned consisted of 9 Whites, 9 Indians, 3 Negroes, 11, Mestitzoes, and 8 Mulattos. An attempt by the Brazilian forces to establish themselves in the little southern town of Macapa was repulsed with a loss of 45 men. In June Colonel Tavora returned to Amapa with a larger force.

Several local officials, including the Prefect, were arrested. A portion of the Federal Force then attempted to land in the Calçoene district, but failed and returned to Amapa, where they found that an insurrection had broken out among the population, and that the local officials had been set free. After two hours' of guerilla warfare Colonel Tavora's force re-embarked in the steamer Cassiporé and returned to Para, leaving arms and ammunition in the hands of the insurgents.

The evacuation of the whole coast gave high hopes of the eventual recognition of the little republic, and a mission, including M. Adolphe Brezet, was sent to Europe in an endeavour to elicit the sympathy of the great Powers, nearly all of whom were, however, merely uninterested spectators of this little South American melodrama. The French Press was naturally sympathetic, remembering that those who were now seeking independence had, until recent years, been loyal French colonists. The British Press saw only the hard fact of the Swiss Award, and, quite correctly, was inclined to regard the whole thing as a farce—a condition to which it was soon reduced by the impossibility of getting any European Power to move in the matter. Some American journals, however, saw in the Gilbertian efforts of the Counanian European Mission a possible menace to the Monroe Doctrine, and did not hesitate to say so, as the following extract from the European edition of the *New York Herald* will show :—

## FILIBUSTERING SYNDICATE

REPORT OF SCHEME HATCHED IN PARIS FOR  
CARRYING EXPEDITION TO DISPUTED BRAZILIAN  
TERRITORY.

“Washington,

“Tuesday, March 9th, 1904.

“News was received to-day from Paris that a syndicate had been organized in France which had purchased four steamships to carry a filibustering expedition to territory in Brazil between the Oyapoc and Araguari Rivers, regarded as Brazilian beyond doubt and recognised by the award given at Berne by the Swiss Government, in December, 1900.

“The report is important to the Government, as any attempt on the part of Europeans to interfere with the sovereignty of Brazil in the territory in question may be construed as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. The proposed expedition is denounced, and those behind it are warned that anything savouring of an attempt to violate the Monroe Doctrine will not be tolerated by the United States.

“It is believed that the scheme was fathered by a M. Brezet, whose home is in Cayenne, and who is now in Paris. A few days ago he is reported to have announced himself as the President of the Republic of Counani.”

Here is the reply from M. Camille Tony Pfeiffer,  
“Secretary of the Department of State of the Free

State of Counani," published in the same paper a few days later :—

"In your issue of March 9th under the heading of 'A Filibustering Syndicate' you published a report about the Free State of Counani to the effect that this state, according to certain facts recited, intends to violate the Monroe Doctrine.

"Without heeding for an instant the fantastic side of your information, I wish to state as regards the Monroe Doctrine nothing authorises anybody to suppose that the Free State of Counani is disposed in the least to violate the Monroe Doctrine.

"On the contrary, this Government on the date of April 3rd 1903, wished clearly to state its position to the Washington Government, and, being an advocate of the Monroe Doctrine, desires only to live at peace with all its neighbours.

"On that date the Government of Counani requested the Washington Government kindly to instruct its Consuls and Diplomatic Agents to undertake the defence of the interests and citizens of Counani in foreign countries.

"The United States' Consul at Cayenne has repeatedly, orally and by writing, communicated with the Government of Counani. You see, therefore, that your good faith has been imposed upon as regards the report you have published. The 'filibusters' of whom you speak

are not filibusters, but Citizens of Counani, who respect and observe the Monroe Doctrine.

"We ask you in justice and in the interests of the Monroe Doctrine, which is dear to us, to rectify the false report."

A most ingenious communication, and similar to many others contained in the *Livre Rouge* of the "Etat Libre du Counani," a remarkable official publication containing the claims and diplomatic correspondence relating to the efforts made by this little would-be state of tropical America to obtain international recognition.

The remainder of the story of Counani is one of disappointment and perseverance. In 1913 the Mission was still in Europe trying in vain for official support. There was much that was humorous in the methods adopted, as, for instance, when Commissions in an impossible expeditionary force were scattered broadcast among perfectly peaceable Europeans, and when Counanian troops were solemnly reported, in 1915, to be on their way to reinforce the Allied Line in France. But there was also another side to this adventure which must not be forgotten, it concerned the lives of the colonists and the natural susceptibilities of Brazil.

A contrast to this queer little historical interlude is afforded by the bloody Paraguayan struggle, of which only a few episodes need be given here. Asuncion, the Capital, was an armed camp in the midst of opposing revolutionary forces in January

1913, when a local revolt also occurred in the City. The Acting President, Señor Rojas, immediately fled, and one band of insurgents, known as *Gondristas*, entered the Capital, but were opposed by a second revolutionary element called *Colorados*. For two days (January 14th and 15th) a fierce battle was waged in the streets, resulting in the expulsion of the former and the forcible recall of Rojas by both friends and foes. It was a case of "changing horses in mid-stream," for the whole country was in the throes of civil war. This one incident, however, necessitated 400 dead bodies being cleared out of the streets of Asuncion.

A few weeks later the government troops were ordered to drive the *Gondristas* from Pilar, and, in order to do this, 3,000 men marched for three weeks through 250 miles of swamps, infested with stinging insects and reptiles. They were often knee and even waist deep in slime, but they reached their destination and defeated the opposing bands. The return march, however, resembled in miniature Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Of the 3,000 who set out two months before only 700 got back to dry land at Cai Puente. Many of these troops were boys from 11 to 17 years of age, and they died like flies.

While this extraordinary march was in progress help arrived for the *Gondristas* by way of the River Paraguay. Lieutenant Arigos, an Argentine, who had brought from Europe the mystery ships of Gravesend, mentioned in a former chapter, fitted



up a light-draught launch, loaded her with arms, proceeded up the river-highway to the Capital, jumped the barrier which had been erected to close the stream to navigation at Barranca Mercedes, defeated every obstacle placed in his path, and leaving a trail of dead behind him, reached General Gondra at Concepción and enabled him, with the supplies of rifles and machine guns brought on board the adventurous launch, to arm new forces.

The Government troops now found themselves under the "long range fire" of a 14-pounder naval gun, mounted on a railway truck. Against this they had no weapon of defence, but Jara, their leader, was a man of resource, and loaded a locomotive with dynamite. This he launched, with open valves, against the truck containing the naval gun. The *Gondristas* fired at the charging locomotive, and, when close at hand, succeeded in striking it with a well-aimed shell. Immediately there was a terrific explosion, engine, truck, rails, permanent way and embankment, were all blown to pieces, and the gun effectually silenced.

Eventually the two forces met on opposite banks of the River Tabicuary. Jara tried the old *rusé de guerre* of pretending to retreat in disorder, but Gondra's Chief-of-Staff, General Chirife, was a student of war, and saw through the plan to lure them into a trap, cutting the lines of communication by entering the little town of Paraguari, situated in their rear. Instead of pursuing the

enemy he, himself, retreated to the town, entrenched his men and erected masked-batteries with 16 maxims and 15 mountain guns. There he awaited the inevitable attack.

On the night of May 10th scouts brought word of the approach of Jara's forces, and Chirife sent out 400 picked men, with orders to hold back the enemy at all costs until daylight. The fighting began about one hour after midnight and lasted until daybreak, when the whole of the forlorn hope of 400 had been killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Then the apparently victorious troops of General Jara poured into the narrow, unpaved, and irregular streets of Paraguari in cheering masses. Thinking they had succeeded in getting behind the main *Gondrista* forces, and having defeated the 400, whom they conceived to be merely the town garrison, no special precautions were taken inside the mass of adobe dwellings.

When the streets were full of hostile troops, Chirife gave the order for his hidden marksmen and masked batteries to open fire. Magazine rifles and machine guns turned the streets into shambles. Piles of bodies choked the roads, doorways, and even window-ledges. By sundown there was only one party left in this decimated little South American State.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE PRISONER OF S. JOSÉ

BENEATH the stone portals of the old Spanish Fortress of St. José, in the new Capital of the ancient Kingdom of Guatemala, on a bright summer morning, the pitiful figure of Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, who, like Diaz of Mexico and Castro of Venezuela, had ruled this Central American State for nearly 23 years with all the power of a dictator, passed, weary and broken, from the roar of a frenzied mob, the ominous flash of knives, and the wild cries of "Muera Cabrera!" into the silence behind the prison walls. It was the final scene of a long drama, more like a stage version of a romance by the late Mr. Guy Boothby than actual happenings in the Twentieth Century.

In Guatemala trouble commenced almost immediately after the declaration of Independence. In 1826 Vice-President Flores, who had made himself obnoxious to the clerical party by compelling the Convent at Quezaltenango to contribute to the state funds, was, while on a visit to that old town, assailed by a mob, incited to violence by the priests. Thousands of Spaniards, mestitzos and

Indians, gathered in front of the house in which he was staying, crying, "Death to Flores!" "Death to the heretic!"

The Vice-President of the Republic fled to the church for sanctuary, but, as he was about to enter, a mob of women seized him, dragged him back by the hair and beat him with sticks. Escaping from these viragoes he dashed into the church and up into the pulpit. The priest caused the alarm bell to be sounded, and the mob soon filled the plaza. A few soldiers, hurried to the scene, did their best to block the entrance to the church, but they were attacked on all sides by stones, clubs and knives, and the rabble, overcoming the feeble opposition, streamed into the House of God with frenzied shrieks of "Viva le Religion Y muera Flores!"

A priest standing in the pulpit beside the luckless official, alarmed by the temper of the mob he had aided in assembling, held aloft the crucifix, and, promising that Flores would leave the city immediately, begged for his life. But the crowd rushed the pulpit with the aid of knives tied to the end of sticks, and, dragging the unfortunate man out of the church, flung him into the midst of the fanatical horde in the plaza. The murderers, not content with stabbing and clubbing until the body was almost unrecognizable, stripped it of clothing and left the ghastly object for the abuse of passers-by.

This resulted in an outbreak of religious fanaticism throughout the State. The neighbouring Re-

public of Salvador sent troops to restore order, but they failed in an attack upon the Capital, Guatemala City, and guerilla warfare coupled with internal strife continued for some time. Then came Francisco Morazan, born in Honduras in 1799 to a French father by a native Creole woman—a brave, honest, but impetuous personality, who was then a Senator of the neighbouring State of Honduras. He marched to Guatemala City with a force of about 2,000, and, after a battle lasting three days, entered the City in triumph, suppressed the leaders of the party in power, and, incidentally, the rule of the priests. For 10 years he held the office of President, administering the whole country firmly but humanely.

In the meantime, however, the struggle between the clericals and the anti-clericals was being waged with increasing bitterness. Many years passed before the people were able to free themselves from the yoke of the church. Morazan, for all his abilities and integrity, was hardly a strong enough man for the task he had undertaken. However, he did his best, and to him was due some valuable measures dealing with education and freedom of conscience in religious matters—a toleration which naturally more and more incensed the church party, some of whom took advantage of an epidemic of cholera, in 1837, to suggest to the ignorant and suspicious native mind that the waters had been deliberately poisoned. Revolt immediately followed, and some unfortunate medi-

cal men found themselves compelled to commit suicide by swallowing their own medicines.

A new figure now made its appearance in Guatemalan history. This was "Protecting Angel Rafael," as some of the priests called him, otherwise Rafael Carrera, a low-born Indian, and son of a market woman, who succeeded in placing himself at the head of a rebel army composed of outlaws, murderers, and criminals of every description. In great consternation the Government of Morazan offered 1,500 dollars, 2 *caballarias* of land, and a free pardon for crimes committed, to anyone who captured Carrera dead or alive. When this failed they bought-off the Indian leader and his army, only to have him return time and again to be either beaten or subsidised. At last he triumphed, Morazan fled, and the Capital lay at his mercy.

A most interesting account of Carreras' entry into Guatemala City is given in Stephen's "Incidents of Travel." The leader was on horseback at the head of his rabble, with a green bush in his hat, which was hung round with pieces of dirty cotton cloth, and covered with pictures of the saints. A spectator, familiar with all the scenes of terror that had taken place in the City, said that he had never felt such horror as was inspired in him by the entry of this mass of barbarians, all with green bushes in their hats, a moving forest, armed with every known weapon of offence, and followed by two or three thousand women with sacks for carrying away the plunder. They entered



the plaza shouting, "Death to the foreigners!" At sundown that shout gave place to the "Hymn to the Virgin," and Carrera entered the Cathedral. After him trooped the Indians, who, though mute with astonishment at the magnificence around them, proceeded to set up the uncouth images of their village saints around the altar. The house of General Prem was broken into and a uniform coat, richly embroidered, procured for Carrera. A watch also was brought to him, but he did not know the use of it.

In time this son of an Indian market woman became "King of Guatemala." The fanatical Indians called him *El Hijo de Dios*, "The Son of God," and *Neustro Señor*, "Our Lord." The changes in the fortunes of the parties struggling for power were, in these days, so rapid that it becomes difficult to follow them. Presidents came and went with bewildering rapidity, some retaining office for only a few months. During one year Morazan was sent for as the only one who could save the country from disaster at the hands of Carrera, and in the following year the positions were entirely reversed. The Capital was entered and re-entered triumphantly several times, and on each occasion plunder and death followed in the wake of the armies. On one such occasion Carrera rode in beside the Secretary of the Constituent Assembly (!) with bands playing, flags flying, and salvoes of artillery. Behind him came the prisoners, tied together with ropes, and among whom was

General Guzman, a friend of many of the principal inhabitants, the very man whom they themselves a year before had summoned with piteous entreaties to their aid. The General was seated sideways on a mule, his feet tied under him, and his face so bruised, swollen, and disfigured by stones and blows of machetes, that he was quite unrecognizable.

The scenes that followed Carreras' entry are worthy of the *Septembriseurs* of the French Revolution. In joyous anticipation of the next days' massacre cartridges were fired all night. With daylight the slaughter began. Colonel Arias, lying on the ground with one of his eyes out, was bayoneted. Mariscal, hidden beneath the Cathedral, was dragged out and shot. The fugitives were brought in little groups of from three to ten into the plaza, where Carrera stood. As the ruffian's lifted finger pointed out this man or that, the wretched victim was removed a few paces from his judge, and shot.

The death of this Indian leader most inappropriately took place in bed on the 14th April 1865, and Presidents and insurrections followed with curious regularity until quite modern times. Only one of these rulers voluntarily retired on the expiration of his term of office, and this was Lesondro Barillas, who vacated the Presidential chair and immediately crossed the frontier. When once in safety he, too, began the usual guerilla warfare of the revolutionary. Arranging with the govern-

ment of Salvador to invade the country from three different points he also commenced organising a revolution in Guatemala by means of secret agents.

While these events were being prepared beyond the borders the Presidential chair in Guatemala City was occupied by Señor Reyna Barrios, whose term of office was, however, cut short by his assassination, and Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, now a prisoner in the Castillo of S. José, commenced his long and autocratic rule. .

Barillas and the Salvadorian Army invaded the country. It was a moment of great peril for the young Dictator, and so doubtful was he of the result that his bags were packed and relays of horses arranged to carry him safely over the frontier if the fortune of war was against him. A great battle took place at Asunción Mitá, in which the Guatemalan troops, although not completely victorious, nevertheless succeeded in stopping the invasion from without and consequently stifling the rebellion within. General Regalado of the Salvadorian Army was killed and the remnants of his force retired within their legitimate frontier. Barillas made his way to Mexico City, and a page from the secret archives of the Guatemalan Government, which has only recently become available, gives us the true story of his death, and of the first act in the drama of the prisoner of St. José.

President Cabrera feared Barillas, and was justly angered by this revolutionary's unscrupulous

machinations which had already caused a war with Salvador, and great losses in the battle of Asunción Mitá. Living in daily fear of further intrigue by this dangerous rival in the security of Mexico City, he secretly ordered General Lima of the Guatemalan Army to encompass his downfall. This officer promptly sent two youths to Mexico City, and Barillas was shot dead in a tramcar in the Capital in April 1907. All would have remained shrouded in the mystery of Central American politics if the two perpetrators of this murder had not been arrested, tried and executed, by the Mexican police, who then discovered that although these young assassins had actually fired the fatal shots the real instigator of the crime was General Lima of Guatemala. When this came to light very impolite diplomatic notes passed swiftly between the Governments of the two countries. In the end Mexico demanded the surrender of General Lima for trial and punishment, which was naturally enough refused by Cabrera. The result would have been a war between these two countries, which, owing to the greater military resources of Mexico, might have changed the destinies of the whole of Central America, had not the United States stepped in to prevent it.

Those who knew Cabrera in these early days of his political power expressed the belief that he would do for Guatemala what Diaz was then doing for Mexico, and even in later years no one could visit the country, or become acquainted with the

strong personality of its ruler without a feeling of admiration for what had been accomplished in the face of great difficulties.

Cabrera was, however, more autocrat than diplomat, and a greater lover of power than liberty. The press, the elections, the secret police, all came beneath his sway, although, in fairness it must be said that he first created order out of chaos, founded an educational system, built railroads, and succeeded for about 20 years in maintaining peace within and without the frontiers, among a people whom, as has been shown by several episodes in their history, are of mixed races and fiery temperament.

When this young dictator took over the reins of office from the dead hands of Barrios in February 1898 the whole country was in a terribly disorganised condition, and for many years he laboured unceasingly, observing the constitutional limitations of a republican state. One of the departments of public interest that most occupied his attention was education, hitherto almost non-existent, and he founded the Fêtes of Minerva on October 8th 1889. These unique celebrations took place throughout the Republic at the close of each scholastic year. The *Fiestas* consisted of a public holiday, parades, speeches, decorations, illuminations, fireworks, the presentation of medals, the issue of the Album of Minerva—an art souvenir containing messages from the great writers, poets, and statesmen of the world. In Guatemala City

these fêtes took place in a Grecian temple dedicated to the Goddess of Wisdom.

Among other beneficial undertakings may be mentioned the re-organisation of the medical and sanitary services, the extension of the telegraph and telephone systems, and the construction of the Northern Railroad, linking the Capital with Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic coast. Had President Cabrera retired before the love of autocratic power completely mastered him he would have been remembered for the long period of peace which the country enjoyed under his earlier administration, useful public works completed, and, as having carried one point further the policy of uniting the five surrounding States by the establishment, in Guatemala City, of a Bureau of Central American Republics. Instead, however, he clung desperately to office, although worn out by the work of highly centralised administration combined with many years of virtual imprisonment within his country palace.

There was tragedy in this Cabrera family of modern Spanish adventurers in the New World. Although Don Manuel is credited with a large number of children it was the three sons of his first marriage who occupied the greater part of his domestic attention. These were Diego, the eldest, who died of consumption when his father was at the zenith of his power ; Joachim, the light-hearted Dulwich College boy, with the love of the boule-



wards of London, New York, Paris and Berlin, and who returned to the paternal palace in 1914, aided in the defence of that citadel, and has since been for some time a prisoner with his father in the old Castillo of S. José; and Francisco, the youngest, who shot himself in the Palace of Guatemala City shortly after his return from a European tour.

Nor were these tragic events confined to Cabrera's own family. When General Reyna Barrios, the former President, was assassinated he left two children, a boy and a girl. For reasons which are unknown Cabrera became Godfather to these two little orphans. The girl, Reina Barrios, was sent for education to a convent at Mill Hill, London, where the writer found her, quite happy with the nuns and other children, in 1908, but alas, she, too, died recently in a Californian Sanitorium. Of the son of this ill-fated President it is believed that for some unexplained reason he took a prominent part in the downfall of Cabrera, and is an author and musician of considerable promise.

The long-feared earthquake came to Guatemala City in 1917 and shattered what had hitherto been the finest and most modern town in the whole of Central America. For two years the people waited for an impoverished treasury to rebuild the City of which they had once been so proud, and the failure was a contributory cause for the breaking of the storm. The City in its palmy days formed

a striking contrast to the earth-shaken, shell-torn town in the throes of revolt, in which the mere mention of the Ex-President's name is sufficient to cause dark eyes to flash, hands to move suspiciously towards pocket or belt, and hissing lips to encompass but three words, "*Mucra el tirano !* "

A ruined city is always a sad spectacle. Homes, be they ever so humble, are laid bare to the four winds of Heaven, and there is no peace, only restless movement. When to this disaster comes the added chaos of revolt, the rebuilt portions of adobe and dazzling white stucco are again reduced to clouds of dust or blotched with the holes of shells, and the tale of woe is complete.

The apathy and restlessness which followed nature's catastrophe in 1917 turned to violence and passion when the *Cabreraist* guns again demolished much that had been rebuilt by infinite labour. Idle crowds filled the Plaza and the broad *Paseo Reforma*, fiery denunciations filled the columns of a newly freed Press, street corner orators attacked everything and everybody with a truly Latin-American flow of meaningless phrases and vituperation, and most curious of all were the "political talks" of eminent prelates. The native and mestitzo population seethed with excitement and passion. From every point came the cries of "*Libertad !* " "*Viva Herrera !* " "*El Buen Piñol.*" Only the market, which still offers the wares of a hundred years ago, with its swarthy sellers and buyers, its bright-hued *guipiles* (bodices)

*enaguas* (shirts), and girdles embroidered with tribal symbols, its gorgeous fruit from the gardens passed on the way from the Pacific coast, its small chickens, bags of turtles' eggs, and the waxy flowers of the Spanish dagger—which are not used for ornamentation but are eaten as a relish—remained outwardly calm, undisturbed by the tumult of the revolt.

The bombardment was over, and the Dictator, whose very word had meant life or death for 23 years, was a prisoner, although not yet confined in the old fortress facing the *Paseo de la Reforma*. Flags were flying in celebration of the new régime, which the Press was already beginning to denounce because of dissatisfied office seekers. Bands played martial music to rejoicing thousands, who had been promised impossible improvements in the conditions of life and labour, but ruin was all around. In the plaza the newcomer was shown the spots where spies of the old Dictator had been torn to pieces by the infuriated populace, and in the shop windows were photographs of ghastly armless and legless objects lying on the stones.

The City was still there, gleaming white, red, and green in the intense Central American sunlight, but all was chaos. Tongues no longer held still by fear were making up for lost time. Hitherto servile pens and presses vied with each other in acclaiming or denouncing those who but a few days before had given them liberty. Of this latter commodity there was such a super-abundance

that life became correspondingly unsafe. And this is how it all happened according to one well-informed public official.

“When public opinion was crystallised by the work of the Press in helping people to realise more vividly what they could all see for themselves, a prominent member of the Clergy, Bishop Piñol, began a series of talks on social and political topics, which further stirred up the people. Then began the campaign of the Unionist Party, so called not so much because it raised the banner of the Central American Union, as because it signified the union of all Guatemalans for the purpose of changing the system of government by purely pacific and legal methods, as had been suggested by the Bishop in his talks.”

The above is a careful translation of the actual words of a prominent member of the new government, and is an admirable description of cause and effect from the Latin-American point of view. It discloses little and reduces a revolution to the dimensions of a Sunday School treat. Here, as elsewhere in the modern world, the speeches of ardent reformers need careful analysis for the commonsense they contain before their tone is allowed to convey an indefinable something to the minds of listeners which may afterwards warp sound judgement.

So far all the real information obtained was the *modus operandi* which, in this case, effected the overthrow of another Central American despot.

It was the co-operation of a political party with the Press and Clergy—the three platforms of publicity. Among the few remaining adherents of the old Dictator, difficult to unearth because of the overflowing prisons, the ghastly photographs of lynched *Cabreraists*, and the hatred of the old régime of oppression by the still frenzied mob, the lament concerned the soldiers, the final arbitrament of force. Don Manuel sent to Sololà for 5,000 men, but “Carramba! when these *pirros* arrived they went over to the accursed *Unionistas*. The Generals, the Army, the Clergy, all turned to bite the hand which had fed them.”

Searching in more placid waters the tangled skein was slowly unravelled. Cabrera's sun had been sinking for years. So great had been the hatred engendered by his iron rule that for five long years he had never dared to leave the grounds of La Palma, his palace on the outskirts of the Capital, for fear of assassination. When serious political opponents arose they soon found themselves behind prison bars. Secret police, in the guise of lawless desperadoes, attacked recalcitrant reformers in the public streets, until it became so dangerous that few would walk on the side-paths during the hours of darkness for fear of being mistaken for some marked politician or journalist. They preferred the moonlit roadway to the deep shadows and dark alcoves.

Not so long ago a plot against the life of the old Dictator was discovered abroad, and in due

course the warning came to Guatemala City that the assassins would land in the country from a certain steamer. On the arrival of that vessel off the coast a small boat containing armed men went out to meet her. The wanted passengers were transferred to the boat which then put back towards the shore. It is asserted that the *same number* of persons landed as had left the harbour an hour or so earlier. Subsequently the informant received a letter thanking him for the warning, and adding: "The persons mentioned in your dispatch did not land." They have not yet landed, doubtless, the sharks prevented it! Here, however, diplomatic complications arose, for the steamer from which the passengers had been forcibly taken when several miles off the coast was flying the flag of a great foreign nation.

The iron rule so necessary in the early days of Cabrera's dictatorship, when the whole country was in chaos, became, in the 23 years' of its existence, the very negation of all activity. Exactly how far the Clerical Party—strong in every Spanish-American State—was responsible does not appear certain, but judging from Bishop Piñol's fiery utterances, it certainly played no small part in the general upheaval. The newspapers, irritated by the severe censorship, and under the pretext of pleasing the Cabrera Government, criticised, with that wonderful flow of invective of which the Latin-American journalist is capable, the monetary system (paper *v.* gold), and the



despotic methods employed by the Provincial Governors towards the planters, which was another contributory cause of this revolt. Goaded by the spectacle of the Capital still laying in partial ruins although the earthquake had occurred nearly two years before, the people eventually turned like those of Rome when the flames of the great incendiary spread to the Tiber Quarter. The National Assembly voiced the popular demand for the resignation of the President.

Cabrera replied to this clamour by entrenching himself in the palace and grounds of La Palma, strategically situated so as to command the Capital. According to an eye witness the night which brought the news of the National Assembly's decision was a busy one in the fortified camp amid the palms. Don Manuel, gentle only when pleased, gave way to terrible anger. He called to his aid the native regiments which he had taken special care in organising and drilling. Mounted messengers were sent to the General commanding at Sololà, a small town high up in the Sierra, overlooking the famous Lake of Atitlan, about 100 miles from the Capital, asking him to hasten his march on the City.

On the following day came word from the National Assembly that if the old Dictator would surrender, his life and property, as well as those of his family, would be guaranteed. Cabrera preferred, however, to rely upon the troops marching down from the mountains under a trusted general,

and upon the French-trained batteries of artillery standing ready among the trees of La Palma. But treachery was alive in this camp on the Guatemalan Plateau. A member of the Assembly, who had been Cabrera's most intimate friend from childhood, one who enjoyed his complete confidence, having been his private secretary and a cabinet minister, was to play the Judas.

In a moment of intense anger Cabrera had struck this man, who now repaid the blow by carrying the information of the President's intention to bombard the Capital at daybreak to the National Assembly. In this building, which faces the Plaza de Armas, consternation reigned supreme. For some time the uproar was so great that nothing effective could be done. Then the news of the forthcoming bombardment passed from lip to lip, out through the doorway of the Chamber into the crowded Plaza.

Over 50 per cent of the City's population, estimated at about 120,000, are natives, and at least another 30 per cent. are mestitzos, Chinese, or of other mixed races. Among these hot-blooded thousands were many fiery orators, for the art of declamation is an inheritance of both Spaniard and half-caste. Wild tumult ensued, and throughout the night the cry of "*Muera Cabrera!*" was heard on every hand. Arms of many kinds appeared in the hands of frenzied citizens of a dozen shades of colouring. The moonlight played on a sea of faces, knives, and revolvers, raised amid

roars of "*Viva la Union !*" "*Viva la Libertad !*" "*Muero el Dictador !*"

There were, however, cool heads in the Legislative Palace, who recognised that the new régime must not begin in a welter of blood if the recognition and respect of the great powers of Europe and North America were to be arraigned on their side. If Cabrera shelled the Capital then he must do so as a revolutionary and not as the accepted ruler of the State. With the idea of encompassing this, and acting under the Constitution, the Assembly unanimously removed him from office and appointed a Provisional Government.

When the news of these happenings within the City reached the entrenched camp of the *Cabrevaists* at La Palma the order was given for the batteries to commence the bombardment. The sun had barely tinged the summits of the distant line of volcanoes with golden fire before the shriek of shells, the white puffs of shrapnel, and the lurid flash of high explosives, struck terror into the hearts of the mixed population, unversed in the mysteries and chances of modern war. Bursting shells struck the adobe and stucco buildings, shattering what the earthquake of two years before had left to shelter the inhabitants from the hot sun and cool night winds. Clouds of dust arose from the market, the plaza, the fine Avenida Reforma, and other parts of the City. The batteries did their work well, for soon the cries of wounded men, women and children, arose from the thickly-populated

poorer quarters, and over a hundred maimed and dead lay about the ill-paved streets and beneath the debris.

The generals commanding the national army, and even the troops, hastened from different parts of the Republic to place themselves under the orders of the new government. Emissaries were sent out to intercept the native regiments marching down from the mountains of Sololà, and a cordon was thrown around the Cabreraist camp. To save the Capital from further destruction and bloodshed an armistice was arranged and the National Assembly again offered life and freedom to Cabrera if he would surrender, but the old Dictator, still believing himself strong enough to crush all opposition, and relying on the Sololà garrison supporting the self-styled "Liberal Party," demanded, as a preliminary to all negotiations, the annulment of the decree appointing the Provisional Government, and the adoption in its place of an act appointing the nominee, he had compelled the Assembly to elect a year before as "First Designate" (Vice President) to the place which he would vacate of supreme power in the Republic.

This was refused and a feeble fire was again directed upon the City, but the net around Cabrera and his few chosen troops entrenched at La Palma was drawn tighter. The Sololà garrison arrived, but many of them went over to the new government. When several Cabreraist spies were discovered in the City, whether innocent or guilty of

the charge, they were literally torn to pieces in the streets.

The sun of the old Dictator was sinking rapidly below the horizon, and in a few hours desertions among his trained native troops rendered him almost helpless within a mile or two of the City he had bombarded and in reach of the enraged horde of Indians and half-breeds. It was at this crucial moment that the Provisional Government, acting in conjunction with the Foreign Diplomatic Corps, accepted the surrender of the Ex-President, who, for over 22 years had been omnipotent. One of the Cabreraist leaders succeeded in escaping in the disguise of a United States Marine, and Cabrera himself, was only saved from the enraged mob by walking between the British and United States' Ministers. The surrender took place in the presence of the principal members of the Provisional Government and the Foreign Diplomatic and Consular Corps. Both the Ex-President and his son, Joachim, were promised their lives when removed from La Palma to a place of temporary confinement. Later they were taken to the solid old Castillo of S. José, because it was feared that the incensed populace of the Capital might attempt to lynch them.

Broken by the long years of super-human exertions Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera presented an aged, ailing and dejected appearance behind the bars of his prison. At first he was allowed the services of an eminent American doctor, but this

was afterwards changed, and he was attended by a local Guatemalan physician. Whatever the future may have in store there is no longer any likelihood of a revival of the Cabreraist power, and it is to be hoped that the new and more enlightened government, which, in the usual Central American fashion has been partially changed several times since it was inaugurated, will remember the promise of life given to the prisoners of S. José.



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